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PICTORIAL REVIEW

MAY 1919

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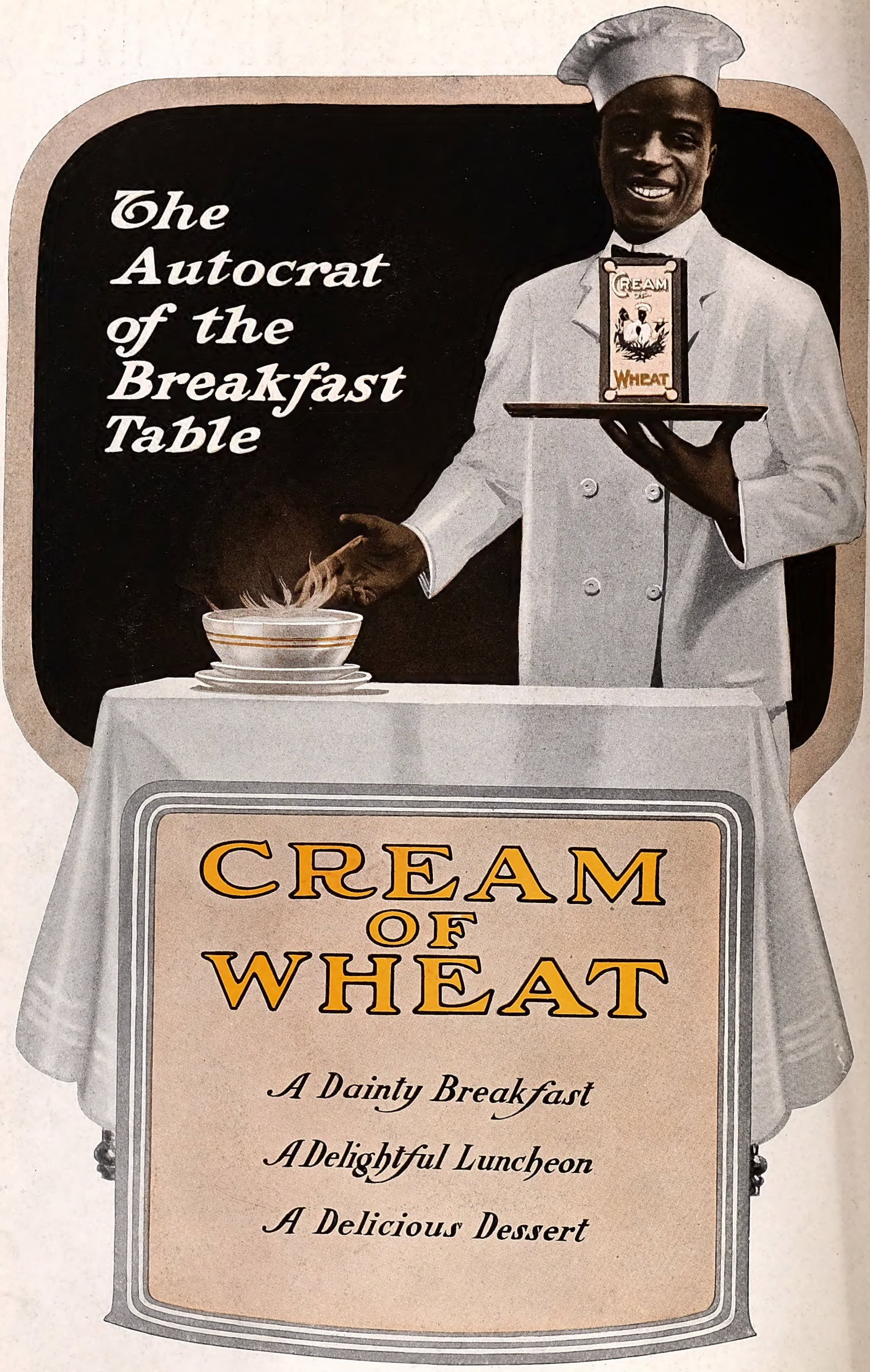

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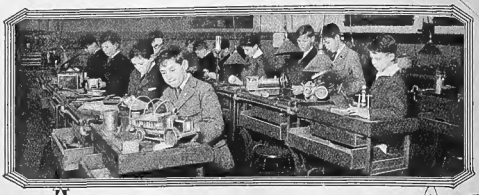
FROM TIN CANS TO TOYS

What Our Convalescent Soldiers Are Doing with Cast-off Containers

By EDITH BARBER and JENOISE SHORT

The Original Tin-can Toy Meets Its Approval Test!

Mrs. Thatcher Paints Many of the Toys



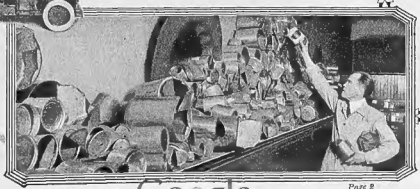
A New Fascination for Boys in Manual Training

Many of the Men Develop Ingenious Models which Require a Real Knowledge of Mechanics

This Instruction Is Being Given to Men in a Number of Overseas Hospitals as Well as in this Country by Aids Who Have Studied under Mr. Thatcher

The Simple Tools Used and the Absence of Noise in the Tin-can Shop Make this Work of Great Benefit to Many of the Soldiers Who Are Recovering from Shell-shock

Students at Columbia University Contributed Tin Cans of all Descriptions to Start the Classes for the Young Women Who Took up this Occupational Work



Photographs by Brown Brothers

TOYS, toys everywhere—engines, aeroplanes, locomotives, submarines, the most fascinating collection of mechanical toys that ever rejoiced the heart of a small boy. Model kitchens and doll-houses to delight the little girl—and all made out of tin cans! It was his little child's desire for a new toy that gave Mr. Edward John Thatcher the idea for the first tin-can model of a locomotive—and now the reconstruction aids here and overseas are using this idea in their work with the wounded soldiers.

Mr. Thatcher is by profession a worker in wrought-iron, and, after his art-school days, served his apprenticeship in a blacksmith shop, helping shoe horses. On slack days the smith, a huge Norwegian, initiated him into the secrets of wrought-iron work as practised by the old Norwegian smiths.

This experience, combined with the study that he gave to old text-books on metal work, has done much to make distinctive Mr. Thatcher's shop at Woodstock, with the Byrdsclif Colony. There Mr. and Mrs. Thatcher work together, and after the first tin-can toy made a success with such a frank critic as their young son, they saw the possibilities of the development of the tin-can work. Mrs. Thatcher is an artist, and does all the painting and decorating of the articles which are made in the shops at Woodstock. She has done much to make the tin-can toys a success.

LAST Spring, when the colleges began to mobilize for war work, Mr. Thatcher, who in addition to his work at Woodstock teaches metal work at Teachers' College, Columbia University, was asked to suggest some sort of work that would interest American soldiers convalescing in the different hospitals, and he at once thought of his tin-can toys. A collection of tin cans was begun, the kitchens contributing plain cans, large and small, the men students providing empty tobacco cans and shaving-stick tubes, the girls, powder and cold-cream boxes. With the material at hand, classes were started, and with the incentive of war work, it was not long before the tin-can toy work progressed far beyond expectation.

AMONG the students in Mr. Thatcher's emergency class was a woman of great ability, and she was selected to head the first unit of occupational aids that went to France. While prepared to teach any phase of occupational work, when her unit arrived at the hospital she found that materials were almost lacking. The following is an excerpt from one of her first letters to Mr. Thatcher:

"The only plentiful material on hand is the 'despised pile of tin cans,' for which I am truly thankful. The men all like to make things out of them for the wards. We have made about fifty ash-trays, dozens of lovely candlesticks, book-ends, match-boxes, flower-pots, useful things for the kitchens, besides all kinds of repair work, from watches to water-pipes.

"Some of the patients are anxious to begin the toys, but useful things come first, of course. Some of the boys are making interesting things out of bullets and shells.

"I am so glad I brought all my metal tools. I am in charge of the work and am teaching the other aids the tin-can work, as it is a most necessary thing for them to know if we are all sent to different places."

The Tin Can to the rescue! The store was endless. As long as armies must eat, the supply of tin must increase. With this unfailing supply of material at hand, and with the need on the part of the soldiers for interesting occupation, it was not long before the simple work of the beginning gave place to ingenious models which required a knowledge of mechanics. Here the men went away beyond their teachers, some men showing great ability previously unsuspected by them.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48

Mr. Thatcher with His First Model—the Baby Locomotive

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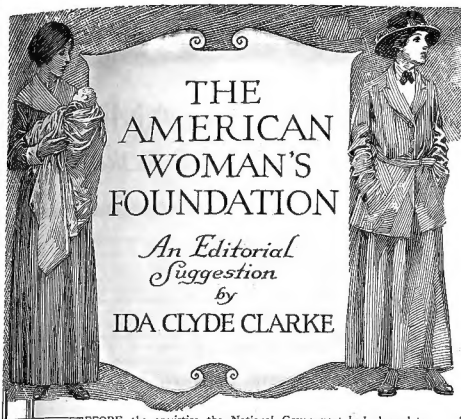

THE AMERICAN WOMAN'S FOUNDATION

An Editorial Suggestion

by

IDA CLYDE CLARKE

BEFORE the armistice the National Government had planned to spend $160,000,000 during the coming year in training the one hundred and fifty thousand young men of the Student Army Training Corps. Training our young men for national service at West Point and Annapolis before the war cost approximately $2,000,000 annually of the people's money. The estimate for West Point alone for 1920 is $2,000,000. Meanwhile women have been called upon for every form of war service except the actual bearing of arms, and they have borne the men who bore the arms. And yet there has been no suggestion that women be trained at the expense of the Government either for war or for the biggest job that has ever been charged to human beings—the war-time and peace-time and all-the-time job of bearing and rearing men.

What is woman's new horizon? What does the woman of the new day really need and want? This is the question that is being asked on all sides, by editors, college presidents, employers, club leaders, and by women themselves.

What every woman needs and wants, whether she is conscious of it or not, is to *get more out of her life.* She may be cribbed and confined within the four walls of a city apartment, nursing her babies and struggling with the present high cost of living. She may be numbed and lost in the isolation and loneliness of a farm. She may be standing behind a counter, cheerless and indifferent. She may be working in a factory, listless and dumb to express anything that may be struggling within her. She may be smothered in the luxury of wealth. She may be spending years of systematized leisure inside the cold, stately walls of a college. But wherever she is, whatever she is doing, consciously or unconsciously, she wants to make her life more worth while.

In order to get more out of life we must put more into it, and in order to put more into it we must become better equipped, more efficient for the daily tasks, whatever those tasks may be. In short, what the woman of this new day needs and wants is *training* for whatever she is called upon to do.

Speaking broadly, we have in America about ten million women who are not economically independent. These women, for the most part, stay at home, keep house, bear and rear children, and manage affairs on money earned by others. A relatively small proportion of them are wealthy and are more concerned with high living than with high costs. Most of the things that are written for women, and most of the things that are planned for women, are geared to the machinery of the average home, in which the woman spends her time and her strength in cooking, cleaning, sewing, and drudging in one way or another, for, according to the methods in use in the average house, this kind of work, which women could really enjoy, is *drudgery.* Household drudgery keeps a woman's mind filled with trivialities and unessentials that consume her time and her strength.

HOME is beautified and sweetened and harmonized in proportion to the amount of household drudgery that is lifted from the shoulders and the mind of the wife and mother. Home needs woman's mind and woman's heart released for the higher and better things of life. The Cooked Food Service is to the woman movement toward better things what the Ford car is to traffic. It means getting to a point quickly and cheaply, and the elimination of unnecessary effort and fatigue. If there are five thousand families in your town, it means that five thousand women are going through the same motions at the same time every day, preparing and cooking and serving food which a hundred women could prepare and cook and serve at one less time. It means that five thousand pairs of hands and five thousand minds are occupied at the same time washing the clothes of five thousand families when a community laundry could do the same amount of work at less cost and in less time and with no expenditure of strength on the part of the five thousand women.

If American women—the average American women—had been instructed in the simplest rules of health and sanitation and disease prevention, and if their physical machines had not been uselessly worn out and incapacitated for their greatest task, we would not be blushing with shame because seventy-five per cent. of the men examined for the Navy and seventy per cent. of those examined for the Army had physical defects, many of which could have been prevented or cured in childhood. There are five hundred thousand cripples in America, there are one thousand lepers, to say nothing of the blind and the deaf and dumb. And much of this misery could have been avoided, if mothers had been taught the simplest lessons in right living.

The Government has spent millions for research work. The report on woman-in-industry alone, in the statistical division of the Department of Labor, comprises nineteen volumes. Women, so far as the Government is concerned, have been represented mainly in statistics. There is crying need that the statistics and the result of the research be translated into human terms, that the knowledge we have gained be made available for the future mothers of America in a form that they can comprehend.

Women are hopelessly bound by tradition. They live by a code of antiquated lies. A traveler relates that on one of the South Sea Islands he found things different and better than they had seemed on other of the islands, and when he mentioned this to the Chief, he said, "It is because the women on this island *ride in canoes.*" The traveler did not understand and he said so, and then the Chief explained. Centuries before, a certain Chief had decreed that women should never ride in canoes, and during all of these years women on those islands had never been in canoes. Perhaps that was why the women on the South Sea Islands came to be the best swimmers in the world. You see they couldn't ride in canoes. "Of course," said the Chief, "the men caught most of the fish and the women had to take what the men chose to give them." But one day, so the story ran, a Red-haired Woman appeared on that particular island and she said that women should ride in canoes, that there was no reason why they shouldn't. But the people insisted that that was impossible, for had not a man once said that women shouldn't ride in canoes? But the Red-haired Woman was insistent. One day the Chief of that island was out fishing. His canoe capsized, and as he was about to drown, he saw the Red-haired Woman swimming near. When she had rescued him, she said, "I can swim to shore, but I can not swim and carry you, and you are too weak to row. What shall you do?" The Red-haired Woman rowed him to shore, and since then women on that island have ridden in canoes. "We get along better since then," finished the Chief, "but the women catch most of the fish."

Now, somewhere back in the dim past, some man said that women should not be educated, that colleges should all be for men, just as some man once said that women should not vote. And so it was not until the year 1836 that Horace Mann established in Ohio the first co-educational institution in the world. After that came the colleges for women. But while women are allowed to ride in our educational canoes, the men are still doing the paddling. We are still navigating by man-made charts.

WHILE science has demonstrated that there is no cellular difference in the brains of man and woman, we know that woman has a special function in life that calls for a different kind of training. Women need to be especially trained for their particular job.

If, then, women need to be trained in order that they may make their largest contribution to life, it is obvious that the Government should foster any adequate practical plan that might be proposed to provide this training.

Women do not wish to be segregated from men in auxiliaries and advisory committees whose advice is not sought. What they do want is a chance to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

WHERE IS GEORGE WASHINGTON'S MONEY?

VERY few people know that George Washington's last will and testament left $25,000 to the government for the establishment of a National University. Congress knows about it, of course, because nearly thirty years ago a committee was appointed to investigate, which committee is still in existence, and in these thirty years has undoubtedly spent more than the original $25,000 in salaries and expenses, trying to find out just what became of the elusive legacy. It is said that the committee investigations so far seem to point to the fact that the money must have lapsed back into the estate, but they don't seem to be absolutely certain about this, for the committee still continues its investigations.

The women of America are particularly interested in this fund, for this $25,000 if put out at interest at the time, would amount to millions by now; a nice sum of money to start this American Women's Foundation so badly needed. At any rate, something ought to be done, one way or the other. If the legacy has reverted back to the estate, discharge the committee with thanks. If it still exists, continue the investigation to some definite conclusion. Another reason why the women of America are especially interested in this fund is the fact that the original charter drawn for the National University over a century ago, provided that "no person shall be excluded on account of *sex,* race, color, citizenship, or religious belief."

Won't some kind Congressman take it upon himself to solve the mystery of the missing fund?

Drawing By Franklin Booth

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"The Country School Has Been Called the Weakest Link in the Whole American School System"

THE SHAME OF AMERICA

By RHETA CHILDE DORR

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article will be a shock to the complacency of every patriotic American. To think that in the United States, the home of the public school, there are, according to Government figures, nearly 4,000,000 *native-born* men and women who can not read and write; that in the draft for our national army alone there were 700,000 illiterate grown-up men; that thousands of public schools scattered throughout the Union have been abandoned for lack of teachers; that there are hundreds of schools where English is not taught; that we have foreign-born teachers in the public schools of our great cities who talk English with such difficulty that they can hardly make themselves understood; that only just recently has New York City permitted married women to teach.

These facts, and many more equally alarming, are well known to the Government. Read this article and see what it is proposed to do to remedy this appalling condition, and give the movement your support. How about the situation in your own community?

OFTEN when I think of war-wracked France, as I saw it in the Winter and Spring of 1918, a picture comes into my mind of a devastated countryside in the North, and a Lorraine city over which almost daily the menacing drone of enemy aeroplanes was heard. The people stayed on, in their grimly proud French fashion, taking to their caves only when bombs were actually bursting in the streets.

I watched them with admiration as they went calmly about their day's work, but the thing that thrilled me most, that made an indelible impression on my heart, was the sight every morning of children hurrying, hand in hand, to school, with gas-masks hanging from their little white necks. Through streets littered with debris, past houses that were mere shells, under a sky that constantly threatened death, those young, bareheaded, black-pinafored children went to school. The war would be over some day, and *La Patrie* would need trained and educated citizens.

One day last Spring a German long-distance gun began a bombardment of Paris, some days dropping shells in the streets at fifteen-minute intervals. Many people who were in the habit of leaving town for the Summer went earlier than usual, and there was a movement for sending the children of working people out of town. No noticeable migration occurred, however, and not a single school closed its doors. One day a shell burst almost at the entrance of a primary school. It was soon after midday and the pupils were just taking their seats for the afternoon session.

As soon as President Poincaré heard of the peril these children had suffered he hastened to the school, regardless of the fact that shells were still falling in the neighborhood. When he reached the place he found classes going on as usual, by candle-light in the coal-cellar, and when he entered, the children sprang to their feet and without any direction began to sing the Marseillaise. Apparently everybody in France, from President Poincaré to the youngest school child, thought of education and patriotism as being linked together through the longest travail of war.

VERY shortly after this incident occurred I found myself in an American army-camp in central France. In a small room in a Y. M. C. A. hut I saw a class, not of children, but of grown men, American soldiers, intent upon a blackboard on which a young woman was printing simple words. These men, our soldiers, were being taught to read and write. When I expressed my amazement that such a thing should be necessary, the Y. M. C. A. secretary said, "We have at least a hundred such men in this camp alone, and if you go south into the S. O. S." (Service of Supply) "you will see thousands."

She was right. Later I did see, in and around Bordeaux, thousands of working soldiers, our stevedores and construction troops, who were wholly illiterate. Secretary Baker visited that region when I was there, and I heard a group of officers laughing over a comment he made on the lack of reading matter in the Y. M. C. A. canteen for colored soldiers. Not one of the men in ten, they said, could read or write. Secretary Baker, of course, did not know this.

In my opinion it is time that all of us knew it. Especially in view of the fact that the best educational authorities in the country complain that our whole public school system has been allowed to deteriorate since we entered the war. Child labor laws, in many communities, were overlooked, compulsory school attendance, for lack of proper inspection, was unenforced, and under-age children were allowed to leave school for wage-earning. Teachers by hundreds, in various parts of the country, tempted by high wages in war industries, deserted their classrooms. Many rural schools had to close. Standards of teachers' examination were relaxed. In New York City the Board of Education, in order to keep up the standard, in fact to keep the schools supplied with teachers at all, had to change its cherished by-law forbidding the employment of married women. If the war had lasted much longer we might have added to those illiterate soldiers in France a whole new population of illiterates.

Fortunately for the life and soul of America, this calamity can not now happen. The war is over. Very soon the peace treaties will be signed and in every country in the world a generation-long period of reconstruction will begin. We in the United States can have little conception of the difficulties and the rigors of reconstruction in the countries desolated by the war. What they face and what we face are not to be compared. Some Americans have been bereaved by the war, and they have a right to their tears. As for the vast majority of Americans they have no right to a single plaint of what the war made them suffer. We must face our reconstruction problems thankful that they are so easy and so simple of solution.

At the very base of our reconstruction we must place a national policy of education. Alone of all civilized countries we have never had one. But now the time has come when we must have a national policy and a national school system. Already the first long step toward this program has been taken.

On October 10, 1918, Senator Hoke Smith, of Georgia, introduced into the United States Senate the most important educational measure ever framed in this country. It was a bill to federalize education, to place it on a par with the greatest interests, and to give it a place in the Cabinet of the President. The bill provides for an annual appropriation of one hundred million dollars, to be matched dollar for dollar by the various States of the Union, and spent on education in public schools and in the community. To wipe out the curse of illiteracy and the evil of alienism, and to raise the whole standard of American education, such is the program outlined in the bill. There will be a Secretary of Education and a large administration force. But not a dollar of the appropriation will be spent on administration. A special appropriation will pay these expenses. Neither will any of the money be spent for buildings or administration in any State. Every penny will be spent on education.

THE money will be spent as follows: For the removal of illiteracy, $7,500,000 annually; for the Americanization of foreigners, the same, $7,500,000; for the equalization of educational opportunities within the several States, particularly in rural and village schools, $50,000,000; to co-operate with the States for the promotion of physical and health education and recreation, $20,000,000; to extend and improve the facilities for the preparation of teachers for public schools, and particularly the rural schools, $15,000,000. All these are annual appropriations, and in order to participate in their benefits each co-operating State must contribute a like sum.

No State need take advantage of the Government's offer unless it so desires, nor need any State share in all the provisions of the bill. For example, there are possibly some States where no problem of Americanization exists. There may be some States where the people are not yet awake to the value of health education and recreation. The framers of the bill leave these communities free to learn better wisdom. The bill all through is permissive and not mandatory.

Senator Smith, of Georgia, introduced this measure in the Senate, and shortly afterward it was introduced into the Lower House by Representative Towner, of Iowa. But back of the bill as its sponsors and framers were many of the foremost educators in the country, men and women who, ever since we entered the war, have been in council as an Emergency Commission of the National Education Association. George D. Strayer, professor of Educational Administration at Teachers' College, Columbia, was chairman of the commission, and its membership included more than a score of presidents of universities, professors of education, State and city superintendents of schools, and teachers who have reached eminence in their profession.

The emergency council and the education bill which was the result of the commission's labors grew out of the demoralized conditions plainly visible in the public school situation, but principally it developed out of the appalling revelations of the first military draft. This calling to service of the young manhood of America, without distinctions of race, color, occupation, or social class, was, in effect, taking a census of the nation. It was better than a census because, instead of being concealed in volumes of dull statistics, its facts were out in the open where everybody could see them.

And what did we find? We found a great mass of young men who had lived in this country at least long enough to take out their first citizenship papers, who knew so little English that they could not obey the simplest order. Some of these men had been born in America. We found also that of our young men between the lusty ages of twenty-one and thirty-one, there were 730,756 too undersized, underweight, diseased, and defective to serve in the army.

SOMETHING of this kind we expected. We knew we had a mass of unassimilated aliens, and we knew that the state of health among the poorer classes was unsatisfactory. But the draft made other revelations which we did not expect. Certainly no one would have believed that in a country where the first public school appeared almost simultaneously with the first house of worship, where a public school system has existed extensively for more than a century, we should find 700,000 young men over twenty-one who could neither read nor write. After the first gasp of horrified amazement, those who were chiefly concerned, the educators of the country, tried to account for it by the masses of untaught negroes in the South. But, as it happened, one in four of the illiterates was a native-born white man. Neither did all the illiterates come from the South. This forlorn army of young men came from almost every State in the Union.

The fact is, there is not one State but has its population of illiterates, both native- and foreign-born. The number of native-born illiterates ranges from 213 in Nevada, approximately one to every 400 of population, to 388,842 in Georgia, approximately one in seven. The States west of the Rocky Mountains have the smallest proportion of illiterates, but they have in round numbers, 60,000. The New England States, with New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, have 173,560. The Middle Western States have 315,595.

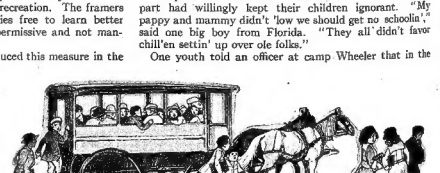
It is, however, in the Southern States that illiteracy exists as a curse of huge proportions. In the South Atlantic States, beginning with Delaware and extending the length of the coast, there are 1,409,241 persons over ten years of age who can not read or write. It is worse in the South Central Division. They have 1,810,303 such persons, white and colored. In all, the United States has 3,762,003 native-born persons who do not possess the simplest rudiments of an education. They are America's shame. We are responsible for their ignorance. And remember that for every one of our own illiterates we have three foreign-born men and women who can not read or write any language.

Our soldiers have a picturesque slang term for the draft. They call it the Big Wind, and when some extraordinarily stupid or eccentric man is indicated they say, "Oh well, he was just one more that blew in on the big wind."

Nothing that the wind ever blew in differed as much from the accepted idea of American manhood as those 700,000 illiterates who were caught in our first draft. They were not merely unlettered. Their minds were blank. They were veritable savages. Many had no names except the generic "Sonny" or "Buddy." They could not tell their exact ages. Some had never heard of the war. Germany, France, England, they may vaguely have known, were countries beyond the seas, but Turkey, Bulgaria, Austria were not even names to the majority.

The parents of these men were illiterates and for the most part had willingly kept their children ignorant. "My pappy and mammy didn't 'low we should get no schoolin'," said one big boy from Florida. "They all didn't favor chill'en settin' up over ole folks."

One youth told an officer at camp Wheeler that in the



"settlemint," which is to say, the village nearest his father's mountain farm, some one had once given him some old magazines. He could not read them, but he took them home to look at the pictures. His affrighted mother seized the magazines on sight and tore the pages into ribbons. She would not allow her children to look at pictures of cities with their big buildings and fine folks, she declared. They might get restless and want to leave home.

These people, or most of them, are products of communities where compulsory education laws are absent or inadequate. Georgia, Florida, and Alabama are about the

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Four Million Native-born Illiterates in this Country—Seven Hundred Thousand in the First Army Draft Alone—and Still We Boast of Our Educational System

"The Time Has Come When We Must Have a National Policy and a National School System"

education laws, but few of the States of the extreme South have really good laws. In Texas, for example, the minimum length of the school year is one hundred days. But States like Massachusetts, New York, Illinois, Wisconsin, Kansas, and Iowa have good laws adequately enforced. They have long school terms. Yet they have thousands of illiterates. Why?

IT IS well known that wealth is very uneven in the different States of our Union. The per capita wealth of North Carolina, for example, is only $726.35. In Nevada, where the population is little more than half that of North Carolina, the per capita wealth is $4,135.35. It is easy to see that North Carolina can not afford to give its children as good an education as Nevada can. The per capita wealth of the Southern Atlantic States, from Delaware to Florida, is $1,036.24. In the Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast States, what is called the Western Division, the per capita wealth is $2,272.91. Of course there is more money for schools in California than there is in Florida. The question is why are not all the children of the richer States taught to read and write. It is because the schools within each State differ almost as widely as the schools of the various States. Schools are locally supported, for the most part, and where a community is poor the schools are poor. No State has a really adequate method of distributing school funds.

Take Illinois as a good example. Compare the prosperous northern part of the State with the stagnant southern part, especially the region known as Egypt. There should be enough of it now to give every child in the State a school and college education. It was not honestly administered. Much of it was as good as stolen. In the good old days when politics was wholly piratical, the buccaneers of the Chicago School Board and their friends, the buccaneers of business, used to exchange favors, in the course of which immensely valuable parcels of real estate on State and Madison, and adjoining streets, were sold for a song or leased for fifty to ninety-nine years at very low figures. Thus were the children of Illinois cheated out of their heritage.

In some States dishonesty and corruption have robbed the schools, and in others simple unintelligence has accounted for poor distribution of school funds. In no State has a system been worked out by which the children of villagers and the children of farmers and ranchers might get as good an education as city children. It can be done. In some rural communities in this country the people have been so enterprising that they have built palatial schools to which the children of several villages and all the farms for miles around are transported daily. The teachers live near the school, and in some houses are provided for them, pretty cottages with gardens, chickens, and a cow.

It is proposed that half of the great sum of $100,000,000, the appropriation carried in the Smith-Towner education bill before Congress, shall be spent for the equalization of educational opportunities within the States. $50,000,000 a year will be offered by the Government to give the children of poor communities, obscure villages, and rural districts the same opportunities for education as the children of the most prosperous cities. The sum would have to be matched by the States, and if they all decide to participate, the sum at the disposal of the authorities throughout the country will be $100,000,000.

The States will have to do more than match the Government funds, dollar for dollar, to participate in this section of the education bill, when it becomes a law. The bill provides that no State shall share in this particular fund unless it has at least twenty-four weeks of school in each district, unless it has an adequate school attendance law and enforces it. It also exacts that each State must provide that "the basis language of instruction in the common school branches in all schools, public and private, shall be the English language only."

Not until the revelations of the war and of the struggle with German propaganda since we entered the war, did we know to what an extent schools in many parts of the United States barred the English language. In Iowa, Nebraska, Wisconsin, and other States of the Middle West, were found country and village schools where instruction was carried on entirely in German. In a number of cities there were found private schools to which rich Germans sent their children because they preferred the German instruction which the public schools did not afford. There are schools, many of them, where Polish is the basic language of instruction. These are private schools, and are not inspected, even in States where laws provide for inspection. These schools, German and Polish, account for the number of drafted men who, altho they had been born in the United States, spoke no English.

The country school has been called the weakest link in the whole American school system, but I think the weakest link in the chain is the teacher. We can spend unlimited millions on our schools. We can build palaces and equip them with every modern educational appliance. We can create playgrounds, build conservatories, establish gymnasiums, auditoriums, and classrooms. We can do all this and more, but we shall not improve the education of children until we have a better teaching profession.

THE children in our elementary and high schools number about 20,000,000. No other country in the world keeps its children in school as long as we do. In 1914 there were almost as many children in our high schools as there were in the secondary schools of all Europe. But for all that we held no educational leadership in the world. Efficient some of our schools were and are, but the schools of the United States never had the uniform efficiency of the most advanced countries of Europe. Take the matter of languages. A girl or boy graduating from a secondary school in Sweden, to name only one of these advanced countries, will speak, actually speak, with fluency and correctness at least two foreign languages. In little Finland, the only country in Europe where co-education exists from the kindergarten through the university, they teach, in the secondary schools, almost every modern language. Students, to pass the matriculation examination at the University of Helsingfors, must know four languages beside their own.

Why have we an inferior position in the world of education? Every one in a position to know agrees that it is because we have inferior teachers. We have inferior teachers because we have never been willing to pay for good ones. There is no need to expand this thesis. Everybody knows that teachers' salaries are scandalously low. They always have been, and for this reason really capable and talented men and women will not, in numbers at least, enter the profession with intent to stay in it for life.

The vast majority of young men who become teachers do so only because they want to study law or medicine, and have not money enough. Teaching is a stop-gap. The majority of young women who consent to teach for a while, either want to go to college, prepare themselves for a better career, or bridge over the gap between high school and marriage. Professor Strayer puts it strongly when he says, "At about the age a young physician is beginning his four years of rigorous professional training the average American teacher has already been practising for two years an equally responsible profession. The age at which the physician has completed his course in the medical college and his year as a hospital interne, the average teacher has finished his professional service and entered another calling. The children are taken over by another novice and the dreary round of amateurish bungling begins again."

We have something like $22,000 elementary school teachers in the United States. More than 100,000 of them are nineteen years old or less. More than 50,000 of them finished the eighth grammar grade only, and went into teaching without any other preparation. There are 5,000,000 children in our country whose teachers have not passed the age of twenty-one, and mostly these teachers had not completed high school before they were licensed. Every six or seven years these 5,000,000 children, in village and country schools, are given a new set of teachers, equally young and equally uneducated and untrained.

THE situation is better in cities, but not much better. In New York City the profession promises to sink lower and lower. The three free training schools open to graduates of the city high schools each year register a large number of daughters of immigrants. They are mentally bright but they have no background of culture and hardly a single qualification for successful teachers except the ability to learn quickly from books. They speak a dialect of the English language, which of course they impart to their pupils. This language question is serious. Even after passing twelve years in public schools, and four years in training school! Some of these immigrant girls fail to get certificates because they can not speak English well enough to make themselves clearly understood.

The Smith-Towner education bill proposes to devote $15,000,000 annually to raising the standard of the teaching profession.

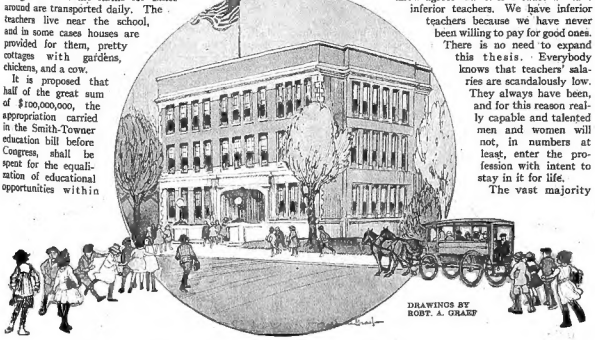
It is not contemplated that any money be used to raise salaries. The school authorities will have to do that. What the Department of Education will do is to co-operate with the States to train teachers. At present no State in the Union has enough teacher-preparation machinery to supply all its schools with good teachers. As a matter of fact the States now have some trouble to supply city schools with trained teachers. Every September 100,000 new teachers will classes to order the country over, and of these rather less than one-third have had any special preparation for their work. Immature, unprepared, two-thirds of all our teachers enter upon a work which is at least as important as that of a physician or a civil engineer, and we know the amount of training required before the men of either of these professions can get a job.

The sum of $15,000,000 a year, doubled by the States, is to be devoted "to prepare teachers, to encourage a more nearly universal preparation of prospective teachers, to extend the facilities for the improvement of teachers already in the service, to encourage through scholarships and otherwise a greater number of talented young people to make adequate preparation for public school service, and otherwise to provide an increased number of trained and competent teachers."

The last clause leaves room for wide research and experiment not only in raising the standard of the teaching profession but raising the status of teachers. At present they are a class set apart and in a number of ways confined and conditioned. For example, in most communities in the United States they still cling to the strange notion that women teachers should be old maids. The women teachers of New York City had to take this matter through the highest courts of the State before they established their right to marry and retain their positions in the schools. After that they had to go to the courts to establish their right to bear children and still keep their positions. The Board of Education, even after that, refused to employ married women and no teacher who married after entering the service had the slightest chance of promotion.

The plan to nationalize public education will meet with opposition, no doubt. Just as city people object to being taxed to support country schools, so will the people of the various States object to being taxed to improve the schools of other States. The narrow neighborhood conception of educational responsibility is very wide-spread still, but it will have to be overcome. We know now that the responsibility of educating all children is a paramount responsibility

It takes rank over all other State and local needs. It does not suffice to have an enlightened citizenship locally. Self-interest demands that we have it all through the country. The proof of that was the seven hundred thousand illiterate young men in the military draft.



DRAWINGS BY ROBT. A. GRAEF

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"With Her Head Buried on His Shoulder, the Long, Hard Year Went Out into Nothing"

WHAT THEY BROUGHT OUT OF FRANCE

A Treasure of the Heart that Is Richer than Rubies

By NORMA PATTERSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERBERT PAUS

Lo, soul! Seest thou not God's purpose from the first?
The earth to be spann'd, connected by net-work,
The people to become brothers and sisters,
The races, neighbors, to marry and be given in marriage,
The oceans to be cross'd, the distant brought near,
The lands to be welded together. —*Passage to India.*

ALICE HARPER drew away from the crowd and, skirting groups of friends and acquaintances, reached the far end of the station platform. Her action was not due to a natural tendency to unfriendliness, but to a sudden, frantic impassibility of nodding her head to friends, or chancing a word with any one.

During the past epochal year, swift, overwhelming emotions had followed each other in rapid succession. She had let Connie go—had sent him away to face the guns; she had waited while his ship made that slow, secretive journey across a darkened ocean; she had received on a clear, sun-kissed day in June official notification that he had been severely wounded; she had seen his name later among the missing. And at last had come that brief, little scrawl of clumsy, stumbling words from Connie himself: "Doing fine, Mother — going back soon. Gee! you ought to see this nurse."

She had stood it that gray morning of early November when, out of the stillness of dawn, a million whistles and clanging bells shrieked to a sleeping nation the incomprehensibility of peace.

Lying in her bed, while the darkness tore itself into shreds, she had said:

"If my boy is living now —this morning— he will come back to me."

All this she had managed to live through somehow, but now that his train was due in ten minutes, the joy of getting him back so overpowered her that she didn't believe she was going to be able to stand it.

The station was jammed to suffocation with an excited, hilarious throng. Flags fluttered; bunting carpeted the air. A band crashed through the noise of happy voices. The crowd jostled and shoved and upset itself, sending wakes of commotion rippling backward after endless false alarms concerning a streak of smoke in the far limits of the sky.

Alice paced the deserted end of the platform, struggling to calm herself, snatching at self-control. One could not live long at this high tension. If a mistake *had* been made and Connie was not on the train when it arrived, she believed she would drop dead in her tracks. She had reached the climax of emotional capabilities.

A cry rose—grew into a deafening roar. There was a craning forward, a wild rush for the gates. Down the track a long troop-train glided into a siding, and moved forward under the shed. Indifferent to law and protest, the crowd made for the train. Alice, at sight of the khaki-crowded coaches, found herself shoving, pushing, crying out loud, pounding on the back of the woman in front of her, oblivious to the fact that some one was pounding on her back.

The train stopped. A savage howl went up because an Italian woman in a shawl was weeping over her pudgy Italian boy—the first to alight—and they were blocking the way.

Others came—pouring fast. Each boy was greeted by a general shout of welcome, and then, from some corner of the crowd, another kind of cry—and he turned his face in response to it. He had found his family.

Alice watched the stream of soldiers hopefully, fearfully, her heart pounding a little harder as each appeared, her fear clutching a little tighter. If he shouldn't be there—if, after all, he hadn't come back—then she saw him.

He had been laughing at first, and had flung a remark back over his shoulder to the boy behind him, then, as he stepped forward, his eyes, suddenly serious, swept the sea of faces, expectantly, scrutinizingly.

BY SOME miraculousness she was almost to the steps when he swung off, and her arms were about him while his eyes still searched the crowd.

"Connie!"

"Why, Muddie!"

She had him! The impossible had happened, and he was back! With her head buried on his shoulder, the long, hard year went out into nothing. She lifted her face, grown young again within a brief, rectifying minute—and she saw——

His right coat-sleeve hung empty.

Alice had thought that she had run the gamut of emotions, but this was something she had not reckoned on. She had felt that he would come home, or he wouldn't. In her mind she must have known there was possibility of mutilation, but she could not conceive of this in connection with Connie. Now, her hand crept up and closed on the emptiness unbelievingly. Her smile of joy began quivering, crumpling up at the edges. She could feel her face twisting and jerking, and something inside her dying.

"There—there, Muddie. Don't take it like that."

"Oh, my little Connie! My little boy!"

"LET'S move out, Mother. We're in the way here. It's not so bad, I tell you. Lots of fellows—blind, you know—smashed all up. This was—*lucky*."

"Oh, Connie."

"I wouldn't write you. I was afraid you'd think— I wanted you to see it was all right with me."

He held her close with his left arm, and they began pushing their way out.

"Hi, Conrad!"

Over the heads of the mob a man waved a hilarious hat.

"Why, there's Connie! Look, Ethel! Connie!"

Two girl friends spied him and began wriggling their shoulders through the crowd to reach him. Between the time they shouted and the time they shook his left hand, Alice noticed that their expressions of jubilation changed to something lovely and softening. There was a hint of glistening eyelashes; a merest choke in their happy greeting. And they were laughing gleefully again. Not a glance—not a word— The flags of their hearts had dipped to his sacrifice, and now they fluttered gaily in honor of his return.

"I *will* be brave," Alice said defiantly. "I *must*. I will not mar his homecoming."

An elderly man clapped a hand on Connie's shoulder. "Good work, over there, Conrad. The papers were full of the 99th. Saved some of the clippings for you." Abruptly, his voice went under. "God bless you, boy!" And he turned his back quickly and was off.

The crowd, having received its own again, bore them away proudly, joyously. Wrinkled little mothers, with beaming faces, walked with arms about broad khaki backs. The band swung into a tune of returning conquerors. Other groups swooped down upon Connie, took possession of him. Through the bedlam a bugle cut, authoritatively. There was a lifting of heads, a forward movement of khaki bodies. A soldier passing beckoned Connie on.

He pulled away from his friends and spoke to Alice.

"They're going to parade us, Mother. I'll have to go. Terrible nuisance. Ethel and Mrs. Benson are going to take care of you in their car."

"I don't think I can let go of you," she said in deadly earnest.

He laughed, and stooping boyishly, kissed her. "It'll be over in an hour. You be waiting, Muddie, at the *very nearest place*."

She stood staring after him, watching him swing away with that well-remembered lightness of step, his head thrown back. She could almost imagine it had been a nightmare—— She recalled what a lovely baby he had been, what a fine, sturdy youngster, his superb boyhood. How he had loved to "keep in trim." Bodily splendidness had been a fetish with him almost. Many times she had seen him raise that right arm and bend his elbow and tell her to *feel that muscle*.

Alice shut her eyes.

SOME one slipped an arm about her. "Our car is just around the corner, Mrs. Harper," said Ethel gently.

But in the car she sat numb, speechless. And when they reached a street up which the soldiers would pass, she excused herself to Connie's friends.

The street was choked with happy-faced people carrying flowers. And through this happiness Alice walked blindly.

Presently she saw, by the quick congestion at the curb, that the soldiers were coming. She pressed forward.

The music drew nearer. They were playing "Over There." She could hear the boys' feet hit with concise precision the downward beat of the rhythm. Then long lines of khaki caps, and long lines of grim, battle-set faces and lines of trench-stained uniforms. These, who had tramped a shell-torn road, marching now between the outstretched, embracing arms of a flower-strewn street. The crowd shrieked and shouted and wept and threw its hats away. Alice was carried out of herself.

She thought back to that day a year ago when they had marched away. Their eyes had shone—their step

"These, Who Had Tramped a Shell-torn Road, Marching Between the Embracing Arms of a Flower-strewn Street"

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had pranced! Now they were back — with exceptions. The same, yet not the same. The atmosphere of France and her bleeding heart was about them.

They had been boys, good and bad, none of them remarkable, but the papers had teemed with their daring and courage. Commonplace till heroism was needed, then quietly and unconsciously they were heroes. Humanity was equal to its exigencies. What was the world after all, except—a great many boys?

There was the pink-cheeked boy who had driven a grocery-wagon and could whistle on two keys at once. He had brought in twenty-three prisoners in a day, they said. Had gone to their dugouts and ordered them up! Here he was back, pink-cheeked, visibly embarrassed at the ovation. They were older, some of them. Mayor Tilden's son, for instance, who used to whiz through the town at two in the morning, the cut-out of his car bombarding the stillness. A little younger, some of them. John Kenny, for instance, who for thirty quiet, monotonous years of his life, had been a clerk in a law office. But in the expansiveness of the army he had developed into his real worth, shedding the yoke of monotonous years, coming home a major, marching at the head of them all. Never, never again a little law clerk.

Suddenly her heart ceased beating. She put her hand to her breast. Connie was passing.

She felt as if she saw him now for the first time, coming out of the crowd, marching past, lost to view again.

The shouting that greeted the wounded hero did not touch her. If there was glory in his sacrificing his fine young body on the altar of democracy, she could not see it now.

Dear God, why did it have to happen? So many had escaped scratchless. Connie was marred for life.

She knew now what it was that had died during the first terrible shock of her discovery. It was her acceptance of having been called upon to give all she had for the life of another nation. She might admit that this was commendable as to theory, right, perhaps; but now that the blow had struck home she could not accept it as her personal law.

Standing near, she saw an elderly couple whose only son had fallen in Flanders, watching with brooding eyes the boys who had come home. Alice turned away. She could not bear to look at them.

A QUESTION kept hammering at her brain—a puzzling, disquieting question for so late in the day. She realized that, but for her own grief, it would never have cropped up.

She would have gone singing as these others were.

"They went, and now they are back. And—what came of it all?"

In her abstraction she must have spoken aloud. A woman turned surprized, condemning eyes upon her. "Why, they won. They defeated Germany."

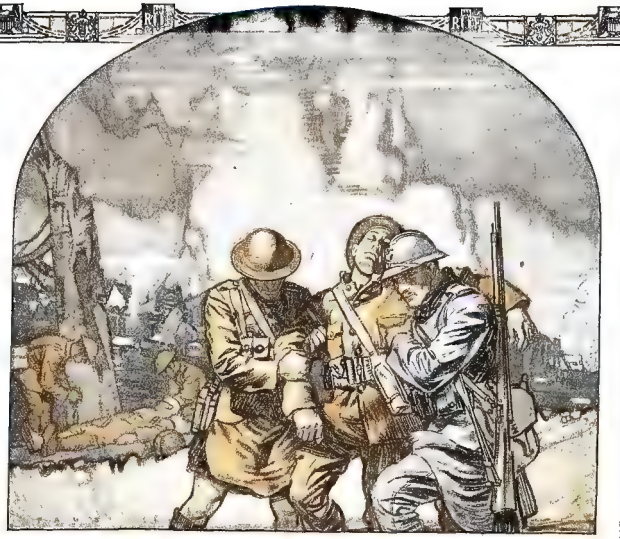
"Yes—yes. I know. But what came of it all?"

The crowd began scattering. The procession was by. With a choke of eagerness she remembered that she could have her boy back now.

"There you are, Mother!"

She had a smile ready for him, and crossing over to the outside of the walk she took his arm and they started home. A warmness crept up around her frozen heart. Think of having him as close as this!

"'Ah, Yes. That Would Be Worse! I See It All Now. I Understand! Thank God You Went, Connie!'"



"'We Took Our Risks Together. The Very Fact of Our Doing It Gives Us an—an Absolutely New View of Everything'"

Connie went noting and exclaiming. Improvements were here—changes were there. Nothing escaped his vigilant eye. When they turned a corner and their own cottage rose between sentinel poplars, he yelled like an Indian.

"LOOK at that, will you? Nothing in Versailles like it! Not a palace in Europe that can hold a candle-light to it. Gee, but that's some little dwelling!" He paused on the walk to admire. The gate clicked to behind him and he bent his ear to the music of it. "Wouldn't think you could hear that gate latch all the way to France, would you? But there've been times at night when I could have sworn *I did*."

Together they went nosing about over the place, Connie grinning broadly. "Strange how a little thing sticks to you." He tapped a picture on the living-room wall. "I've thought of that picture a thousand times." It was an objectless picture—one of those habits of family life that hang on the walls of every home.

"Come out and see the chickens, Connie."

"All these from your old bunch?"

"Every one."

He whistled softly. "Who helped with the place?"

"Eph."

"You don't mean to say that that *nig* is still hanging around on this earth!"

She laughed. "Eph gets younger every year, I think. Hungry son?"

"U-m-m-m-h! I guess. It doesn't happen to be creamed chicken, does it?"

She shook a finger at him. "You knew it would be creamed chicken."

As she prepared the meal he strolled about, still on his tour of inspection. Every object on the wall was investigated; every article on the buffet picked up and examined.

"I saw the King of Belgium," he called, twisting an urn about to read its quaintly carved story.

"You *did*?"—from the kitchen.

"Stood as close to him as from here to that table." He set the urn down. "I started smelling creamed chicken when I was going up the gangplank in France."

"Come right on while it's hot."

She had imagined that he would be bursting with his overseas experiences—would tell them with a show of pride—just a touch of braggadocio, perhaps. But of all this, not a word. Instead he bombarded her with questions about home. It was the small, inconsequential happenings of neighbor and friend that he thirsted for.

Alice talked and laughed. She was grateful that she could carry it off like this, when all the while a voice was sobbing in her heart. Her eyes kept returning to that empty sleeve, and each glance carried the shock of a fresh discovery. If she could only bear up till Connie was in bed!

She had thought when she first saw him at the station that he was unchanged. But as they talked, more and more she noticed the difference. It was not in his choice of word or topic. These were Connie. His voice was a little deeper; his expression a little—deeper? Yes, that was it. He could never quite clear his eyes of the things he had seen.

Before he went away, the affairs of sock and tie had been absorbing; a hair-cut a matter of consequence; the crease down a coat-sleeve inordinately important. He had not lost his fastidiousness—as a soldier he was correct. But his spick-and-spanness seemed to be a part of himself. He was no longer conscious of the trimmings of his being.

A surety he had had was gone; a surety he had lacked was there. The self-sufficiency of youthful egotism—that power born of a spruce suit, and a quick tongue, and a glad eye—vanished across the belching crater of a trench—tangled and caught upon some barbed-wire entanglement of that year in France. What was the basis of this other Connie? What was there in himself to help himself?

In the advance wave of a world crisis, buoyed up by a prevailing atmosphere of stoic heroism, Connie might bear his loss nonchalantly. But in the privacy of his own living, when he was no longer a part of a unit with burning ideals, but a detached individual, dumped back, handicapped, upon the irritating problems of daily breadwinning—how would it be then? The white flame of enthusiasm dies out, a physical defect walks with you to the grave; shoving its face forever in your face, slipping with diabolical persistency between you and old ways and habits, eternally taking its toll of comforts and pleasures. Would there be anything left of that torturous year in France to last Connie until he could re-organize himself?

Oh, if she could just stand it till he was in bed! If she could rattle on like this, and keep that sobbing voice hushed.

There could be no thought of washing the dishes to-night. And so, when they had finished eating, she stacked the plates and they went out on the front porch and sat down on the steps in the moonlight.

Connie gazed contentedly at the familiar scene. "Seems funny here in the South, to find roses blooming and warm nights at this time of the year. In Europe now the roads are frozen, and the wind cuts across your face like whip-cords."

The moonlight drifting through the quiet streets seemed to grow denser, assume shape, resolve itself into an army of heavy, rumbling artillery, and men with stern, weather-bitten faces pressing forward. A breeze stirred the trees, blowing the shadows to one side, and there was only the street again with the moonlight upon it.

Suddenly and without warning she went to pieces against his shoulder.

"Oh, my poor little broken boy! Over there so far from home—standing it all alone. Not even telling Mother. I can't bear to think of it. I can't bear it!"

His arm was about her, his head pressed tight against the top of hers.

HE SAID, very gently, "It was all over, Muddie dear, before I knew. There were some fellows and myself clipping along a road, and we struck a mine. I never knew what hit me. Afterward—when I came to, in the hospital, I'd have been a cad to squeal. In the next cot was a boy who'd lost both his, and his face was all—— And those other fellows who'd been with me—" his hand went up and out in graphic description.

"But, Connie, your beautiful body! You were so proud of it. You'd kept it clean and fine." Her grief rose shrilly, shattering her self-possession, her wiser judgment. "France can be reconstructed, but you, who helped, must go crippled for life. Was it worth that to them?"

"It was worth that to me."

She peered into his face, amazed at the calm conviction of his voice. The moonlight touched his eyes with delicate shading, or was it that shadow of Flanders that would always be there, a sort of background for other expressions? "How? How can you say it?"

"I think," said Connie, "because a person's future depends more on his—*outlook*, than on his arm."

He went on, after a pause during which they had sat in concentrative silence. "I figure it this way. That the actual defeating of the German army—I mean their giving up and going back, and our winning and all—was not the fundamental issue."

Instantly there came to mind a question she had asked herself earlier in the day; a question rising from her own grief and confronting her abruptly out of her settled convictions of the war, "What has come of it all?" And the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

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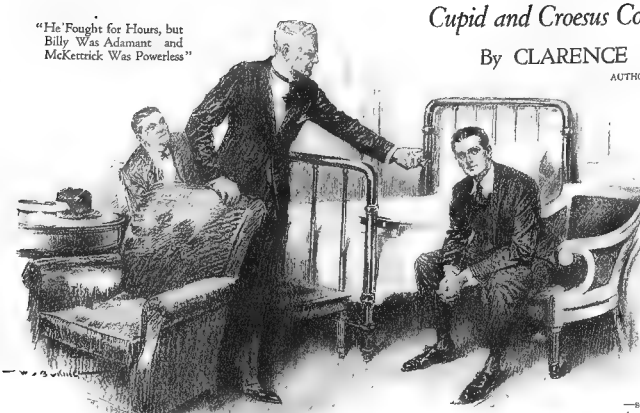
PLEASURE AND BUSINESS—MIXED

Cupid and Croesus Conduct a Successful Campaign

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

AUTHOR OF "WRAPPED IN SILK," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. B. KING



"He Fought for Hours, but Billy Was Adamant and McKettrick Was Powerless"

IN HIS day Peregrine Ware engaged in a multiplicity of enterprises. The authentic history of his life, handed down by word of mouth in Ethan County, discloses that he was an individual with a rare gift for meddling in other people's affairs to his own profit, and, frequently, to theirs. It must be confessed that Peregrine could not separate business from pleasure. No matter what the main objective of his efforts might be, there invariably was tagged on it, or appended to it like a well-fitting tail, something of a commercial or money-making nature. If Peregrine were to organize a Sunday-school picnic, so Ethan County said, you would find him the proprietor of the ice-cream and peanut stand. Even in the day when he was rated as more than once a millionaire, his enthusiasm for making an odd dollar, or even an odd quarter, seemed in no degree abated.

It was for this reason, perhaps, that dim-visioned individuals sometimes said he was a country storekeeper with a rabbit's foot. He was a country storekeeper. If anybody inquired his business, he answered that he ran a general store; and of all his activities that general store was closest to his heart. Pliny Jones, his closest friend, used to say that Peregrine would rather show an annual profit of three or four thousand dollars in his store, than of half a million in timber. In which Pliny was stating fact.

One Summer afternoon Peregrine was sitting in the powerfully re-enforced chair, which was his headquarters, on the porch of his store in Ethan Village. He had just put into stock a new line of hammocks and was considering ways and means of disposing of them.

Tom Plant came out of the post-office, and as he passed across the square Peregrine hailed him.

"Tom," said Peregrine, when Plant stopped before him, "what you calc'late 's the best thing a girl can buy her if she's got a feller that won't come to scratch?"

"Hain't no sich thing, seems as tho," Tom said, kicking at the step. Tom had three daughters now on the first stage of the journey to spinsterhood, and this was a problem which had given him much uneasiness. Tom, a thrifty soul, would prefer that three young men should take over the burden of supporting his three daughters. It was not a matter of sentiment with him, but of finance.

"Give it up?" said Peregrine.

"Uh-huh," said Tom.

"A hammick," said Peregrine.

"A hammick! One of them things you set into and dawdle?"

"Them *identical* things. Tom, more girls has been asked to marry in hammicks than in any other thing invented by the hand of man. There's somethin' about a hammick that pulls a proposal out of a man like forceps pullin' a tooth."

"I dunno," said Tom, "I done my askin' in the cemetery."

"MAYBE that's the way you felt," Peregrine said. "But hammicks—seems like you can't be stiff and offish in a hammick. Somethin' folksy about hammicks. The bashfulest feller ever was, gits helped by a hammick."

"How?" demanded Tom.

"Wa-al, you've seen these boys come to set up with a girl, and they come in fallin' over their feet and swallerin' hard on their Adam's apples, and then they set as far off from the girl as they kin git, on the edge of a chair and wish to Gawd they'd gone coon huntin'. Eh?"

"I've seen it," said Tom bitterly.

"Wa-al, supposin' that girl had a hammick out under the apple-tree, where she got a peek at the moon. She says the house hain't comfortable and come on out to the yard. Young feller he's willin' to do anythin'. They go out and there swings the hammick. 'Set,' says the girl, and he sets. 'Room for two,' says she, and he edges over as far as he kin. She sets. Now, Tom, it's the nature of hammicks that you can't git far in 'em, and as soon as you set you begin slidin' down towards the middle. First the feller knows he's squeezed so tight to the girl you couldn't shove a spade betwixt 'em—and somehow it feels kind of good to be settin' so. She don't say anythin' but looks up at the moon and leans agin him all unbeknownst to herself. First he knows, he hain't got no place to put his arm, and it goes slippin' around her waist. Didn't have no intention of slippin' it there. And *pop* —she's got him. It's easy from there. Jest a matter of lettin' her head lop on his shoulder and cooin'. He hain't human if he don't kiss her 'fore he knows it. Then she says, 'Oh, Julius, how long you loved me?' Like that. And him, bein' in a hammick with the moon shinin' and all sich, says right back, 'A million years.' And she says, 'I'm afraid Pa'll make a fuss when we tell him,' the young man not havin' figgered on pa or anything else, but he's landed. And the hammick did it. Say, Tom, take a look at them hammicks on the counter. Made so's folks 'll slide towards the middle—on purpose. How many'll you take?"

Tom scratched his head. There sounded something of reason in what Peregrine said. "How much?"

"Two dollars apiece," said Peregrine, "but if you take three I'll make 'em to you at a dollar ninety-nine."

"Dummed if 'tain't wuth tryin'," said Tom, and presently he went away with three brilliantly colored hammocks under his arm, and with renewed hope in his heart.

Peregrine leaned back and closed his eyes, and his rotund face wore an expression of perfect peace. After a while he opened his eyes again and peered lazily up and down the dusty road. He looked across the square, then he looked up at the building that was there, and, inevitably, saw Billy Irons's sign.

"Um," said Peregrine.

PRESENTLY, to the tune of a frightened squeaking on the part of his chair, he struggled to his feet, picked up his shoes and white socks, and carrying them in his hand, started out into the thoroughfare. The feel of the warm sand was very pleasant and he paused to spread his toes and let the sand ooze through them. Then he proceeded on his way to the stairs which led up to Billy's office, and then to Billy's door. He entered without ceremony, for Billy was his right-hand man.

"Billy," said Peregrine, "I jest noticed somethin' about you."

"What was it, Mr. Ware?" the young lawyer asked.

"Ridic'lous I never noticed it before. You hain't married, be you?"

"I'm glad you noticed it," said Billy.

"Um. You're old enough, and you hain't so homely but what you could git you a girl. I calc'late you better git married."

"Eh? Why? Who to?"

"Because," said Peregrine, "fellers ought to git married. It's proper and fittin'. Takes your mind off your other worries. Git better meals if you pick and choose careful. And besides," he said ruminatively, "I'm dummed if there hain't quite a heft of pleasure in it. Yes, sir, there is. I wisht you'd look into it right away."

Billy was disconcerted, for he knew Peregrine, and when Peregrine determined a thing must be done there was great uncase for all parties until it had been done.

"I don't know anybody I want to marry," he said.

"Hain't important. Look around and find somebody. Pick you out a girl and then keep sayin' to yourself that you can't live without her. After a while you'll start believin' what you tell yourself. Sure. Most any girl 'll do."

"Look here, Mr. Ware, I'm your lawyer, and I'll work for you and run errands for you and do almost anything for you, but I'm dog-goned if I'll run off and get married for you."

"Huh!" said Peregrine. "Got to be gittin' back to the store, Billy. Think it over. Think it over."

He left Billy a very much worried young man, for, as has been indicated, Billy knew Peregrine.

A week later Peregrine was in the city, where he had a conference with McKettrick, of the Seaboard Box and Paper Company. McKettrick, tho he had had expensive experience of Peregrine, failed to profit by his experience like many other individuals who dealt with the Fat Man of Ethan County, as folks were beginning to call him. It was a valuable attribute of Peregrine's that no matter how skilfully he singed an opponent, the opponent invariably laid his singeing to luck and credited Peregrine with nothing. It may be mentioned that McKettrick had a deep-seated resolution to get back his own. It was his scheme of battle to appear friendly and to lead Peregrine's extraordinarily large feet into pitfalls and gins.

He invited Peregrine to lunch and they talked about their families. Peregrine narrated with detail and gusto the culinary successes of his wife, Thankful, and McKettrick pointed out the many excellencies of his only daughter.

"She's been under the weather this Summer," he said. "I've been thinking of sending her away—somewhere quiet, where there would be nothing for her to do but rest and breathe decent air. I think the mountains would do her a world of good."

"I calc'late," said Peregrine, "that mountains was made to git well in, and to stay well in. Hain't no healthier community than Ethan."

"It's beautiful up there, too," said McKettrick. "Now there's an idea. I wonder if you know of a farmhouse, a neat, clean farmhouse up your way where I could send Elsie for a month or two?"

"Um!" said Peregrine. "How old's Elsie?"

"Twenty-two. Never showed you her picture, did I? Here she is." McKettrick snapped open his watch and displayed a remarkably sweet and kindly and intelligent young face. "Don't look much like her dad, does she?"

"FAVORS her ma's folks, I judge," said Peregrine. "Um! Twenty-two. Used to perty stylish livin', eh?"

"Elsie's a plain, sensible girl. We've raised her that way, Mr. Ware."

"There hain't but one house I kin recommend to you conscientious," said Peregrine, "and that hain't much for frills. But for bein' neat, and for the cookin', why, there hain't a place to beat it in Americy. And Thankful gits lonesome. Seems like a young woman around might do her a heap of good. McKettrick, Thankful and me would be consid'able pleased to have Elsie come up and stay with us as long as you kin spare her."

McKettrick had dined at Peregrine's. The picture of the comfortable old farmhouse, and of capable, shrewd, motherly Thankful remained with him.

"Do you mean it, Ware?" he said.

"Never calc'late to say anythin' I hain't willin' to stand by."

"I'm obliged to you. It's the very thing. We'll drive up to the house and talk it over with Elsie. You have time?"

"Certain," said Peregrine.

At the house Peregrine was presented to a dainty little girl with that fair hair and gracious coloring which the Scotch alone seem to possess. Perhaps generations of oatmeal-eating ancestors have something to do with it. She seemed a bit thin, and there was about her an air as of one who was always tired. Peregrine liked the way she shook his hand, and made a mental note of her manner toward him. She was in no way condescending.

"McKettrick," said Peregrine, "I calc'late I better draw back. Thankful 'll be all-fired jealous."

"Mr. Ware has asked you to go up in the mountains to stay with him for a month or so," McKettrick said. "What do you think?"

She smiled. "I've heard a great deal about Mr. Ware," she said, "and I'd love to go."

"Pack your trunk," Peregrine said.

"Stay over till to-morrow," McKettrick suggested. "You can be ready to start then, can't you, Elsie?"

"Easily," she said.

So on the following day Ethan Village was given a topic of conversation, for Peregrine alighted from the afternoon train in company with a young lady of a sort rarely apparent in the village. That night she was discussed at every table in town, and to enumerate the speculations regarding her identity would be to use up much white paper.

After supper, Peregrine went down to his store and returned shortly with an oblong parcel under his arm. In the package was the gaudiest of all his stock of hammocks. He put it up between two apple-trees, and when it was in place he chuckled at it and wagged his head.

"Billy," said Peregrine next morning, "you been eatin' Sunday dinner to this house for quite a spell. I calc'late Thankful and me are tickled to have you, but durin' the next Sunday or so you better take your meals to the hotel."

"What have I done to Mrs. Ware?" asked Billy.

"You hain't offended nobody. It's because you're so dog gone attractive, Billy. I dunno's I've ever met no young man rigged up by nature to be quite so pleasin' to

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the eye of wimmin. We got company, Billy. A girl has been entrusted to our care, so to speak, and it's our duty to see nothin' untoward up and happens to her—like fallin' in love. Now if you was cross-eyed——"

"I heard about her. Who is she?"

"Her pa's wealthy, Billy, so he don't want no poor young men mixin' in. That's why I'm shooin' you away. She'll be gone in a month, and then you kin come around agin like nothin' ever happened. I'm sorry 'tain't wise for you to git acquainted with her, 'cause she's that perty and sweet a man wouldn't believe."

"I'M BUSY enough," said Billy stiffly, "without having any girls to bother with."

"Um!" said Peregrine. When Billy walked away with much dignity the globular expanse of Peregrine's waistcoat quivered and shook, and subdued volcanic sounds made themselves audible in the depths of his person.

Billy did not present himself for Sunday dinner, but from a point of vantage Peregrine saw his right-hand young man trudging up the road at three o'clock in the afternoon. Peregrine had been waiting for that sight. He tiptoed to Thankful and whispered, "He's a-comin'. You better act like you was put out, and let on I'm back in the pasture."

The way to the pasture led by the gaudy hammock, and Elsie McKettrick was lying in the hammock with a volume of E. P. Roe which made up a quarter of Thankful's library.

"Readin' a book?" Peregrine asked.

The evidence was against her. Caught red-handed, she could not deny it.

"If I may guess," said Peregrine, "I'd hazard it wa'n't my veterinary manual, eh?"

She smiled and shook her head.

"Love-story?"

"Yes," she said.

He wagged his head dubiously. "Don't let it go puttin' any notions into you. I'm responsible for you." Then he went on, smiling broadly to himself. "Hope it's a real movin' story," he said. "Sort of git her in the right mood."

Presently along came Billy Irons, searching for Peregrine, with papers in his hand which, so Billy had told himself, required his patron's immediate attention. Billy was arrayed and anointed. From shoes to cravat he was a young man dressed up for an occasion, and Billy, in any costume, was pleasant to look at. He saw the hammock and its occupant, and it is to be noted that he made no wide circle to avoid the spot. However, he appeared not to notice that the region was tenanted, just as Elsie seemed oblivious to the approach of a youthful male of the species. When within a dozen feet of the hammock he saw her with profound astonishment, stopped, lifted his hat.

"I'm lookin' for Mr. Ware. Did he pass this way?" he asked.

"Just a moment ago," she said, and laid down her book.

Billy did not hurry past as might have been expected of a young man on an important errand. He looks mighty hot down toward the pasture," he remarked.

She agreed with him. "But it's nice and cool here," she said.

"Isn't it? I wonder if Mr. Ware will come back this way?"

"I think so."

"Would you mind if I sat down here in the shade? I sha'n't disturb you. I'm very susceptible to the sun."

Half an hour later Peregrine approached cautiously from the rear to a point of vantage from which he could observe the hammock. It was still occupied by Elsie alone, but Billy was sitting so adjacent as to be almost contiguous.

They had found some very satisfactory topic of conversation and seemed to be on most satisfactory terms—as satisfactory as one could expect after a short half-hour. Peregrine beamed, and then made a long, hot detour around the spot to reach the house.

AT SIX o'clock, Peregrine went out to look for his guest. It was with profound astonishment and chagrin that he saw Billy Irons, and Billy looked a mite uncomfortable.

"Um!" said Peregrine, "I thought I told you——"

"I brought up some papers I thought you ought to see at once," Billy interrupted hastily.

"About what time?" asked Peregrine.

"Just a few minutes ago."

"Uh-huh!" said Peregrine dryly. "We're just goin' to set down to some bread and milk, Elsie," he said.

She looked from him to Billy and arose. "I'm—I'm sure, Mr.——" She was obliged to stop for she did not know Billy's name.

"Irons," said he.

"Goodness! *Irons!* I'm sure Mr. Irons is fond of bread and milk."

"It's my favorite dish," said Billy eagerly, looking anxiously into Peregrine's inexpressive face.

"Dum it!" said Peregrine to Miss McKettrick. "This here is Billy Irons, and he's makin' himself a nuisance. I ought to send him home. Why, here he's been atalkin' to you without ever bein' interduced."

"You might do that now, if you want to, Mr. Ware," she said calmly.

"Huh! Miss McKettrick, this here is Billy Irons, and I wash my hands of the whole business."

"Am I asked to bread and milk?" Billy wanted to know.

"You hain't *asked*," Peregrine growled, "you're *allowed*."

After bread and milk, Billy began to fan himself furiously. "Awful hot in the hopse," he said.

"Isn't it?" agreed Elsie. Peregrine uttered a sound that was not a cough nor a sneeze, but which seemed to indicate the approach of bronchial difficulties.

"Suppose we walk around the yard," Billy offered.

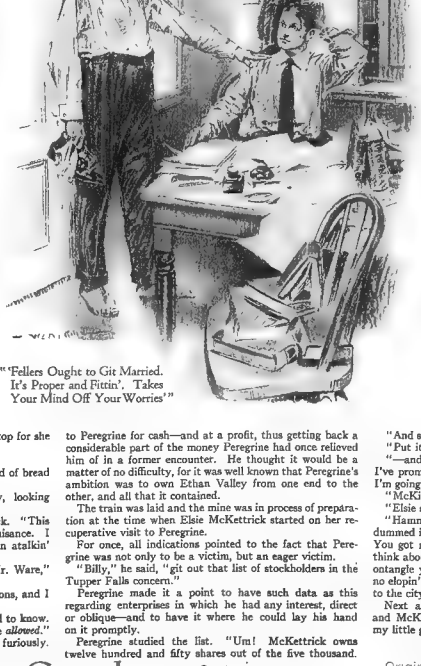
"If you're goin' out, Elsie," said Thankful, "you got to wear a wrap. Remember, you're kind of peeked."

The young people disappeared with what might be called alacrity, and Peregrine grinned at Thankful. "Seems to be pursuin' 'about as expected,'" he said. "Guess I kin git down to business to-morrow."

"He's a nice, stiddy young man," Thankful said placidly.

McKettrick, of the Seaboard Box and Paper Company, was a man who did not believe in putting all his eggs in one basket; at any rate he insisted the basket should have a number of handles. He also favored highly the idea of having other people finance his enterprises, while he invested his surplus in such securities as promised a maximum of return with a minimum of risk. More than one paper or pulp or strawboard mill, subsidiary to the Seaboard, had been launched with other people's capital and had come ultimately into McKettrick's hands at a pleasing figure just when they were on the point of proving handsome earning-power. He had built the Tupper Falls mills, below Ethan Village some miles, on this altruistic plan, putting up about twenty-five per cent. of the capital, and deriving the other seventy-five per cent. from willing investors.

Now, because an enormous tract of spruce had been offered him in Maine, a tract that until lately it had seemed impossible for him ever to acquire, he wanted capital in bulk, and as much of his own capital this time as he could mobilize. For profits held themselves plainly before his eyes in this new transaction. The Tupper Falls proposition was a good one, but the Maine transaction promised to be so much better that McKettrick determined to dispose of his Tupper Falls holdings utterly and use the money obtained in the new transaction. His twenty-five per cent. interest in the plant and timber amounted to a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. In order to facilitate the sale when the time came, he saw to it that the Seaboard, apparently pressed for its pulp supply, made a short term contract with Tupper Falls for a price per ton well above the market. This insured high earnings for a brief period. After that period expired, McKettrick's interest would expire, and the stockholders would be left with a tract of valuable timber, an excellent mill, and no contracts for their product. It would work out splendidly. And McKettrick picked Peregrine Ware to hold the bag for him His idea was to sell his holdings



"Fellers Ought to Git Married. It's Proper and Fittin'. Takes Your Mind Off Your Worries"

to Peregrine for cash—and at a profit, thus getting back a considerable part of the money Peregrine had once relieved him of in a former encounter. He thought it would be a matter of no difficulty, for it was well known that Peregrine's ambition was to own Ethan Valley from one end to the other, and all that it contained.

The train was laid and the mine was in process of preparation at the time when Elsie McKettrick started on her recuperative visit to Peregrine.

For once, all indications pointed to the fact that Peregrine was not only to be a victim, but an eager victim.

"Billy," he said, "git out that list of stockholders in the Tupper Falls concern."

Peregrine made it a point to have such data as this regarding enterprises in which he had any interest, direct or oblique—and to have it where he could lay his hand on it promptly.

Peregrine studied the list. "Um! McKettrick owns twelve hundred and fifty shares out of the five thousand. I'd sort of like to control that there business, Billy. I'm told they're showin' a nice profit."

"Old Man Penny's got five shares," said Billy. "He told me he'd got a notice to the effect that stockholders mustn't get impatient for dividends, for everything was going to come along to suit them pretty soon."

"McKettrick's methods is what you might call peculiar," said Peregrine. "Old Man Penny seem satisfied?"

"Claims he's been done out of his money," said Billy. "He wouldn't if he was to see the company's books," said Peregrine cryptically, and Billy wondered what bit of information his client had under his rapidly thinning hair.

"I want you to run down to the city for a couple days, Billy," Peregrine said. "Startin' to-morrow."

"I—why, Mr. Ware, I can't go to-morrow. I've an important engagement."

"Uh-huh! Well, I'll tend to it for you, son. I calc'late I kin drive a hoss as well as you kin, and I'm a dum sight better company. I'll look after drivin' Elsie McKettrick around the country till you git back. Besides, you're hangin' around her too much. Her pa wouldn't like it. What business you got foolin' around with an heiress sich as she is, eh?"

BILLY looked exceedingly glum. "I never saw a girl—" he started to say, and stopped.

"She is kind of sweet," said Peregrine. "Seems to take kindly to you, too. Too bad, b'jing, that's what it is. You hain't gone and made no serious speeches to her, have you?"

"I haven't known her but a week. I'm ready tho, Mr. Ware, as ready as I'd be in ten years. She's the only girl——"

"Too bad! Say, Billy, how much money you got."

"I've managed to save about seven thousand."

"Um. If I was to ask you to lemme handle it for you a spell, and turn back maybe a livin' profit, what would you say?"

"I'd be mighty thankful, of course."

"Well, you trot along to the city to-morrow, and do like I say, and take your seven thousand along, and some more I'll give you—and we'll see how it comes out. There'll be other places to go, so figger on bein' away two-three days. When you've finished up what I want you to do, why, git back as soon as you kin—and take to buggy-ridin' again."

Two weeks later Billy Irons came to Peregrine one morning in profound distress. Peregrine scrutinized him with eyes that told nothing.

"Lookin' kind of nightmare-rode, Billy," he said.

"I wish it was a nightmare. It's worse. I don't know what to say to you, Mr. Ware, except that I didn't intend to do it. I thought over what you said about my not having any money, and——"

"I take it Elsie's mixed up in this somehow?"

Billy nodded his head.

"It slipped out," he said. "I—well, it just happened, and that's all there was to say. I was going to let her go away without saying a word. She'd never have known."

"What wouldn't she 'a' known?" Peregrine demanded. "The price of aigs or the name of the feller you murdered?"

"That I love her," said Billy.

"Um! You do, eh? Surprizin' to me. Hadn't seen no indications."

"I tried not to show it," said Billy, and Peregrine wriggled suddenly so that his reenforced chair shrieked in protest. "We were sitting there last evening, and all at once I was telling her. I don't know how it happened."

"Hammick?" asked Peregrine seriously.

"Yes. We were in the hammock. And the worst of it is that she—she feels the same way I do."

"About her or you," Peregrine asked. "Seems like you was talkin' kind of wobblin'."

"Me?" asked Billy.

"That's the worst of it, eh? I've knowed fellers who didn't figger that way when a girl let on she cottoned to 'em. And then what?"

"And then I thought," said Billy, "and it struck me all in a heap. I apologized."

"You *what?*"

"Apologized."

"Great Glory!" exclaimed Peregrine with admiration.

"But she said she didn't care. She said it didn't make any difference if I didn't have a penny."

"They all talk that way till they need a new dress or a trip to Californy," said Peregrine.

"And she said I was—silly——"

"Put it kind of mild, didn't she?"

"—and that nothing should come between us. And now I've promised to marry her. And by heavens, Mr. Ware, I'm going to."

"McKittrick permittin'," said Peregrine.

"Elsie says——"

"Hammicks," declared Peregrine, "is great inventions, dummed if they hain't. Jest hold your horses a spell, Billy. You got me in a dreadful fix, but I got somethin' else to think about for a day or two. Jest sit tight till I git time to ontangle you. No letters to her pa, from her or you, and no elopin' or anythin' out of a love-story book. I'm agoin' to the city to-morrow."

Next afternoon Peregrine entered McKittrick's office, and McKittrick rose to welcome him effusively. "How's my little girl?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 47

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LOVE'S LABOR

A Simple, Homely Story of a Mother's Devotion, by a New Writer

By AGNES MARY BROWNELL

ILLUSTRATIONS AND DECORATIONS BY CLARA ELSENE PECK

AT TEN-THIRTY when Paw came in from his Saturday night's work at Osgood's Hardware, Maw was still ironing. It was so hot that the doors were open, and they made a little soughing noise like flapping pages in a wind. The lamp-flame flickered in its chimney, and left a great black smudge on the glass which Maw had so carefully steamed and polished only that morning.

"Still at it," observed Paw.

"Only three more pieces," sung out Maw above her iron; "and one of them can just 's well wait—it's only my waist. Guess I'll shake it out."

"Why don't you go right ahead with Monday's wash?" inquired Paw with heavy sarcasm. "Not goin' to knock off the week before midnight of a Sat'day, I hope?"

Maw set aside her iron, and brought Paw a freshly filled basin and a towel whose folds were still warm. "I know your pore feet must be about killing you, Paw. I put salt in the water."

Paw maneuvered with an investigating big toe like an inquiring turtle, before submerging the members. A sort of grunt, compounded of relief and misery, escaped him. "Where's Irby?"

Maw gave him a wise look. A sort of shamed, reluctant pleasure spread over Paw's face like a slow Wintry dawning.

"It's the sixth time," said Maw in a lowered voice, as if to keep the confidence strictly between Paw and the iron. "The sixth Sat'day night hand-running. That's why I'm a little late about the ironing. I had to help Irby with her new waist."

"New waist, eh?" asked Paw, with a sort of foolish delight.

"And we blacked her hat with some drug-store stuff. It looked like new!"

"Like new, eh?" ruminated Paw. Suddenly he became alert and cautious. "Looky here, Maw! You don't want to spoil her!"

He placed an accusing forefinger upon a tuck plastered warm against the snowy muslin that streamed out from beneath Maw's iron. "Why'nt you let Irby iron her own fripperies?"

Maw shook the finger off jealously, drawing the muslin expanse away from any contaminating touch. She looked at Paw pityingly. What did a man know about such things? She ironed and ironed the fragile white with a very passion of yearning—that same insatiate mother-yearning with which twenty-odd years before she had whipped the lace ruffle into an unbelievably tiny yoke. "Who was it," asked Maw, in triumphant vindication, "bought that pair of gray shoes?"

PAW bristled. "Well, shoes is shoes. And she'd set her heart on gray."

"Hush-h-h!" hissed Maw. "I hear 'em. They're coming! I left the front-room lamp lit. You better go to bed, Paw. And for pity's sake, don't tip over a chair or su'thin'. I left your bed turned down, and the window open so you wouldn't feel called on to wrastle with it. Irby said last time she thought the slats would come right through."

"When you comin' up?" inquired Paw, with the pettish unwillingness of a child to go up-stairs alone.

"O—pretty soon!" promised Maw, vaguely. She spread out the billowy, glass-smooth garment, replaced her iron, moving with a sort of heavy heedfulness, blew out the flaming lamp, and went softly out to the door-step. She turned her hot palm upward on her aching knees. The soft, dark, still night enfolded her as with wings.

She was so tired that she ached now with an exquisite quickening of feeling which was harder than the day-long endurance.

"I had ought to go right up to bed," she told herself. "But it don't seem right some way—not for some one to wait up."

She leaned down and ripped open the buttoned fastenings of a shoe; the loosened leather flapped gratefully about her swollen ankles.

Sitting there in the dark and quiet, she must have dozed, for next, she sat blinking up at Irby who had come through the house carrying the front-room lamp thrust forward torch-like, like some humble Liberty.

There was nothing heroic about Irby; nothing arresting. She had set the light on the kitchen table, and now stood leaning against the jamb. She wore the new white waist, which had a cape-like collar that softened and concealed, by an illusion of contour, the too thin shoulders. The cheap skirt of her last Winter's blue, showed the prevailing smartness of cut, and revealed the smart gray shoes. Within the open V of the blouse hung a flimsy lavaliere; and above all this cheap smartness of attire, showed a small face with not even youth's transient claim to prettiness. The face was too thin, too pale; the eyes, of an indeterminate gray, a little too close together; and the hair, of indeterminate brown, too straight and thin.

"Irby, in Her White Ruffles, Had a Curiously Petaled Look and a Flower Freshness—like a Flower-stem"

Irby's mother gazed upon her in a sort of adoration. She was to her a very angel of annunciation. Out of her sagging body, drenched with sweat in the humid night, till the coarse stuff of her dress stuck pastily to her, her great feet swelling moistly in her flapping shoes, her grizzled top-knot slipping sidewise on her head, the soul of her looked up, as out of bars, to this bit of heaven.

"Maw!" scolded Irby, with a sort of fond authority, "you shouldn't set up for me!"

"Huh!" refuted her mother; "I dunno as you got any call to think I had. I just come out. It's so hot inside. Your Paw went up."

"Yes," said Irby. "Sounded like he took every separate stair with him."

HER mother turned upon her a look of shocked consternation. "He's that clumsy! Do you think—he heard?"

"He ain't deaf!" said Irby.

"Did he say anything?"

"Julius Stoner say anything about the way my Paw gets himself up-stairs on a Sat'day night? I'd like to hear him say anything!"

Maw took it that she wouldn't like it.

"Your Paw had ought to be more careful," maintained her mother.

"Then he wouldn't be Paw. Let's go up if the stairs are still there."

It seemed the stairway had withstood Paw's assaults. "Well, goo' night," said Irby, on the landing.

Maw had a delicacy about what she termed prying; but she could not help saying casually, "I done up your white, Irby—in case——"

"Now, Maw! You never!" Relief and regret, strangely mingled, struggled in her thin little face. "Julius is coming by early to League. I thought I'd maybe press out the waist. I never dreamed—you hadn't ought to done it!"

"It was nothin'. It wasn't a mite soiled: only rumpled. I just did it out in the dish-pan." Not a word of the heat, and the branding-iron. She sidled in and sat down at the foot of Irby's little white iron bed.

It was a pale, narrow little room, like Irby herself. It had a painted floor with a knitted red-and-black rug like a little oval island; and besides the bed, with its white ruffled dressing, was a yellow bureau, a shelf of books and small ornaments, and a little willow rocker that had been Paw's gift when she was five.

Irby began methodically to remove the flimsy lavaliere which she tucked away beneath its pink-cotton covers; and then sitting in the willow rocker, she unlaced the gray shoes.

Maw loved the lavaliere, which had cost $1.50 at the jewelry auction. And she loved the gray shoes, and she loved the white waist and the last Winter's blue skirt. They were endowed with a more than material worth and loveliness. She watched Irby's thin little arms, with slightly reddened elbows, emerging from the thin blouse; her thin little shoulder-blades and collar-bones protruding like knobs, and her thin, straight little indeterminate braid whisk-

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log over her shoulder, as Irby bent to fold away some article of wear, through the mother's magic magnifying glass.

"Well, goo' night!"

"Goo' night!" said Irby.

She put one thin, knobby-elbowed little arm, in its cotton sleeve, about Maw's sagging shoulders that bowed over hoop-like, and felt how the faded fabric of her dress was pasted there. "You're all of a sweat!" she accused. "It's all that dress! I know it! You hadn't ought——"

"I guess," blustered Maw, "if I want to do up a dress now and then, it's my own affair! Goo' night!"

"GOO' NIGHT! To-morrow's Sunday. You won't have to get up."

"I'll lay till noon!" scoffed Maw.

But she rose at six. At five she had wakened, with a great idea, born of Irby's confidence of the night before, knocking at the hospitable door of her mind. "I'll dress a chicken," decided Maw. "It's a mite early yet to invite him to a meal. But if I have some nice pressed chicken, and bread-'n-butter, and some of my apple and quince jell and a cake, it'll come in handy, him coming early for League and all—I could just ask him out, casual like—"

The house was full of a warm and meaty odor when Paw came down in his stocking feet.

"Yes," said Maw, who was feeling rather warm from her exertions, "I'd wear out a few holes if I was you. I got so much time hangin' on my hands I need a mess o' darning!"

"I dropped the blame things all the way up-stairs last night," confided Paw, sheepishly, regarding his shoes. "Irby say anything? Thought I'd try to get down 'thout wakin' her."

"You know Irby," said Maw.

"Chicken!" Paw found refuge in the odorous promise of his favorite Sunday dinner.

"Now you needn't go to getting your mouth fixed for chicken dinner," Maw warned him sharply; "for you get none. This here chicken's for Sunday-night tea."

"Is *he* coming?" asked Paw with a stealthy look round. They heard Irby on the stair.

"Hush-h-h!" cautioned Maw. "Don't let on. He don't know it an' she don't. But I make my guess he is!"

Paw turned noisily to be stink to drown his guilty knowledge in comprehensive affabilities. He turned a dripping face, half-eclipsed in the roller-towel, upon his daughter. By some strange interchange, he, too, had got hold of Maw's magic magnifying glass. He saw, not Irby, but Romance, in the doorway.

Irby on Sunday morning, with her little pale forehead painfully bare, and surmounted by a glittering row of patent curlers, her little, thin collar-bones protruding from the rounded collar of that graceless garment known as a bungalow apron, and her thin little limbs looking all knobby feet and ankles, lost for these two besotted worshipers the vestige of the strange charm which held them.

"Let's eat," said Paw, whom no goddess-like enchantment of romance could separate from the prosaic consideration of meals.

"You two set!" commanded Irby. · "I'm Bridget."

She brought in the fried potatoes, which delicacy was always a component part of Paw's breakfast, the coffee, and toast.

"I fixed you a egg, Irby," said Maw; "poached in milk—it's strengthenin'——"

"Aw—who needs strengthenin'?" scoffed Irby; but she dipped a bit of toast daintily into the special dish.

The meal proceeded in silence, except for the gusty drafts of Paw who had had to have his second cup, and the sucking noise made by Maw, who conveyed her coffee to her lips through the medium of soaked crusts.

"I guess I wun't go to church this morning," Maw apprised them. "You two go. I feel I'll get more good out of just staying to home."

"I don't see why I got to go to church!" blustered Paw. "Now, don't you say one word! Of course you'll go. You've gone and put on the wrong shirt on purpose—you know you have——"

"I won't change my shirt!" warned Paw; "you wear a man out changing his shirt!"

"Hush. Your shirt's all done up and the collar buttoned on. There's no time to waste."

Paw re-mounted the stairs grumbling.

"Don't you bother about these few dishes," scouted Maw, as Irby began to clear off the table. "They're not worth getting down another pan for." But Maw had guiltily covered with the extra dish-pan, some cooking ware soaking over from yesterday. "I can't help thinking how pretty those gray shoes will look with your white!"

She could hear Paw tramping overhead, indulging in fresh mutinous outbursts. "Mebbe I hadn't ought to sent him," went undusted, and the table unset. Maw had been unbelievably slow. She had pulled down her sleeve, and buttoned the cuff, and no one would have known about the welt. Except Maw. Irby came down-stairs shorn of her pallor. "Maw—you actually look pale! Here—let me mash those potatoes and fix that lettuce. You go set down."

To Maw's own amazement she obeyed. Some alien inner self constrained her. She laughed a little uncertainly. "Well—I dunno — Mebbe you better get your hand in at Sunday dinner—some day you might——"

She couldn't finish; and suddenly she had a feeling that if she went on, she would cry.

Maw cry! She went into the parlor, and sat in the fine leather chair she and Irby had saved up to buy for Paw, where she could grasp her arm unseen. The thought of eating nauseated her. But she must not spoil their dinner—poor as it was. She had meant to make a lemon pie.

She went back to the kitchen. "I thought we'd have a little extry supper," she apologized, "but I saved out your favor-ite piece of the chicken, Paw. And, Irby—they's a piece of breast for you."

"Maw—you're clear done out!" scolded Irby. "You clear out!"

Miraculously they did not perceive that she ate almost nothing. Maw, despite her bulk, was not a large eater. And when a nauseating wave rushed over her, she clung to her old care for them as to a spar.

"Paw." said Irby, at the conclusion of the meal, "you're elected first-assistant dish-washer, term of office to begin at once."

"Wh—what's that?" put Paw, turning a startled look in Maw's direction.

Maw strove for her old majesty, but her very features seemed to wabble.

"I don't know what ails Maw, and she'd never let on. But you 'n me's it "

Maw, in a sort of maze, watched them be it. "But Irby, honey, it's early yet. When you 'n Paw finish, I'd lay down a spell if I was you. Get a good rest. And then dress. He might come early," she said casually; "tea's all fixed."

"All right, Maw," said Irby. Her heart seemed to swing like a golden cage with a golden bird singing inside. "Here's the dish-towel, Paw. Now don't go and get it sopped first thing!"

"Let 'em dreen!" charged Maw, dictatorially; and gave Paw's shoulder a little maternal shove.

"Aw—go long!" said Paw. "Ain't no lady boarder can boss me around!"

Maw went along; and when she had got out of her pasty clothes, and into the coarse freshness of her muslin gown she felt suddenly quite comfortably drowsy, tho somewhat wavering, as if she had taken what?

"Five ought to be early enough," thought Maw, before embarking. "I'll sponge off, and put on my lawn, and go down at five; and just happen in like—I wonder if Irby will think to dust—and then just sort of bring it around to tea—sea——"

She had a dreamless voyage, and landed her old self. No pain, no weariness, only a divine comfort. The doors were open, and she heard a low murmuring. She listened, alert—got upon her elbow—tiptoed to the door. He was there. Maw began to lay out her attire.

"I Had Ought to Go Right up to Bed,' She Told Herself. 'But It Don't Seem Right Some Way'"

thought Maw. "But then I couldn't have him round this morning. He'd give the whole thing away. Irby'll never think but what I baked the cake yesterday."

She watched them go away together with all a mother's pride. Paw's linen, of a slightly dull domestic finish, his Sunday suit, with its decent retiring look of week-day seclusion, his brushed gray-felt hat, testified to care of the maternal sort. Maw had never had a son; but she brushed and tidied Paw with a devotion that somehow served to still the old ungratified yearning.

Irby, in her white ruffles, had a curiously petaled look and a flower freshness, born of the sweat and labor of Maw's Saturday night. This flowering of white skirts gave to Irby's meager leanness an effect of sweet slimness, like a flower-stem; and, like a flower's, a little fragrance blew out with her moving. But the fragrance was not indigenous. It came from a glass-stoppered bottle that sat upon Irby's yellow bureau, labeled "Essence of Lily of the Valley." It had cost a dollar of Maw's hoarded coins.

A SOUND of batter being beaten filled Maw's tiny hot kitchen; and the smoke of a strange incense, as if some queer domestic censor were being shaken—an incense compounded of chocolate and vanilla and spices and the brothy odor of stewing chicken. Maw tested her oven, and a sheet of heat enveloped her. Her clothes felt glued to her body. She inserted the cake-tins cautiously; the drops ran down from her forehead and filled her eyes with a sort of salt spray. It was thus the accident came about. Unseeing, her wrist touched the iron grating. A great welt like a lash stroke, sprang out upon it. Maw staggered back. A wave of sickness went over her. Her great bulk quaked. For an instant, the heat, the light pouring in dazzlingly at her south window, the cluttered table, the swaying floor, turned to a soft blackness. She steadied herself, clinging to the door.

"Come—come! Get yourself in hand!" Maw chided a traitorous inner self; "what's a little burn?"

She applied soda to the stinging welt. Her hand shook so, a powdery litter settled upon the floor. "I guess I'll lay down till it passes," Maw thought; still with a chiding remonstrance directed against that alien self. She went down sickly upon the dining-room couch——

At noon, when church was out, she had not accomplished half of what she had intended. The cake, in chocolate, marbled state, shed the sharp carnation fragrance of spices about the pantry shelves; the chicken, in its stone crock, weighted beneath its homely iron and plate, stood in the narrow opening of the pantry window. But the parlor

MAW, refreshed, and in her fine lawn, was the same, and not the same. It was only in the outward appearance that she was altered. Dark, threaded hair, brushed, parted, and flatly braided like a little mat at the back; eyes still brown, but a little faded in the too intense light of the burdened middle years; a clean, fine skin that sweated daily in the Turkish bath of her little hot kitchen; not fine, but good, features, with the goodness, not of endowment, but of development; plain, gathered dress and white apron—

that was Maw. "Why, it's Julius! How are you, Julius? How's your folks?"

"Fine," said Julius.

This encouraging report sounded, in the utterance, to Julius's painful self-consciousness plainly inadequate. He added "How's yours?" altho he could see Paw, chair tipped against the house, reading the Sunday paper on the east porch; and here was Irby blooming, and Maw like a hardy old perennial.

Julius was in nowise out of the ordinary. He was in fact, one of those ordinary young fellows who go early to work, hold it by virtue not of superior ability, but sheer persistence of endeavor, marry early, rear a family, serve as Councilman or Member of the School Board, and fall naturally into the category of "useful citizens." Julius had no aspiration beyond this. Nevertheless, Maw

"'Er—Not Company, I Hope,' Said Julius, Boldly; 'Not That Kind'"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 43

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ROSA MUNDI

With Illustrations by W. T. Benda.

"She Was Like a Quivering Shaft of Light, Almost Too Dazzling for the Eye to Follow"

WAS the water blue or was it purple that day? Randal Courteney stretched his lazy length on the shady side of the great natural breakwater that protected Hurley Bay from the Atlantic rollers, and wondered. It was a day in late September, but the warmth of it was as a dream of Summer returned. The season was nearly over, or he had not betaken himself thither, but the spell of heat had prolonged it unduly. It had been something of a shock to him to find the place still occupied by a buzzing crowd of visitors. He never came to it till he judged the holidays to be practically over. For he loved it only when empty. His idea of rest was solitude.

He wondered how long this pearly weather would last, and scanned the sky for a cloud. In vain! There was no cloud all round that blue horizon, and behind him the cliffs stood stark against an azure sky. Summer was lingering, and even he had not the heart to wish her gone.

Something splashed noisily on the other side of the rocky breakwater. Something squeaked and gurgled. The man frowned. He had tramped a considerable distance to secure privacy. He had his new novel to think out. This invasion was intolerable. He had not even smoked the first pipe of his meditations. Impatiently he prepared to rise and depart.

But in that moment a voice accosted him, and in spite of himself he paused. "I want to get over the breakwater," said the voice. "There's such a large crab lives this side."

It was an engaging voice—a voice with soft, lilting notes in it—the voice of a child.

Courteney's face cleared a little. The grimness went out of his frown, the reluctance from his attitude. He stood up against the rocky barrier and stretched his hands over to the unseen owner of the voice.

"I'll help you," he said.

"Oh!" There was an instant's pause; then two other hands, wet, cool, slender, came up, clasping his. A little leap, a sudden strain, and a very pink face beneath a cloud of golden hair laughed down into his. "You must pull," she said. "Pull hard!"

Courteney obeyed instructions. He pulled, and a pair of slim shoulders clad in white with a blue sailor collar came into view.

He pulled again, and a white knee appeared, just escaping a blue serge skirt. At the third pull she was over, and standing barefooted by his side. It had been a fairy leap. He marveled at the lightness of her, till he saw her standing so with merry eyes upraised to his. Then he laughed, for she was laughing, the infectious laugh of the truant.

"Oh, thank you ever so much," she said. "I knew it was much nicer this side than the other. No one can see us here, either."

"Is that why you wanted to get over?" he asked.

She nodded, her pink face all mystery. "It's nice to get away from every one sometimes, isn't it? Even Rosa Mundi thinks that. Did you know that she is here? It is being kept a dead secret."

"Rosa Mundi!" Courteney started. He looked down into the innocent face upraised to his with something that was almost horror in his own. "Do you mean that dancing woman from California? What can a child like you know of her?"

She smiled at him, the mystery still in her eyes. "I do know her. I belong to her. Do you know her, too?"

A sudden hot flush went up over Courteney's face. He knew the woman; yes, he knew her. Was it years ago—or was it but yesterday?—he had yielded to the importunities of his friend, young Oscar Baron, and gone to see her dance? The boy had been infatuated, wild with the lure of her. Ah well, it was over now. She had been his ruin just as she had been the ruin of others like him. Baron was dead and free forever from the evil spell of his enchantress. But he had not thought to hear her name in this place, and on the lips of a child.

IT REVOLTED him. For she had utterly failed to attract his fancy. He was fastidious, and all he had seen in her had been the sensuous charm of a sinuous grace which to him was no charm at all. He had almost hated her for the abject adoration that young Oscar's eyes had held. Her art, wonderful tho he admitted it to be, had wholly failed to enslave him. He had looked her once—and once only—in the eyes, had judged her, and gone his way.

And now this merry-eyed, rosy-faced child came fairy-footed over the barrier of his reserve and spoke with a careless familiarity of the only being in the world whom he had condemned as beyond the pale.

"I'm not supposed to tell any one," she said with sapphire eyes uplifted confidingly to his. "She isn't—really—here before the end of the week. You won't tell, will you? Only when I saw you plodding along out here by yourself, I just had to come and tell you, to cheer you up."

He stood and looked at her, not knowing what to say. It was as if some adverse fate were at work, driving him, impelling him.

The soft eyes sparkled into laughter. "I know who you are," chuckled the gay voice on a high note of merriment. "You are Randal Courteney, the writer. It's not a bit of good trying to hide, because everybody knows."

He attempted a frown, but failed in its achievement. "And who are you?" he said, looking straight into the daring, trusting eyes.

She was not beautiful, but her eyes were wonderful; they held a mystery that beckoned and eluded in the same subtle moment.

"I?" she said. "I am her companion, her familiar spirit. Sometimes she calls me her angel."

The man moved as if something had stung him, but he checked himself with instinctive self-control. "And your name?" he said.

She turned out her hands with a little gesture that was utterly unstudied and free from self-consciousness. "My name is Rosemary," she said. "It means—remembrance."

"You are her adopted child?" Courteney was looking at her curiously. Out of what part of Rosa Mundi's strange fretted existence had the desire for remembrance sprung to life?

He had deemed her a woman of many episodes, each forgotten as its successor took its place. Yet it seemed this child held a corner in her memory that was to last.

She turned her face to the sun. "We have adopted each other," she said naively. "When Rosa Mundi is old, I shall take her place, so that she may still be remembered."

The words, "Heaven forbid!" were on Courteney's lips. He checked them sharply, but something of his original grimness returned as he said, "And now that you are on the other side of the breakwater, what are you going to do?"

SHE looked up at him speculatively, and in a moment tossed back the short golden curls that clustered at her neck. She was sublimely young. In the eyes of the man newly awakened she had the look of one who has seen life without comprehending it. "I always like to get to the other side of things. Don't you?" she said. "But I won't stay with you if you are bored. I am going right to the end of the rocks to see the tide come in."

"And be washed away," suggested Courteney.

"Oh, no," she assured him confidently. "That won't happen. I'm not nearly so young as I look. I only dress like this when I want to enjoy myself. Rosa Mundi says," her eyes very suddenly merry, "that I'm not respectable. Now, don't you think that sounds rather funny?"

"From her—yes," said Courteney.

"You don't like her?" The shrewd curiosity of a child who desires understanding upon a forbidden subject was in the question.

The man evaded it. "I have never seen her except in the limelight."

"And you didn't like her—then?" Keen disappointment sounded in her voice.

His heart smote him. The child was young, tho possibly not so young as she looked. She had her ideals, and they would be shattered soon enough without any help from him.

With a brief laugh he turned aside, dismissing the subject. "That form of entertainment doesn't appeal to me much," he said. "Now, it's your turn to tell me something. I have been wondering about the color of that sea. Would you call it blue—or purple?"

She looked, and again the mystery was in her face. For a moment she did not speak. Then, "It is violet," she said—"the color of Rosa Mundi's eyes."

Ere the frown had died from his face she was gone, pattering lightly over the sand, flitting like a day-dream into the blinding sunshine that seemed to drop a veil behind her, leaving him to his thoughts.

. . . . . .

Randal Courteney was an old and favored guest at the Hurley Bay Hotel. From his own particular corner of the great dining-room he was accustomed to look out upon the world that came and went. Frequently when he was there the place was almost deserted, and always he had been treated as the visitor of most importance. But to-night for the first time he found himself supplanted. Some one of more importance was staying in the hotel, some one who had attracted crowds, whose popularity amounted almost to idolatry.

THE hotel was full, but Courteney, despite his far-reaching fame, was almost entirely overlooked. News had spread that the wonderful Californian dancer was to perform at the Pier Pavilion at the end of the week, and the crowds had gathered to do her honor. They were going to strew the pier with roses on the night of her appearance, and they were watching even now for the first sign of her with all the eager curiosity that marks down any celebrity as fair prey. Courteney smiled grimly to himself. How often it had been his lot to evade the lion-hunters! It was an unspeakable relief to have the general attention thus diverted from himself. Doubtless Rosa Mundi would revel in it. It was her *rôle* in life, the touchstone of her profession. Adulation was the very air she breathed.

He wondered a little to find her seeking privacy even for a few days. Just a whim of hers, no doubt! Was she not ever a creature of whims? And it would not last. He re-

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"Woman Is at Best a Contradiction Still"

By Ethel M. Dell

"Ten Minutes Later He Landed Her Close to His Own Bathing-cove, Which He Discovered with Relief to Be Deserted"

membered how once young Oscar Baron had told him that she needed popularity as a flower needs the sun. His rose of the world had not been created to bloom unseen. The boy had been absurdly long suffering, unbelievably blind. How bitter, how cruel, had been his disillusion Courteney could only guess. Had she ever cared, ever regretted, he wondered? But no, he was sure she had not. She would care for nothing until the bloom faded. Then, indeed, possibly remorse might come.

Some one passing his table paused and spoke—the manager of the Hurley Bay Pavilion and of a score of others, a man he knew slightly, older than himself. "The hive swarms in vain," he said. "The queen refuses to emerge."

Courteney's expression was supremely cynical. "I was not aware that she was of such a retiring disposition," he said.

The other man laughed. He was an American, Ellis Grant by name, a man of gross proportions, but keen-eyed, iron-jawed, and successful. "There is a rumor," he said, "that she is about to be married. Possibly that might account for her shyness."

His look was critical. Courteney threw back his head almost with defiance. "It doesn't interest me," he said curtly.

Ellis Grant laughed again and passed on. He valued his acquaintanceship with the writer. He would not jeopardize it with over-much familiarity. But he did not believe in the utter lack of interest that he professed. No living man who knew her could be wholly indifferent to the doings of Rosa Mundi. The fiery charm of her, her passionate vitality, made that impossible

COURTENEY finished his dinner and went out. The night was almost as hot as the day had been. He turned his back on the pier that was lighted from end to end and walked away down the long parade.

He was beginning to wish himself out of the place. He had an absurd feeling of being caught in some web of Fate that clung to him tenaciously, strive as he would. Grant's laugh of careless incredulity pursued him. There had been triumph also in that laugh. No doubt the fellow anticipated a big haul on Rosa Mundi's night.

And again there rose before him the memory of young Oscar Baron's ardent face. "I'd marry her to-morrow if she'd have me," the boy had said to him once.

The boy had been a fool, but straight. The woman—well, the woman was not the marrying sort. He was certain of that.

She was elusive as a flame. Impatiently yet again he flung the thought of her from him. What did it matter to him? Why should he be haunted by her thus? He would not suffer it.

He tramped to the end of the parade, and stood looking out over the dark sea. He was sorry for that adopted child of hers. That face of innocence rose before him clear against the gathering dark. Not much chance for the child, it seemed! Utterly unspoilt and unsophisticated at present, and the property of that *demi-mondaine!* He wondered if there could be any relationship between them. There was something in the child's eyes that in some strange fashion recalled the eyes of Rosa Mundi. So might she once have gazed in innocence upon a world unknown.

Again, almost savagely, he strove to thrust away the thoughts that troubled him. The child was bound to be contaminated sooner or later; but what was that to him? It was out of his power to deliver her. He was no rescuer of damsels in distress.

So he put away from him the thought of Rosa Mundi and the thought of the child called Rosemary who had come to him out of the morning sunlight, and went back to his hotel doggedly determined that neither the one nor the other should disturb his peace of mind. He would take refuge in his work and forget them.

But late that night he awoke from troubled sleep to hear Ellis Grant laugh again in careless triumph—the laugh of the man who knows that he has drawn a prize.

. . . . . .

It was not a restful night for Randal Courteney, and in the early morning he was out again striding over the sunlit sands toward his own particular bathing-cove beyond the breakwater.

The tide was coming in, and the dashing water filled all the world with its music. A brisk wind was blowing, and the waves were high.

It was the sort of sea that Courteney reveled in, and he trusted that at that early hour he would be free from all intrusion. So accustomed to privacy was he that he had come to regard the place almost as his own.

But, as he topped the breakwater, he came upon a sight that made him draw back in disgust. A white mackintosh lay under a handful of stones upon the shingly beach. He surveyed it suspiciously, with the air of a man who fears that he is about to walk into a trap.

Then, his eyes traveling seaward, he spied a red cap bobbing up and down in the spray of the dancing waves.

The impulse to turn and re-trace his steps came to him but some unknown force restrained him. He remembered suddenly the current that had more than once drawn him out of his course when bathing in those waters, and the owner of the red cap was alone. He stood uncertain on the top of the breakwater, and watched.

TWO minutes later the very event he had pictured was taking place under his eyes, and he was racing over the soft sand below the shingle at the top of his speed. Two arms were beating wildly out in the shining sparkle of water, as tho they strove against the invisible bars of a cage, and a voice—the high, frightened voice of a child—was calling for help.

He flung off his coat as he ran, and dashed without an instant's pause straight into the green, foaming waves. The water swirled around him as he struck out; he clove his way through it, all his energies concentrated upon the bobbing red cap and struggling arms ahead of him. Lifted on the crest of a rushing wave, he saw her, helpless as an infant in the turmoil. Her terrified eyes were turned his way, wildly beseeching him. He fought with the water to reach her.

He realized, as he drew nearer, that she was not wholly inexperienced. She was working against the current to keep herself up, but no longer striving to escape it. He saw with relief that she had not lost her head.

He had been prepared to approach her with caution, but she sent him a sudden, brave smile that re-assured him.

"Be quick!" she gasped. "I'm nearly done."

The current caught him, but with a powerful stroke or two he righted his course and reached her. Her hand closed upon his shoulder.

"I'm all right now," she panted, and despite the distress of her breathing he caught the note of confidence in her voice.

"We've got to get out of it," he made grim answer. "Get your hand in my belt; that'll help you best. Then when you're ready, strike out with the other and make for the open sea! We shall get out of this infernal current that way."

She obeyed him implicitly, asking no question. Side by side they drew out of the current, the man pulling strongly, his companion seconding his efforts with a fitfulness that testified to her failing powers. They reached calmer water at length, and then curtly he ordered her to turn on her back and rest.

Again without a word she obeyed him, and he floated beside her, supporting her. The early sun smote down upon them with increasing strength. Her face was deathly pale against the red of her cap.

"We must get to shore," said Courteney, observing her.

"That dreadful current!" she gasped through quivering lips.

"No. We can avoid that. It will mean a scamper over the sands when we get there, but that will do you good. Stay as you are! I will tow you."

Had she been less obedient, he would have found his task infinitely harder. But she was absolutely submissive to his will. Ten minutes later he landed her close to his own bathing-cove, which he discovered with relief to be deserted.

She would have subsided in a heap upon the sand the moment she felt it warm and dry beneath her feet; but he held her up.

"No. A good run is what you need. Come! Your mackintosh is half a mile away."

She looked at him with dismay, but he remained inexorable. He had no desire to have her fainting on his hands. As if she had been a boy, he gripped her by the elbow.

Again she submitted, stumblingly, to his behest, but when they had covered half the distance Courteney had mercy.

"You're fagged out," he said. "Rest here while I go and fetch it!"

She sank down thankfully on the shingle, and he strode swiftly on.

When he returned she had hollowed a nest for herself, and was lying curled up in the sun. Her head was pillowed on her cap, and the soft golden curls waved tenderly above her white forehead. Once more she seemed to him a mere child, and he looked down upon her with compassion.

SHE sat up at his approach with a boyish, alert movement, and lifted her eyes to his. He likened them half-unconsciously to the purple-blue of harebells in the ardent light of the early morning.

"You are kind!" she said gratefully.

He placed the white mackintosh around her slim figure. "Take my advice," he said, in his brief fashion, "and don't come bathing alone in this direction again!"

She made a small, shy gesture of invitation. "Sit down a minute!" she said half-pleadingly. "I know you are very wet; but the sun is so warm, and they say sea-water never chills."

He hesitated momentarily, then, possibly because she had spoken with so childlike an appeal, he sat down in the shingle beside her.

She stretched out a slender hand to him, almost as tho feeling her way. And when he took it, she made a slight movement toward him as of one about to make a confidence. "Now we can talk," she said.

He let her hand go again, and felt in the pocket of his

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

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A DOUBLE-BARRELED FRIENDSHIP

There's No Accounting for It—You've Simply Got to Lay It to the Climate

By EDWARD S. O'REILLY

AUTHOR OF "WHEN TONDO WENT TO WAR," "WHAT'S ONE MAN'S MEAT," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD BOREIN

PERCHED on the top bar of the shipping-corral, the Old Cattle Buyer was enjoying his favorite pastime, conversation. Beside him sat a splendid audience, a credulous transient from the Far East, intensely interested in the desert land of cows and cactus. In an effort to be polite, the transient visitor had been giving the climate a good recommendation.

"'Climate,'" snorted the Old Cattle Buyer, "'Why, we haven't got nothin' else but. Climate is the one thing this country caught up on. If we could live on climate there'd never be no danger of a hard season. At that there's a lot of these scorps that do try to live offen the climate, but they don't seem to have much luck at it."

"What is a scorp?" queried the transient. "Do you mean the scorpion, the deadly insect you have warned me about?"

"Well, no, I was speakin' of his human brother, the nester, known in parlor lingo as the homesteader," responded the Old Cattle Buyer. "They come out here to grow up with the country, and find out that the country was growed up and abandoned before old Noah was knee-high to a hell-diver.

"You see, Texas has different land laws than any other State in the Union. The Texians fit the Mexicans and won their own independence and then annexed the United States. Naturally, the State kept control of the public lands. Take it by and large, there's a whole lot of land layin' around loose in Texas. There's two other things Texas has the world beat on beside climate; that is circumference and diameter.

"THE State was long on land but short on population, so they give away the land to anybody what would come and live on it. Old Texas bets the scorp eight sections of this sand and greasewood that he can't live on it three years. Generally the State wins.

"Once and a while one of them gets by with it, tho. There was old Jim Knight, for instance, up Tondo County way. With the help of the climate, Jim made a good thing out of his land. Did I ever tell you about him?

"Jim was one of these kind of men that thinks the world was made to work hard in to save up enough money to die on. He'd originally hailed from the wet country back in East Texas where they have four rainy seasons in the year.

"Never could get used to this dry country. The only time I ever seen him laugh was when he told that old story which makes General Phil Sheridan unpopular west of the Pecos. He'd unwind it on any one who'd stand hitched long enough to listen. Haven't heard it?

"Well, this General Sheridan came down here in West Texas after the war between the States to shoot a little peace propaganda into the Kickapoos and Lipans. Phil, like old Jim Knight, was one of these fellows that believed in takin' his climate with a little water on the side.

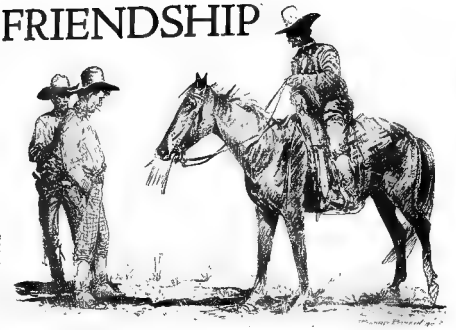
"One day he was bein' made welcome to one of these little cattle towns by a committee of leadin' citizens and visitin' Elks. The orator of the occasion was like a yearlin' with a cactus leaf under his tail. Once you started him there weren't no way of tellin' when he was goin' to stop. Finally he winds up by speakin' highly of the climate for about fifteen minutes.

"'Why,' says he to General Phil, 'all this country needs is water and good society and it'd be a paradise.'

"'That's all hell needs,' says Phil Sheridan, thereby makin' a *bon mot* that's been a fightin' word out here ever since.

"But to get back to Jim Knight. Jim heard about the State givin' away eight whole sections free. 'That's me,' says he; 'by the time I'm dead I'll be a rich man.' So he works hard for about ten years, savin' his wages and practisin' self-denial until he has enough to buy a team of mules and get started.

"Then he comes out to Tondo County and files on his land in the middle of the Long Cañon Cattle Company's pasture.



"'Good News, Pardner. Got a Little Surprize for You. There's Some Square Men Left in the World Yet'"

"AT FIRST the folks around here made a heap of fun of old Jim, but when they found out he was so honest and useful they let him be. Honest Jim, that's what they called him.

"Whenever they had any hard jobs around here, such as diggin' post-holes, or tankin', or dippin' sheep, Jim was the one elected. He just seemed to naturally pine for a job where the work was hard and the pay small. He'd set out to five three years on that land and he was goin' to do it or bust a hame-strap.

"One day he happened to be in town. After workin' about a week diggin' a foundation for the new store he'd saved up about two dollars and a half, and was feelin' right wealthy.

"Walkin' along the railroad track he happened to run into one of these hoboes sittin' on a pile of ties. He was a sickly little dogie, with a hard hat and a yellow raincoat. By that raincoat Jim could tell that here was a chance to unwind that Phil Sheridan story on a new hand, so he stopped and began feelin' around for an openin'.

"This hobo was chewin' on a handful of crackers and a chunk of cheese

"'Are you eatin' a little breakfast?' asked old Jim, real polite.

"'No, you big rube,' says the hobo, 'can't you see I'm givin' a Chinaman a music lesson.'

"'What I had in mind,' went on Jim, never payin' no mind to the insult, 'was that seein' as how I was goin' down to the Bon Ton restaurant to have a little feed myself, I thought maybe you'd like to join me.'

"'Excuse me if I don't refuse,' answers the hobo very quick. He files the crackers and cheese away in his inside pocket and went right along with Jim without any delay.

"Down at the restaurant they got real well acquainted. It seems that this hobo went by the name of Chicago Red and he came from the town that makes all the money off the cattle business. He was a bug hunter, a lunger, and somebody had told him this climate would heal him up. So he'd hiked out here to give the climate a chance. The climate was all right, but he hadn't figured on the other things such as beans and blankets. By the time Jim run onto him he was about all bogged down

"Jim had one other failin' as bad as his honesty, he had a heart as big as a saddle-blanket. So, when he hears this Chicago Red's story, he said,

"'Son, I got a little place about twenty miles out where I got more climate than I really need. What you need is grub and rest. If you reckon you can put up with my camp I'd be proud to have you come and hang up with me just as long as you have a mind.'

"Well, the upshot of it was, the hobo took him up and they drove out to Jim's place that night. That was the funniest pair to draw to that I ever seen. Jim was always clean worried to death for fear that he wasn't makin' things comfortable for Red. Red was sick and sufferin' and quarrelsome, always sore at himself for puttin' Jim to so much trouble. Different as they was, they got to be real thick friends.

"Red used to fuss a lot with old Jim, but let anybody else pass a word about him and that little runt would fight like a wildcat. The boys didn't take to this Red very kindly, because he had such a mean tongue. He'd come from back East, you see, and couldn't talk the English language proper, and used to call us farmers. You know how that makes a cowman mad.

"It just so happened that I was up in that country when Jim finished his three-year sentence on that land and I saw the final finish. My horse had gone lame and I laid up at Jim's two or three days. The mornin' I rode in I found the pair of them stampeded with excitement. Jim tells me all about it.

"'YOU know what a hard time I've had holdin' down this land,' he says. 'Well, it's all over. Them three years is past to-day. I'm goin' in to town to see old Shafter, the manager of the Long Cañon Company, and sell him the whole works. Goin' to get a dollar and a quarter an acre for it.

"'Do you know what that means? Just a little green farm back in God's country where I can raise strawberries, and keep a cow and a hen and a bee and let the rain wash the sand out of my hair. And it means that Red can go to one of them sanitary places near El Paso, where he can get right treatment. Then when he gets back on his feet in good shape he's comin' to live with me. Ain't that worth workin' three years for?

"'You see, I owe a little money. Had to borrow a little from the Company to help put up my windmill and feace the horse-trap, but at a dollar and a quarter there'll be plenty left over.'

"After he rode off to town, Red and I sat and chewed the fat a while about things in general.

"'Did you ever see such a white guy in your life?' says Red. 'Anybody that'd trim that old boy would push little chickens in the water. He needs a guardian, tho. The first gay cat what hands him a hard-luck yarn will nick him for that roll.'

CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

"The Next Mornin' Jim Set Out to Town with His Gun Stuck in His Waistband"

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FROM THE PAINTING BY S. J. WOOLF

TENTH OF PICTORIAL REVIEW'S SERIES OF GREAT WAR PAINTINGS

NEWS FROM HOME

This scene in the midst of war's desolation represents the arrival of the mail from home—a red-letter day in the lives of our boys over there. The pages of the home paper were eagerly scanned and the progress of their old baseball club took on more importance than the capture of a trench.

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FROM THE PAINTING
BY F. LUIS MORA

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SERIES OF GREAT WAR PAINTINGS

A NIGHT ATTACK

The unfailing heroism of the American Red Cross Nurses will never be forgotten. The picture shows a night attack on an emergency hospital, the American nurses in the very thick of the fight assisting the wounded back of the lines regardless of the storm of shot and shell.

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THE BATTLE OF THE ARGONNE FOREST

No more heroic struggle is recorded during the whole war. In the face of seemingly insurmountable difficulties the Americans were sent to drive the Germans out of their last impregnable forest stronghold. They suffered terrific losses: BUT THEY DID IT!

From the Painting by J. Scott Williams

ONE OF THE LAST FIGHTS OF THE WAR

By this time the Germans knew they were beaten, but were disputing desperately every inch of ground. The town had been captured, but the work of "mopping up," of driving out the trapped snipers and machine-gun nests, fell to the victorious Americans. It was mighty hot work.

Illustrated Pictorial Review's Series of Great War Paintings

DRAWING BY ORSON LOWELL

"I Have Never Once Said That Men Should 'Give' Women a Fair Field in Sex. I Have Shown That Women Must 'Take' It"

A FAIR FIELD IN SEX

Beginning a New Series of Articles on "What We Women Want"

By HELEN RING ROBINSON

FIRST WOMAN STATE SENATOR OF COLORADO

WHAT do you women really want?" asked the Editor.

"What do you men want?" I parried.

"That depends on the man," answered the Editor.

"Then women are just like men. But 'want' is a two-faced word, isn't it?" I added, on second thought. "If your question means, 'What do women wish?' then my answer stands. But if you give 'want' its earlier meaning, 'What are women in need of?' then I'll take back what I said and say it differently."

"Say it in writing," interrupted the Editor hastily.

And so I have written it.

Women, and more especially American women, "want" four things to-day. They have four imperious needs.

They want a Fair Field in Sex. A Fair Field in Education. A Fair Field in Labor. A Fair Field in the State.

And the greatest of these is a Fair Field in Sex. Indeed, I am coming to believe it is greater than all the Four Fair Fields combined.

Healed said something like that once, as you may recall, Friendly Reader, when he declared, "The half is greater than the whole"—a statement that was always a little misty about the edges to me till this minute when I realize that in the Fair Field for Women, the quarter, the Fair Field in Sex, may, indeed, be greater than the whole.

I had written thus far when there came to me through an open window the sound of children squabbling. Looking out, I saw in the little public garden on which my room opened a big girl of about ten years, a little girl, and a middle-sized girl, with a little boy hardly more than five years old.

"'Tis, too!" shrilled the big girl.

"'Tis too! 'Tis too!" echoed the little girl and the middle-sized girl.

"'Tain't!" shrieked the little boy. "'Tain't! "'Tain't! Guess I know better than you do!"

I walked out into the garden, seeking enlightenment.

"Why do you know better?" I asked the tousled little fellow.

He stared at me rudely. Then, "'Tawse I'm a boy!" he answered sturdily.

The next few minutes were most interesting, tho at first I had some difficulty persuading the middle-sized girl to whack that little scrap of puffed-up masculinity. She whacked him well, tho, as soon as she got into the spirit of the thing. I hope she will keep her word and smack him every time he shakes in her face the superstition of male superiority acquired with his brain cells and developed by what he sees and hears.

There's no harm in hoping. But the girl's mother, who acquired superstitions with her brain cells, too, may stop it.

American women joined with American men in the Great War to overthrow the dogma of the Divine Right of Kings. But the great majority of American men, and more especially the men of the wealthy lower classes, still believe in the Divine Right of Sex—their sex—in all the real affairs of life. And, for the matter of that, women have until now so played into the hands of men it is a wonder they are no worse.

American men take women less seriously than do the men of the different European nations, with two or three possible exceptions.

Yes, I know our writer-folk tell a different story and that American men, generally, have agreed to canonize themselves, because of the very generous way in which they "treat" their women.

Kind Sirs, you are suffering from premature canonization.

Now I am quite willing to grant there is no reason why anybody should take seriously a large class of fluttery or torpid American women. The woman who acts as if she were no more than the tail-feather of a peacock, for example, or the Married Woman by Profession, sexed to the teeth, who keeps house in a four-room apartment with a maid, and always telephones to ask her husband before she seconds a motion at a meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

But there are hardly enough of these women to serve as explanation of the fact that while American men may be willing, good-naturedly, to "give" women the vote, they are quite unable to conceive of women actually "taking" a position of full and free equality with themselves.

Perhaps the leaders of American women are in part to blame for this. It is plain enough that American feminists have rarely got down to fundamentals, since the very word "sex" has until lately inspired them with a most demonstrative reticence. We have talked about political equality for women and economic independence for women and amid a snarl of feminist details we have lost sight of the fact that men need never be disturbed about losing their political superiority or their industrial superiority or their economic superiority so long as they hold, as they are holding, to the stark, fundamental assertion of sex superiority.

Or so long as women permit themselves to be pickled in sex!

Here is a place where we need more light and less fog-horn.

SEX aspects, being more fundamental, change less rapidly than political or economic aspects. And the sex aspects which developed in the dark backwards of time when women traded their personality for "protection," when they were the unquestioned property of their husbands, are still a constrictive social force to-day.

A radical change in sex aspects—sex canons—is, then, more important than any changes in the educational system for women, important as such changes may be. It is more important, even, than their complete enfranchisement or their free admission to the trades and professions.

The social equilibrium of men and women, in other words, must wait upon their sex equilibrium. Or, rather, sex equilibrium *is* social equilibrium.

Here is the place for repeating that the quarter is more than the whole.

When I was in Washington, not long ago, I took occasion to test the statement that the age-long submission of women to men in the marriage relation has colored, like a superstition, the ideals of the contact of men and women in all other human relations.

For the purposes of that test I interviewed twelve more-or-less prominent men on the subject of the economic independence of married women.

Naturally, I selected married men, but, otherwise, they were men of all sorts, from an Eastern senator whose hair was curled as tightly as his mind, to a Western potato specialist with a true democratic bagginess, Jeffersonian and unashamed, to the knees of his trousers.

It was a rather pretty test, tho necessarily superficial.

Ten of the twelve men ran true to form. The attitude of a member of a Federal Commission was essentially the attitude of the ten. When I tried to talk about women he insisted on talking about "My wife."

His wife, to judge from his remarks, was a sort of aura for himself.

"I could not possibly love a wife who made herself economically independent of me," he said, quite with the air of settling the whole question of pay-envelops for married women.

Very gently and politely I asked him if he were not confusing love with possession.

He accepted the challenge. For all his courtesy, there was something of the caveman's "yawp" in his answer that the love of the husband for his wife is built primarily on possession. Stop men from being "proprietors"—that word, he explained, being used only in a limited sense, of course—stop their being in a very real sense the "head of the family," and you will destroy in men the desire to be husbands and fathers.

THERE was no getting any further. His notions about sex were hopelessly coagulated. The dependence of women was a tradition with him, her economic independence, at best, an unfortunate alternative. As for the phrase "the sex independence of women," he merely gave me to understand, when I used it, that I could not go slumming in his mind.

Just a few days after our conversation, the Commissioner died. I did not go to the funeral—tho I endorsed it.

The nine Washington men who talked more or less like him still survive, however, with millions of others whose ideas on the subject are also coagulated, and a not inconsiderable number to whom the word "sex" is merely a murky gesture.

Here, then, is work to which leaders of American women are called to-day: to give ungrudging study to sex as a force, a principle that strikes down into the roots of being and rises in the sap of living, and then, testing old sex aspects and ideals and conventions by new conditions, to modify them in the light of new knowledge.

This should be specially the duty of American women since, unlike the leading European countries, America has no male shortage to complicate matters.

Here I realize, of course, that any young biologist who may have read thus far will now exclaim "How ridiculous to talk in that way about 'modifying' the primordial instincts of sex!" And he may nod darkly over the future of the race if such a "modifying" were possible. The trouble with the Professor is that he wears blinders, being a young professor of Biology, and so can see only what is straight ahead of him. He does not see, as you and I do, Friendly Reader, that many of the sex aspects which we would modify to-day are not "primordial" at all. They are the results of modern commercial methods and over-spicery, the result of keeping women pickled in sex.

As for the future of the race—it may be sufficient to observe that it isn't necessary always to perch on the crest of an ocean wave in order to take a bath when one wants it.

Feminists could draw up a heavy indictment against the manner in which men have dealt with the ferment of sex, mincing and twiddling and dirtying and degrading it.

The difficulty with such an indictment is that most of it would have to be written between the lines.

The indictment would show that, under male dominance, sex has been used to lash women down instead of up the scale of being.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80

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THE SERIAL STORY EVERYBODY IS TALKING ABOUT

DANGEROUS DAYS

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

IN FOUR INSTALMENTS—PART THREE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

CLAYTON SPENCER was facing with characteristic honesty a situation that he felt was both hopeless and shameful. He was hopelessly in love with Audrey. He knew now that he had known it for a long time.

Here was no slender sentiment, no thin romance. With every fiber of him, he loved her and wanted her. There was no madness about it, save the fact itself, which was mad enough. It was not the single attraction of passion, altho he recognized that element as fundamental in it. It was the craving of a strong man who had at last found his woman.

He knew that, as certainly as he knew anything. He did not even question that she cared for him. It was as tho they both had passed through the doubting period without knowing it, and had arrived together at the same point, the crying need of each other.

He rather thought, looking back, that Audrey had known it sooner than he had. She had certainly known the night she learned of Chris's death. His terror when she fainted, the very way he had put her out of his arms when she opened her eyes -those had surely told her. Yet, had Chris's cynical spirit been watching, there had been nothing, even then.

There was, between them, nothing now. He had given way to the people who flocked to her with sympathy, had called her up now and then, had sent her a few books, some flowers.

But the hopelessness of the situation held him away from her. Once or twice, at first, he had called her on the telephone and had waited, almost trembling, for her voice over the wire, only to ask her finally, in a voice chilled with repression, how she was feeling, or to offer a car for her to ride in the park. And her replies were equally perfunctory. She was well. She was still studying, but it was going badly. She was too stupid to learn all those pothooks.

Once she had said:

"Aren't you ever coming to see me, Clay?"

Her voice had been wistful, and it had been a moment before he had himself enough in hand to reply, formally:

"Thank you. I shall, very soon."

But he had not gone to the little flat again.

Through Natalie he heard of her now and then.

"I saw Audrey to-day," she said once. "She is not wearing mourning. It's bad taste, I should say. When one remembers that she really drove Chris to his death——"

He had interrupted her, angrily.

"That is a cruel mis-statement, Natalie. She did nothing of the sort."

"You needn't bite me, you know. He went, and had about as much interest in this war as—as——"

"As you have," he finished. And had gone out, leaving Natalie staring after him.

He was more careful after that, but the situation galled him. He was no hypocrite, but there was no need of wounding Natalie unnecessarily. And that, after all, was the crux of the whole situation. Natalie. It was not Natalie's fault that he had found the woman of his heart too late. He had no thought of blame for her. In decency, there was only one thing to do. He could not play the lover to her, but then he had not done that for a very long time. He could see, however, that she was not hurt.

PERHAPS, in all her futile life, Natalie had, for all her complaining, never been so content in her husband as in those early Spring months when she had completely lost him. He made no demands whatever. In the small attentions, which he had never neglected, he was even more assiduous. He paid her every-increasing bills without comment. He submitted, in those tense days when every day made the national situation more precarious, to hours of discussion as to the country house, to complaints as to his own lack of social instinct, and to that new phase of her attitude toward Marion Hayden that left him baffled and perplexed.

Then, on the Sunday when he left Graham and Marion together at the house, he met Audrey quite by accident in the park. He was almost incredulous at first. She came like the answer to prayer. A little tired around the eyes, showing the strain of the past weeks, but with that same easy walk and unconscious elegance that marked her, always.

She was not alone. There was a tall blonde girl beside her, hideously dressed, but with a pleasant, shallow face. Just before they met, Audrey stopped and held out her hand.

"Then you'll let me know, Clare?"

"Thank you. I will; indeed, I will, Mrs. Valentine."

With a curious glance at Clayton the girl went on. Audrey smiled at him.

"Please don't run!" she said. "There are people looking. It would be so conspicuous, you know."

"Run!" he replied He stood looking down at her, and at something in his eyes her smile died.

"It's too wonderful, Clay."

For a moment he could not speak. After all those weeks of hunger for her there was no power in him to dissemble. He felt a mad, boyish impulse to hold out his arms to her, Malakka stick, gloves, and all!

"It's a bit of—luck I hadn't expected, Audrey," he said, at last, unsteadily.

She stood about quite simply, and faced in the direction he was going.

"I shall walk with you," she said, with a flash of her old impertinence. "You have not asked me to, but I shall, anyhow. Only don't call this luck. It isn't at all. I walk here every Sunday, and every Sunday I say to myself—He will think he needs exercise. Then he will walk, and the likeliest place for him to go is the park. Good reasoning, isn't it?"

She glanced up at him, but his face was set and unsmiling.

"Don't pay any attention to me, Clay. I'm a little mad, probably. You see"—she hesitated—"I need my friends just now. And when the very best of them all hides away from me——"

"Don't say that. I stayed away, because——" He hesitated.

"I'm almost through. Don't worry! But I was walking along, before I met Clare—I'll tell you about her presently -and I was saying to myself that I thought God owed me something. I didn't just know what. Happiness, maybe. I've been careless and all that, but I've never been wicked. And yet I can look back and count the really happy days of my life on five fingers."

She held out one hand.

"FIVE fingers!" she repeated, "and I am twenty-eight. The percentage is pretty low, you know."

"Perhaps you and I ask too much?"

He was conscious of her quick, searching glance.

"Oh! You feel that way, too? I mean—as I do, that it's all hardly worth while? But you seem to have everything, Clay."

"You have one thing I lack. Youth."

"Youth! At twenty-eight!"

"You can still mold your life, Audrey, dear. You have had a bad time, but -with all reverence to Chris's memory —his going out of it, under the circumstances, is a grief. But it doesn't spell shipwreck."

"Do you mean that I will marry again?" she asked, in a low tone.

"Don't you think you will, some time? Some nice young chap who will worship you all the days of his life. That—well, that is what I expect for you. It's at least possible, you know."

"Is it what you want for me?"

"Good God!" he burst out, his restraint suddenly gone. "What do you want me to say? What can I say, except that I want you to be happy? Don't you think I've gone over it all, over and over again? I'd give my life for the right to tell you the things I think, but—I haven't that right. Even this little time together is wrong, the way things are. It is all wrong."

"I'm sorry, Clay. I know. I am just reckless to-day. You know I *am* reckless. It's my vice. But sometimes—we'd better talk about the mill."

But he could not talk about the mill just then. They walked along in silence, and after a little he felt her touch his arm.

"Wouldn't it be better just to have it out?" she asked, wistfully. "That wouldn't hurt anybody, would it?"

"I'm afraid, Audrey."

"I'M NOT," she said proudly. "I sometimes think—oh, I think such a lot these days—that if we talked these things over, I'd recover my—friend. I've lost him now, you see. And I'm so horribly lonely, Clay."

"Lost him!"

"Lost him," she repeated. "I've lost my friend, and I haven't gained anything. It didn't hurt anybody for us to meet now and then, Clay. You know that. I wish you would understand," she added impatiently. "I only want to go back to things as they were. I want you to come in now and then. We used to talk about all sorts of things, and I miss that. Plenty of people come, but that's different. It's only your occasional companionship I want. I—I don't want you to come and make love to me."

"You say you have missed the companionship," he said rather unsteadily. "I wonder if you think I haven't?"

"I know you have, my dear. And that is why I want you to come. To come without being afraid that I expect—or want—anything else. Surely we can manage that."

He smiled down at her, rather wryly—at her straight courageous figure, her brave eyes, meeting his so directly. How like her it all was, the straightforwardness of it, the absence of coquetry. And once again he knew, not only that he loved her with all the depths of him, of his strong body and his vigorous mind, but that she was his woman.

The one woman in the world for him. It was as tho all his life he had been searching for her, and he had found her, and it was too late. She knew it, too. It was in her very eyes.

"I have wanted to come—terribly," he said finally. And when she held out her hand to him, he bent down and kissed it.

"Then that's settled," she said, in a matter-of-fact tone. "And now I'll tell you about Clare. I'm rather proud of her."

"Clare?"

The tension had been so great that he had forgotten the blonde girl entirely.

"Do you remember the night I got a hundred dollars from you? And later on, that I asked you for work in your mill for the girl I got it for?"

"Do you mean——?" he looked at her in surprize.

"That was the girl. You see, she rather holds onto me. It's awful in a way, too. It looks as tho I am posing as magnanimous. I'm not, Clay. If I had cared awfully it would have been different. But then, if I had cared awfully, perhaps it would never have happened."

"You have nothing to blame yourself for, Audrey."

"Well, I do, rather. But that's not the point. Sometimes when I am alone—I have wicked thoughts, you know, Clay. I'm reckless, and sometimes I think maybe there is only one life, and why not get happiness out of it—when I am alone, I realize that, but for some little kink in my brain, I might be in Clare's position. So I don't turn her out. She's a poor, cheap thing, but—well, she is fond of me. If I had children—it's funny, but I rather mother her! And she's straight now, straight as a string."

She was sensitive to his every thought, and she knew by the very change in the angle of his head that he was thinking that over and not entirely approving.

"You're a big woman, Audrey," he said finally.

"But you don't like it!"

"I don't like her troubling you."

"Troubling me! She doesn't borrow money, you know. Why, she makes more money from your plant than I have to live on! And she brings me presents of flowers and the most awful embroidery, that she does herself."

"You ought not to know that side of life."

She laughed a little bitterly.

"Not know it!" she said. "I've had to know it I learned it pretty well, too. And don't make any mistake, Clay." She looked up at him with her clear, understanding gaze. "Being good, decent, with a lot of people is only the lack of temptation. Only, thank God, there are some who have the strength to withstand it when it comes."

The Story of the Story

WHILE forces for good and evil are playing with the futures of Clayton Spencer, his wife Natalie, and Audrey Valentine—the other woman — what about Clayton's son Graham? Graham is youth confronted with sex, weakness, and real love in the guise of three women. Marion Hayden would twist Graham's youth into bitterness, Anna Klein would cheapen all his ideals, and Delight Haverford, his childhood's sweetheart, is the girl he is too young to appreciate. Will Graham make the irrevocable mistake his father made before him? Will he carry with him into manhood the companionship of the wrong woman because his youth has swept him off his feet? Read this third instalment of the most worth-while novel Mary Roberts Rinehart has ever written, and answer these questions for yourselves. If you don't like to read the story in instalments, save your four numbers and read it as a whole. "Dangerous Days" began in March and ends in the June issue.

A complete novel in four big instalments.

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And he read in her clear eyes her promise and her understanding; that they loved each other, that it was the one big thing in both their lives, but that between them there would be only the secret inner knowledge of that love. There would be no shipwreck. And for what she gave, she demanded his strength and his promise. It was to what he read in her face, not to her words, that he replied:

"I'll do my very best, Audrey dear."

HE WENT back to her rooms with her, and she made him tea, while he built the fire in the open fireplace and nursed it tenderly to a healthy strength. Overnursed it, she insisted.

They were rather gay, indeed, and the danger-point passed by safely. There was so much to discuss, she pretended. The President's unfortunate phrase of "peace without victory"; the deportation of the Belgians, the recent leak in Washington to certain stock-brokers, and more and more imminent, the possibility of a state of war being recognized by the government.

"If it comes," she said, gaily, "I shall go, of course. I shall go to France and aing them into battle. My shorthand looks like a music-score, as it is. What will you do?"

"I can't let you outshine me," he said. "And I don't want to think of your going over there without me. My dear! My dear!"

She ignored that, and gave him his tea, gravely.

When Natalie awakened from her nap that Sunday afternoon, it was to find Marion gone, and Graham waiting for her in her boudoir. Through the open door she could see him pacing back and forward and something in his face made her vaguely uneasy. She assumed the childlike smile which so often preserved her from the disagreeable.

"What a sleep I've had," she said and yawned prettily. "I'll have one of your cigarets, darling, and then let's take a walk."

Graham knew Natalie's idea of a walk, which was three or four blocks along one of the fashionable avenues, with the car within hailing distance. At the end of the fourth block she always declared that her shoes pinched, and called the machine.

"You don't really want to walk, Mother."

"Of course I do, with you. Ring for Madeline, dear."

She was uncomfortable. Graham had been very queer lately. He would have long, quiet spells, and then break out in an uncontrollable irritation, generally at the servants. But Graham did not ring for Madeline. He lighted a cigaret for Natalie, and standing off, surveyed her. She was very pretty. She was prettier than Toots. That pale blue wrapper, or whatever it was, made her rather exquisite. And Natalie curled up on her pale rose *chaise-longue*, set to work as deliberately to make a conquest of her son as she had ever done to conquer Rodney Page, or the long list of Rodney's predecessors.

"You're growing very handsome, you know, boy," she said. "Almost too handsome. A man doesn't need good looks. They're almost a handicap. Look at your father."

"They haven't hurt him any, I should say."

"I don't think so," she reflected, eyeing her cigaret. "He presumes on them, she added. And a good many men never think a handsome man has any brains."

"Well, he fools them there, too."

She raised her eyebrows slightly.

"Tell me about the new plant, Graham."

"I don't know anything about it yet," he said bluntly. "And you wouldn't be really interested if I did."

"That's rather disagreeable of you."

"No; I'm just trying to talk straight, for once. We—you and I—we always talk around things. I don't know why."

"You look terribly like your father just now. You are quite savage."

"That's exactly what I mean, Mother. You don't say Father is savage. God knows he isn't that. You just say I act like Father, and that I am savage."

Natalie blew a tiny cloud of cigaret smoke, and watched it for a moment.

"You sound fearfully involved. But never mind about that. I daresay I've done something; I don't know what, but of course I am guilty."

"Why did you bring Marion here to-day, Mother?"

"Well, if you want to know exactly, I met her coming out of church, and it occurred to me that we were having rather a nice luncheon, and that it would be a pity not to ask some one to come in. It was a nice luncheon, wasn't it?"

"That's why you asked her? For food?"

"Brutally put, but correct."

"You have been asking her here a lot lately. And yet the last time we discussed her you said she was fast. That she wanted to marry me for my money. That people would laugh if I fell for it."

"I hardly used those words, did I?"

"For heaven's sake, Mother," he cried, exasperated. "Don't quibble. Let's get down to facts. Does your bringing her here mean that you've changed your mind?"

Natalie considered. She was afraid of too quick a surrender lest he grow suspicious. She decided to temporize, with the affectation of frankness that had once deceived Clayton, and that still, she knew, affected Graham.

"The Room Was Untidy, Close, Sordid. Even Anna's Youth Did Not Redeem It. He Had the Sense of Being Caught in a Dirty Trap"

"I'll tell you exactly," she said, slowly. "At first I thought it was just an infatuation. And—you really are young, Graham, altho you look and act like such a man. But I feel, now that time has gone on and you still—care about her, that after all, your happiness is all that matters."

"Mother!"

But she held up her hand.

"REMEMBER, I am only speaking for myself. My dearest wish is to make you happy. You are all I have. But I can not help you very much. Your father looks at those things differently. He doesn't quite realise that you are grown up, and have a right to decide some things for yourself."

"He has moved me up, raised my salary."

"That's different. You're valuable to him, naturally. I don't mean he doesn't love you," she added hastily, as Graham wheeled and stared at her. "Of course he does, in his own way. It's not my way, but then—I'm only a woman and a mother."

"You think he'll object?"

"I think he must be handled. If you rush at him, and demand the right to live your own life——"

"It is my life."

"Precisely. Only he may not see it that way."

He took a step toward her.

"Mother, do you really want me to marry Marion?"

"I think you ought to be married."

"To Marion?"

"To some one you love."

"Circles again," he muttered. "You've changed your mind, for some reason. What is it, Mother?"

He had an uneasy thought that she might have learned of Anna. There was that day, for instance, when his father had walked into the back room.

Natalie was following a train of thought suggested by her own anxiety.

"You might be married quietly," she suggested. "Once it was done, I am sure your father would come around. You are both of age, you know."

He eyed her then with open-eyed amazement.

"I'm darned if I understand you," he burst out. And then, in one of his quick remorses, "I'm sorry, Mother. I'm just puzzled, that's all. But that plan's no good, anyhow. Marion won't do it. She will have to be welcome in the family, or she won't come."

"She ought to be glad to come any way she can," Natalie said sharply. And found Graham's eyes on her, studying her.

"You don't want her. That's plain. But you do want her. That's not so plain. What's the answer, Mother?"

And Natalie, with an irritable feeling that she had bungled somehow, got up and flung away the cigaret.

"I am trying to give you what you want," she said pettishly. "That's clear enough, I should think."

"There's no other reason?"

"What other reason could there be?"

Dressing to dine at the Hayden's that night, Graham heard Clayton come in and go into his dressing-room. He had an impulse to go over, tie in hand as he was, and put the matter squarely before his father. His overurge—surely a man would understand that. Even Anna, and his predicament there. Anything was better than this constant indirectness of gaining his father's views through his mother.

Had he done so, things would have been different later. But by continual suggestion a vision of his father as hard, detached, immovable, had been built up in his mind. He got as far as the door, hesitated, turned back.

It was Marion herself who solved the mystery of Natalie's changed attitude, when Graham told of it that night. She sat listening, her eyes slightly narrowed, restlessly turned her engagement ring.

"Well, at least that's something," she said, non-committally. But in her heart she knew, as one designing woman may know another. She knew Natalie had made Graham promise not to enlist at once, if war was declared, and now she knew that she was desperately preparing to carry her fear for Graham a step further, even at the cost of having her in the family.

She smiled wryly. But there was triumph in the smile, too. She had them now. The time would come when they would crawl to her to marry Graham, to keep him from going to war. Then she would make her own terms.

In the meantime the thing was to hold him, by every art she knew.

There was another girl, somewhere. She had been more frightened about that than she cared to admit, even to herself. She must hold him, close.

She used every art she knew. She deliberately inflamed him. And the vicious circle closed in about him, Natalie and Marion and Anna Klein. And to offset them, only Delight Haverford, at evening prayer in Saint Luke's,

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and voicing a tiny petition for him, that he might walk straight, that he might find peace, even if that peace should be war.

HERMAN KLEIN, watch between forefinger and thumb, climbed heavily to Anna's room. She heard him pause outside the door, and her heart almost stopped beating. She had been asleep, and rousing at his step, she had felt under the pillow for her watch. It was not there.

She remembered then; she had left it below, on the table. And he was standing outside her door. She heard him scratching a match, striking it against the panel of her door. For so long as it would take the match to burn out, she heard him there, breathing heavily. Then the knob turned.

She leaped out of the bed in a panic of fear. The hall, like the room, was dark, and she felt his ponderous body in the doorway, rather than saw it.

"You will put on something and come down-stairs," he said harshly.

"I will not." She tried to keep her voice steady. "I've got to work, if you haven't. I've got to have my sleep." Her tone rose, hysterically. "If you think you can stay out half the night, and guzzle beer, and then come here to get me up, you can think again."

"You are already up," he said, in a voice slowed and thickened by rage. "You will come down-stairs."

He turned away and descended the creaking stairs again. She listened for the next move, but he made none. She knew then that he was waiting at the foot of the stairs.

She was half-maddened with terror by that time, and she ran to the window. But it was high. Even if she could have dropped out, and before she could put on enough clothing to escape in, he would be back again, his rage the greater for the delay. She slipped into a kimono, and, her knees giving way under her, she went down the stairs. Herman was waiting. He moved under the lamp, and she saw that he held the watch, dangling.

"Now!" he said. "Where you got this? Tell me."

"I've told you how I got it."

"That was a lie" So—Rudolph had told him about it!

"I like that!" she blustered, trying to gain time. "I guess it's time they gave me something—I've worked hard enough. They gave them to all the girls who had been there a year."

"That is a lie also"

"I like that. Telling me I'm lying. You ask Mr. Graham Spencer. He'll tell you."

"If that is true, why do you shake so?"

"You scare me, Father." She burst into frightened tears. "I don't know what's got into you. I do my best. I give you all I make. I've kept this house going, and"—she gained a little courage—"I've had darned little thanks for it."

"You think I believe the mill gave five thousand dollars in watches last Christmas? Tomorrow I go, with this, to Mr. Clayton Spencer, not to that degenerate son of his, and I ask him. Then I shall know."

He turned, as if about to leave her, but the alternative he offered her was too terrible.

"Father!" she said. "I'll tell you the truth. I bought it myself."

"With what money?"

"I had a raise. I didn't tell you. I had a raise of five dollars a week. I'm paying for it myself. Honest to heaven, that's right, Father."

"So—you have had a raise, and you have not told me?"

"I give all the rest to you. What do I get out of all my hard work? Just a place to live. No clothes. No anything. All the other girls have a good time, but I'm just like a prisoner. You take all I earn, and I get—the devil"

Her voice rose to a terrified squeal. Behind her she heard the slovenly servant creaking down the stairs. As Herman moved toward her she screamed.

"Katie!" she called. "Quick. Help!"

But Herman had caught her by the shoulder and was dragging her toward a corner, where there hung a leather strap.

Katie peering round the door of the enclosed staircase saw him raise the strap, and Anna's white face upraised piteously.

"For God's sake, Father."

The strap descended. Even after Katie had rushed up the stairs and locked herself in the room, she could hear, above Anna's cries, the thud of the strap, relentless, terrible, lusty with cruelty.

. . . . . .

Herman went to church the next morning. Lying in her bed, too sore and bruised to move, Anna heard him carefully polishing his boots on the side porch, heard him throw away the water after he had shaved, heard at last the slam of the gate as he started, upright in his Sunday clothes, for church.

Only when he had reached the end of the street, did she venture up with a cup of coffee. Anna had to unlock her door to admit her, to remove a further barricade of chairs. When Katie saw her she almost dropped the cup.

"You poor little rat," she said compassionately. "Gee! He was mad. I never saw such a face. Gee!"

Anna said nothing. She dropped on the side of the bed and took the coffee, drinking gingerly through lips swollen and cut.

"I'm going to leave," Katie went on. "It'll be my time next. If he tries any tricks on me I'll have the law on him. He's a beast; that's what he is."

"Katie," Anna said, "if I leave can you get my clothes to me? I'll carry all I can."

"He'd take the strap to me."

"Well, if you're leaving anyhow, you can put some of my things in your trunk."

"Good and right you are to get out," Katie agreed. "Sure I'll do it. Where d'you think you'll go?"

"I thought last night I'd jump in the river. I've changed my mind, tho. I'll pay him back, and not the way he expects."

"Give it to him good," assented Katie. "I'd have liked to slip some of that Paris green of his in his coffee this morning. And now he's off to church, the old hypocrite!"

To Katie's curious inquiries as to the cause of the beating Anna was not too committal.

"I held out some money on him," was all she said.

Katie regarded her with a mixture of awe and admiration.

"YOU'VE got your nerve," she said. "I wonder he didn't kill you. What's yours is his and what's his is his own!"

But Anna could not, leave that morning. She lay in her bed, cold compresses on her swollen face and shoulders, a bruised and broken thing, planning hideous reprisals. Herman made no inquiry for her. He went stolidly about the day's work, carried in firewood and coal from the shed, inspected the garden with a view to early planting, and ate hugely of the Sunday midday dinner.

In the afternoon Rudolph came to see Herman. "Where's Anna?" he asked briskly.

"She is in her room. She is not well."

If Rudolph suspected anything, it was only that Anna was sulking. But later on he had reason to believe that there was trouble.

Out of a clear sky Herman said: "She has had a raise." Anna was "she" to him.

"Since when?" Rudolph asked with interest.

"I know nothing. She has not given it to me. She has been buying herself a watch."

"Ah!" Rudolph's tone was wary.

"She will buy herself no more watches," said Herman, with an air of finality.

Rudolph hesitated. The organization wanted Herman; he had had great influence with the mill-workers. Through him many things would be possible. The Spencers trusted him, too. At any time Rudolph knew they would be glad to reinstate him, and once inside the plant, there was no limit to the mischief he could do.

But Herman was too valuable to risk. Suppose he was told now about Graham Spencer and Anna, and beat the girl and was jailed for it? Besides, ugly as Rudolph's suspicions were, they were as yet only suspicions. He decided to wait until he could bring Herman proof of Graham Spencer's relations with Anna.

When that time came he knew Herman. He would be clay for the potter. He, Rudolph, intended to be the potter.

Katie had an afternoon off that Sunday. When she came back that night, Herman, weary from the late hours of Saturday, was already snoring in his bed. Anna met Katie at her door and drew her in.

"I've found a nice room," Katie whispered. Here's the address written down. The street-cars go past it. Three dollars a week. Are you ready?"

Anna was ready, even to her hat. Over it she placed a dark veil, for she was badly disfigured. Then, with Katie crying quietly, she left the house. In the flare from the Spencer furnaces, Katie watched until the girl re-appeared on the twisting street below which still followed the old path—that path where Herman, years ago, had climbed through the first Spring wild flowers to the cottage on the hill.

Graham was uncomfortable the next morning on his way to the mill. Anna's face had haunted him. But out of all his confusion one thing stood out with distinctness. If he was to be allowed to marry Marion, he must have no other entanglement. He would go to her clean and clear.

So he went to the office, armed toward Anna with a hardness he was far from feeling.

"Poor little kid!" he reflected on the way down. "Rotten luck, all round."

He did not for a moment believe that it would be a lasting grief. He knew that sort of girl, he reflected, out of his vast experience of twenty-two. They were sentimental, but they loved and forgot easily. He hoped she would forget him; but even with that, there was a vague resentment that she should do so.

"She'll marry some mill-hand," he reflected, "and wear a boudoir cap, and have a lot of children who need their noses wiped."

But he was uncomfortable.

Anna was not in her office. Her coat and hat were not there. He was surprised, somewhat relieved. It was out of his hands, then. She had gone somewhere else to work; well, she was a good stenographer. Somebody was having a piece of luck.

Clayton, finding him short-handed, sent Joey over to help him pack up his office belongings, the fittings of his desk, his personal papers, the Japanese prints and rugs Natalie had sent after her single visit to the boy's new working quarters. And, when Graham came back from luncheon, Joey had a message for him.

Telephone call for you, Mr. Spencer."

"What was it?"

"Lady called up, from a pay 'phone. She left her number and said she'd wait." Joey lowered his voice confidentially. "Sounded like Miss Klein," he volunteered.

He was extremely resentful when Graham sent him away on an errand. And Graham himself frowned as he called the number on the 'phone. It was like a girl, this breaking off clean and then telephoning, instead of letting the thing go once and for all. But his face changed as he heard Anna's brief story over the wire.

"Of course I'll come," he said. "I'm pretty busy, but I can steal a half-hour. Don't you worry. We'll fix it up some way."

He was more concerned than deeply anxious when he rang off. It was unfortunate, that was all. And the father was a German swine, and ought to be beaten himself. To think that his Christmas gift had brought her to such a pass! A leather strap! God!

He was vaguely uneasy, however. He had a sense of a situation being forced on him. He knew, too, that Clayton was waiting for him at the new plant. But Anna's trouble, absurd as its cause seemed to him, was his responsibility.

IT CEASED to be absurd, however, when he saw her discolored features. It would be some time before she could even look for another situation. Her face was a swollen mask, and since such attraction as she had had for him had been due to a sort of evanescent prettiness of youth, he felt a repulsion that he tried his best to conceal.

"You poor little thing!" he said "He's a brute. I'd like——" He clenched his fists. "Well, I got you into it. I'm certainly going to see you through."

She had lowered her veil quickly, and he felt easier. The telephone booth was in the corner of a quiet hotel, and they were alone. He patted her shoulder.

"I'll see you through," he repeated. "Don't you worry about anything. Just lie low."

"See me through? How?"

"I can give you money; that's the least I can do. Until you are able to work again." And as she drew away, "We'll call it a loan, if that makes you feel better. You haven't anything, have you?"

"He has everything I've earned. I've never had a penny except car-fare."

"Poor little girl!" he said again.

She was still weak, he saw, and he led her into the deserted café. He took a highball himself, not because he wanted it, but because she refused to drink, at first. He had never before had a drink in the morning, and he felt a warm and reckless glow to his very finger-tips Bending toward her, while the waiter's back was turned, he kissed her marred and swollen cheek.

"To think I have brought you all this trouble!"

"You mustn't blame yourself."

"I do. But I'll make it up to you, Anna. You don't hate me for it, do you?"

"Hate you! You know better than that."

"I'll come round to take you out now and then, in the evenings. I don't want you to sit alone in that forsaken boarding-house and mope. He drew out a bill-fold and extracted some notes. "Don't be silly," he protested, as she drew back. "It's the only way I can get back my self-respect. You owe it to me to let me do it."

She was not hard to persuade. Anything was better than going back to the cottage on the hill, and to that heavy brooding figure, and the strap on the wall. But the taking of the money marked a new epoch in the girl's infatuation. It bought her. She did not know it, nor did he. But hitherto she had been her own, earning her own livelihood. What she gave of love, of small caresses and intimacies, had been free gift.

From that time she was his creature. In her creed, which was the creed of the girls on the hill, one did not receive without giving. She would pay him back, but all that she had to give was herself.

"You'll come to see me, too. Won't you?"

The tingling was very noticeable now. He felt warm, and young, and very, very strong.

"Of course I'll come to see you," he said, recklessly. "You take a little time off—you've worked hard—and we'll play round together."

She bent down, unexpectedly, and put her bruised cheek against his hand, as it lay on the table.

"I love you dreadfully," she whispered.

February and March were peaceful months on the surface. Washington was taking stock quietly of national resources and watching for Germany's next move. The Winter *impasse* in Europe gave way to the first fighting of Spring,

Two Good Reasons for the Victory Loan

I—The Victory Loan is the Mother's Loan

Mothers have said that they would pay any price to have their sons back safe and sound. They are home, thousands of them, sooner than we dared to expect, safer than we dared to hope. The Victory Loan brings the bill for the sons' safety. What is that worth to a mother? Her signature to the bond is the answer.

II—What women have learned during the war in the industrial world they can carry home and put to the service of progress by industrializing their homes.

The women's work in war can be made the basis of women's work in peace. The woman who has earned her Liberty Bond outside her home during four campaigns can earn it in the Fifth by co-operation and labor-saving devices at home.

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raids and sorties mostly, since the ground was still too heavy for the advancement of artillery. On the high seas the reign of terror was in full swing, and little tragic echoes of the world drama began again to come by cable across the Atlantic. Some of Graham's friends, like poor Chris, found the end of the path of glory. The tall young Canadian Highlander died before Peronne in March. Denis Nolan's nephew was killed leading a charge with the Irish Fusiliers.

One day Clayton came home to find a white-faced Buckham taking his overcoat in the hall, and to learn that he had lost a young brother.

Clayton was uncomfortable at dinner that night. He wondered what Buckham thought of them, sitting there around the opulent table, in that luxurious room. Did he resent it? After dinner, he asked him if he cared to take a few days off, but the old butler shook his head.

"I'm glad to have my work to keep me busy, sir," he said. "And anyhow, in England, it's considered best to go on, quite as tho nothing had happened. It's better for the troops, sir."

There was a new softness and tolerance in Clayton that early Spring. He had mellowed, somehow, a mellowing that had nothing to do with his new prosperity. In past times he had wondered how he would stand financial success if it ever came. He had felt fairly sure he could stand the other thing. But success? But he found that it only increased his sense of responsibility.

He was, outside of the war situation, as nearly happy as he had been in years. Natalie's petulant moods, when they came, no longer annoyed him. He was aroused, had he only known it, by the strong inner life he was living, a life that centered about his weekly meetings with Audrey.

Audrey gave him courage to go on. He left their comradely hours together better and stronger. All the week centered about that one hour, out of seven days, when he stood on her hearth-rug, or lay back in a deep chair, listening or talking—such talk as Natalie might have heard without resentment.

Sometimes he felt that that one hour was all he wanted, it carried so far, helped so greatly. He was so boyishly content in it. And then she would make a gesture, or there would be, for a second, a deeper note in her voice, and the mad instinct to catch her to him was almost overwhelming.

Sometimes he wondered if she were not very lonely, not knowing that she, too, lived for days on that one hour. She was not going out, because of Chris's death, and he knew there were long hours when she sat alone, struggling determinedly with the socks she was knitting.

Only once did they tread on dangerous ground, and that was on her birthday. He stopped in a jeweler's, on his way up-town, and brought her a tiny, diamond-studded locket watch, only to have her refuse to take it.

"I can't, Clay!"

"Why not?"

"It's too—valuable. I can't take valuable presents from men."

"Its value hasn't anything to do with it."

"I'm not wearing jewelry, anyhow."

"Audrey," he said gravely, "it isn't the watch. It isn't its value. That's absurd. Don't you understand that I would like to think that you have something I have given you?"

IT HUNG on a narrow black ribbon with a diamond slide, and he slipped the ribbon around her neck. Then he stooped down, very gravely, and kissed her.

"For my silent partner!" he said.

In all those weeks, that was the only time he had kissed her. He knew quite well the edge of the gulf they stood on, and he was determined not to put the burden of denial on her. He felt a real contempt for men who left the strength of refusal to a woman, who pleaded, knowing that the woman's strength would save them from themselves, and that if she weakened, the responsibility was hers.

So he fed on the husks of love, and was, if not happy, happier.

Graham, too, was getting on better. For one thing, Anna Klein had been ill. She lay in her boarding-house, frightened at every step on the stairs, and slowly recovered from a low fever. Graham had not seen her, but he sent her money for a doctor, for medicines, for her room rent, purely friendly and interested, but she kept them under her pillow and devoured them with feverish eyes.

But something had gone out of life for Graham. Not Anna. Natalie, watching him closely, wondered what it was.

He had been strange and distant with her ever since that tall boy in kilts had been there. He was studiously

"'Bring Her In,' Herman Said, and Led the Way into the House. Rudolph Found Him Waiting . . . and Fingering the Leather Strap"

polite and attentive to her, rose when she entered a room and remained standing until she was seated, brought her the book she had forgotten, lighted her occasional cigaret, kissed her morning and evening. But he no longer came into her dressing-room for that hour before dinner when Natalie, in dressing-gown and slippers, had closed the door to Clayton's room and had kept him for herself.

SHE was jealous of Clayton those days. Sometimes she found the boy's eyes fixed on his father, with admiration and something more. She was jealous of the things they had in common, of the days at the mill, of the bits of discussion after dinner, when Clayton sat back with his cigar, and Graham voiced, as new discoveries, things about the work that Clayton had realized for years.

He always listened gravely, with no hint of patronage. But Natalie would break in now and then, impatient of a conversation that excluded her.

"Your father knows all these things, Graham," she said once. "You talk as tho you'd just discovered the mill, like Columbus discovering America."

"Not at all," Clayton said, hastily. "He has a new viewpoint. I am greatly interested. Go on, Graham."

But the boy's enthusiasm had died. He grew self-conscious, apologetic. And Clayton felt a resentment that was close to despair.

The second of April fell on a Saturday. Congress, having ended the session the fourth of March, had been hastily re-convened, and on the evening of that day, Saturday, at half past eight, the President went before the two Houses in joint session.

Much to Clayton's disgust, he found on returning home that they were dining out.

"Only at the Mackenzies. It's not a party," Natalie said. As usual, she was before the dressing-table, and she spoke to his reflection in the mirror. "I should think you could do that," without looking like a thunder-cloud. Goodness knows we've been quiet enough this Lent."

"You know Congress has been re-convened."

"I don't know why that should interfere."

"It's rather a serious time." He tried very hard to speak pleasantly. Her engrossment in her own reflection irritated him, so he did not look at her. "But of course I'll go."

"Every time is a serious time with you lately," she flung after him.

Her tone was not disagreeable. She was merely re-stating an old grievance. A few moments later he heard her calling through the open door.

"I got some wonderful old rugs to-day, Clay."

"Yes?"

"You'll scream when you pay for them."

"I've lost my voice, screaming, my dear."

"You'll love these. They have the softest colors, dead rose, and faded blue, and old copper tones. They're beautiful."

"I'm very glad you're pleased."

She was in high good humor when they started. Clayton, trying to meet her conversational demands, found himself wondering if the significance of what was to happen in Washington that night had struck home to her. If it had, and she could still be cheerful, then it was because she had forced a promise from Graham.

He made his decision then; to force her to release the boy from any promise; to allow him to make his own choice. But he felt with increasing anxiety that some of Natalie's weakness of character had descended to Graham, that in him, as in Natalie, perhaps obstinacy was what he hoped was strength. He wondered, listening to her, what it would be to have beside him that night some strong and quiet woman, to whom he could carry his problems, his perplexities. Some one to sit, hand in his, and set him right, as such a woman could, on many things.

And for a moment, he pictured Audrey. Audrey, his wife, driving with him in their car, to whatever the evening might hold. And after it was all over, going back with her, away from all the chatter that meant so little, to the home that shut them in together.

He was very gentle to Natalie that night. Natalie had been right. It was a small and informal group, gathered together hastily to discuss the emergency, only Denis Nolan, the Mackenzies, Clayton and Natalie, and Audrey.

"We brought her out of her shell," said Terry, genially, "because the country is going to make history to-night. The sort of history Audrey has been shouting for for months."

The little party was very grave. Yet, of them all, only the Spencers would be directly affected. The Mackenzies had no children.

"Button, my secretary," Terry announced, "is in Washington. He is to call me here when the message is finished."

"Isn't it possible," said Natalie, recalling a headline from the evening paper, "that the House may cause an indefinite delay."

And, as usual, Clayton wondered at the adroitness with which, in the talk that followed, she escaped detection.

They sat long at the table, rather as tho they clung together. And Nolan insisted on figuring the cost of war in money.

"Queer thing," he said. "In ancient times the cost of war fell almost entirely on the poor. But it's the rich who will pay for this war. All taxation is directed primarily against the rich."

"The poor pay in blood," said Audrey, rather sharply. "They give their lives and that is all they have."

"RICH and poor are going to do that, now," old Terry broke in. "Fight against it all you like, you members of the privileged class, the draft is coming. This is every man's war."

But Clayton Spencer was watching Natalie. She had paled and was fingering her liqueur-glass absently. Behind her lowered eyelids he surmised that again she was planning. But what? Then it came to him, like a flash. Old Terry had said the draft would exempt married men. She meant to marry Graham to a girl she detested, to save him from danger.

Through it all, however, and in spite of his anger and apprehension, he was sorry for her. Sorry for her craven spirit. Sorry even with an understanding that came from his own fears. Sorry for her, that she had remained an essential child in a time that would tax the utmost maturity. She was a child. Even her selfishness was the selfishness of a spoiled child. She craved things, and the spirit, the essence of life, escaped her.

And beside him was Audrey, valiant-eyed, courageous, honest. Natalie and Audrey! Some time during the evening his thoughts took this form: that there were two sorts of people in the world: those who seized their own happiness at any cost; and those who saw the promised land from a far hill, and having seen it, turned back.

Graham was waiting in Clayton's dressing-room when he went up-stairs. Through the closed door they could hear Natalie's sleepy and rather fretful orders to her maid. Graham rose when he entered, and threw away his cigaret.

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"I guess it has come, Father."

"It looks like it."

A great wave of tenderness for the boy flooded over him. That tall, straight body, cast in his own mold, but young, only ready to live, that was to be cast into the crucible of war, to come out—God alone knew how. And not his boy only, but millions of other boys. Yet—better to break the body than ruin the soul.

"How is Mother taking it?"

Natalie's voice came through the door. She was insisting that the house be kept quiet the next morning. She wanted to sleep late. Clayton caught the boy's eyes on him, and a half smile on his face.

"Does she know?"

"Yes."

"She isn't taking it very hard, is she?" Then his voice changed. "I wish you'd talk to her, Father. She's—well, she's got me! You see, I promised her not to go in without her consent."

"When did you do that?"

"The night we broke with Germany, in February. I was a fool, but she was crying, and I didn't know what else to do. And"—there was a ring of desperation in his voice—"she's holding me to it. I've been

to her over and over again."

"And you want to go?"

"Want to go! I've got to go."

He broke out then into a wild appeal. He wanted to get away. He was making a mess of all sorts of things. He wasn't any good. He would try to make good in the army. Maybe it was only the adventure he wanted—he didn't know. He hadn't gone into that. He hated the Germans. He wanted one chance at them, anyhow. They were beasts.

Clayton, listening, was amazed at the depth of feeling and anger in his voice.

"I'll talk to your mother," he agreed, when the boy's passion had spent itself. "I think she will release you." But he was less certain than he pretended to be. He remembered Natalie's drooping eyelids that night at dinner. She might absolve him from the promise, but there were other ways of holding him back than promises.

"PERHAPS we would better go into the situation thoroughly," he suggested. "I have rather understood, lately, that you—what about Marion Hayden, Graham?"

"I'm engaged to her.

There was rather a long pause. Clayton's face was expressionless.

"Since when?"

"Last Fall, sir."

"Does your mother know?"

"I told her, yes." He looked up quickly. "I didn't tell you. I knew you disliked her, and mother said—" He checked himself. "Marion wanted to wait. She wanted to be welcome when she came into the family."

"I don't so much dislike her as I—disapprove of her."

"That's rather worse, isn't it?"

Clayton was tired. His very spirit was tired. He sat down in his big chair by the fire.

"She is older than you are, you know."

"I don't see what that has to do with it, Father."

In Clayton's defense was his own situation. He did not want the boy to repeat his mistakes, to marry the wrong woman, and then find, too late, the right one. During the impassioned appeal that followed he was doggedly determined to prevent that. Perhaps he lost the urgency in the boy's voice. Perhaps in his new conviction that the passions of the forties were the only real deep ones, he took too little into the urge of youth.

He roused himself.

"You think you are really in love with her?"

"I want her. I know that."

"That's different. That's—you are too young to know what you want."

"I ought to be married. It would settle me. I'm sick of batting round."

"You want to marry before you enter the army?"

"Yes."

"Do you think for a moment that your wife will be willing to let you go?"

Graham straightened himself.

"She would have to let me go."

And in sheer despair, Clayton played his last card. Played it, and regretted it bitterly a moment later.

"We must get this straight, Graham. It's not a question of your entering the army or not doing it. It's a question of your happiness. Marriage is a matter of a life-time. It's got to be based on something more than—" he hesitated. "And your mother——"

"Please go on."

"You have just said that your mother does not want you to go into the army. Has it occurred to you she would even see you married to a girl she detests, to keep you at home."

Graham's face hardened

"So," he said, heavily. "Marion wants me for the money she thinks I'm going to have, and Mother wants me to marry to keep me safe! By God, it's a dirty world, isn't it?"

SUDDENLY he was gone, and Clayton, following uneasily to the doorway, heard a slam below. When, some hours later, Graham had not come back, he fell into the heavy sleep that follows anxiety and brings no rest. In the morning he found that Graham had gone back to the garage and taken his car, and that he had not returned.

Afterward Clayton was to look back and to remember with surprise how completely the war crisis had found him absorbed in his own small group. But perhaps in the back of every man's mind war was always, first of all, a thing of his own human contacts. It was only when those were cleared up that he saw the bigger problem. The smaller questions loomed so close as to obscure the large vision.

He went out into the country the next day, a cold Sunday, going afoot, his head down against the wind, and walked for miles. He looked haggard and tired when he came back, but his quiet face held a new resolve. War had come at last. He would put behind him the selfish craving for happiness, forget himself. He would not make money out of the nation's necessity. He would put Audrey out of his mind, if not out of his heart. He would try to rebuild his house of life along new and better lines. Perhaps he could bring Natalie to see things as he saw them, as they were, not as she wanted them to be.

Sometimes it took great crises to bring out women. Childbearing did it, often. Urgent need did it, too. But after all the real test was war. The big woman met it squarely, took her part of the burden; the small woman weakened, went down under it, found it a grievance rather than a grief.

He did not notice Graham's car when it passed him, outside the city limits, or see Anna Klein's startled eyes as it flashed by.

Graham did not come in until evening. At ten o'clock Jackson smiled.

Clayton found the second man carrying up-stairs a tray containing a whisky-and-soda, and before he slept he heard a tap at Graham's door across the hall, and surmised that he had rung for another. Later still he heard Natalie cross the hall, and rather loud and angry voices. He considered, ironically, that a day which had found a part of the nation on its knees found in his own house only dissension and bitterness.

In the morning, at the office, Joey announced a soldier to see him and added, with his customary nonchalance:

"We'll be having a lot of them around now, I expect."

Clayton, glancing up from the visitor's slip in his hand, surprized something wistful in the boy's eyes.

"Want to go, do you?"

"Give my neck to go—sir." He always added the "sir," when he remembered it, with the air of throwing a sop to a convention he despised.

"You may yet, you know. This thing is going to last a while. Send him in, Joey."

He had grown attached to this lad of the streets. He found in his loyalty a thing he could not buy.

Jackson was his caller. Clayton, who had been rather more familiar with his back in its gray livery than with any other aspect of him, found him strange and impressive in khaki.

"I'm sorry I couldn't get here sooner, Mr. Spencer," he explained. "I've been down at the border. Yuma. I just got a short leave, and came back to see my family."

He stood very erect, a bronzed and military figure. Suddenly it seemed strange to Clayton Spencer that this man before him had only a few months before opened his automobile door for him, and stood waiting with a rug to spread over his knees. He got up and shook hands.

"You look like a different man, Jackson."

"Well, at least I feel like a man."

"Sit down," he said. And again it occurred to him that never before had he asked Jackson to sit down in his presence. It was wrong, somehow. The whole class system was absurd. Maybe war would change that, too. It was doing many queer things, already.

He had sent for Jackson, but he did not at once approach the reason. He sat back, while Jackson talked of the border and Joey slipped in and pretended to sharpen lead pencils.

Clayton's eyes wandered to the yard. Outside in the yard were other men, now employees of his, who would soon be in khaki. Out of every group there, in a short time some would be gone, and of those who would go a certain number would never come back. That was what war was, one day a group of men, laboring with their hands or their brains, that some little home might live; that they might go back at evening to that home, and there rest for the next day's toil. Every man out there in the yard was loved by some one. To a certain number of them this day meant death, or wounding. It meant separation, and suffering, and struggle.

And all over the country there were such groups.

The roar of the plant came in through the open window.

A freight car was being loaded with finished shells. As fast as it was filled, another car was shunted along the spur to take its place. Over in Germany, in hundreds of munition plants, similar shells were being hurried to the battle line, to be hurled against the new army that was soon to cross the seas.

All those men, and back of every man, a woman.

JACKSON had stopped. Joey was regarding him with stealthy admiration, and holding his breast-bone very high. Already in his mind, Joey was a soldier.

"You did not say in your note why you wanted to see me, Mr. Spencer."

He roused himself with a visible effort.

"I sent for you, yes," he said. "I sent—I'll tell you why I sent for you, Jackson. I've been meaning to do it for several weeks. Now that this has come I'm more than glad I did so. You can't keep your family on what you are getting. That's certain."

"My wife is going to help me, sir. The boy will soon be weaned. Then she intends to get a position. She was a milliner when we were married."

"But—Great Scott! She ought not to leave a child as young as that."

Jackson smiled.

"He Was Starting Out, Forgetful of the Girl, When She Caught Him by the Arm. 'You Mustn't Go!' She Cried. 'You'll Be Killed, Too'"

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Campbell's Soups

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"She's going to fix that, all right. She wants to do it. And we're all right so far. I had saved a little."

There there were women like that! Women who would not only let their men go to war, but who would leave their homes and enter the struggle for bread, to help them do it.

"She says it's the right thing," volunteered Jackson, proudly.

Women who felt that a man going into the service was a right thing. Women who saw war as a duty to be done, not a wild adventure for the adventurous.

"You ought to be very proud of her," he said slowly.

"There are not many like that."

"Well," Jackson said, apologetically, "they'll come round, sir. Some of them kind of hate the idea, just at first. But I look to see a good many doing what my wife's doing."

Clayton wondered grimly what Jackson would think if he knew that at that moment he was passionately envious of him, of his uniform, of the youth that permitted him to wear that uniform, of his bronzed skin, of his wife, of his pride in that wife.

"YOU'RE a lucky chap, Jackson," he said. "I sent for you because I wanted to say that, as long as you are in the national service, I shall feel that you are on a vacation"—he smiled at the word —"on pay. Under those circumstances, I owe you quite a little money."

Jackson was too overwhelmed to reply at once.

"As a matter of fact," Clayton went on, "it's a national move, in a way. You don't owe any gratitude. We need our babies, you see. More than we do hats! If this war goes on, we shall need a good many boy babies."

And his own words suddenly crystallized the terror that was in him. It was the boys who would go; boys who whistled in the morning; boys who dreamed in the Spring, long dreams of romance and of love.

Boys. Not men like himself, with their hopes and dreams behind them. Not men who had lived enough to know that only their early dreams were real. Not men, who, having lived, knew the vast disillusion of living and were ready to die.

It was only after Jackson had gone that he saw the fallacy of his own reasoning. If to live were disappointment, then to die, still dreaming the great dream, was not wholly evil. He found himself saying,

"To earn some honorable advancement for one's soul."

Deep down in him, overlaid with years of worldliness, there was a belief in a life after death. He looked out the window at the little, changing group. In each man out there was something that would live on, after he had shed that sweating, often dirty, often weary, sometimes malformed shell that was the body. And then the thing that would count would be not how he had lived but what he had done.

This war was a big thing. It was the biggest thing in all the history of the world. There might be, perhaps, some special heaven for those who had given themselves to it, some particular honorable advancement for their souls. Already he saw Jackson as one apart, a man dedicated.

Then he knew that all his thinking was really centered about his boy. He wanted Graham to go. But in giving him he was giving him to the chance of death: Then he must hold to his belief in eternity. He must feel that, or the thing would be unbearable. For the first time in his life he gave conscious thought to Natalie's religious belief. She believed in those things. She must. She sat devoutly through the long service, she slipped, with a little rustle of soft silk, so easily to her knees Perhaps, if he went to her with that—

FOR a week after Anna's escape Herman Klein had sat alone and brooded. Entirely alone now, for following a stormy scene on his discovery of Anna's disappearance, Katie had gone, too.

"I don't know where she is," she had said, angrily, "and if I did know I wouldn't tell you. If I was her I'd have the law on you. Don't you look at that strap. You lay a hand on me and I'll kill you. If you think I'm afraid of you, you can think again."

"She is my daughter, and not yet of age," Herman said heavily. "You tell her for me that she comes back, or I go and bring her."

"Yah!" Katie jeered. "You try it! She's got marks on her that'll jail you." And on his failure to reply her courage mounted. "This ain't Germany, you know. They know how to treat women over here. And you ask me"—her voice rose—"and I'll just say that there's queer comings and goings here with that Rudolph. I've heard him say some things that'll lock him up."

For all his rage, Teutonic caution warned him not to lay hands on the girl. But his anger against her almost strangled him. Indeed, when she came down-stairs, dragging her heavy suitcase, he took a step or two toward her, with his fists clenched. She stopped, terrified.

"You old bully!" she said, between white lips. "You touch me, and I'll scream till I bring in every neighbor in the block. There's a good lamp-post outside that's just waiting for your sort of German."

He had refused to pay for the last week, also. But that she knew well enough was because he was out of money. As fast as Anna's salary had come in, he had taken out of it the small allowance that was to cover the week's expenses, and had banked the remainder. But Anna had carried her last pay envelop away with her, and added to his anger at her going was his fear that he would have to draw on his savings.

With Katie gone, he set heavily about preparing his Sunday dinner. Long years of service done for him, however, had made him clumsy. He cooked a wretched meal, and then, leaving the dishes as they were, he sat by the fire and brooded. When Rudolph came in, later, he found him there, in his stocking-feet, a morose and untidy figure.

Rudolph's reception of the news roused him, however. He looked, after the telling, to find the younger man standing over him and staring down at him with blood-shot eyes

"You beat her!" he was saying. "What with?"

"What does that matter? She had bought herself a watch——"

"What did you beat her with?" Rudolph was licking his lips. Receiving no reply, he called "Katie!"

"Katie has gone."

"Maybe you beat her, too."

"She wasn't my daughter."

"No, by God! You wouldn't dare to touch her. She didn't belong to you. You——"

"Get out," said Herman, somberly. He stood up menacingly. "You go, now."

Rudolph hesitated. Then he laughed.

"All right, old top," he said, in a conciliatory tone. "No offense meant I lost my temper."

He picked up the empty coal-scuttle, and went out into the shed where the coal was kept. He needed a minute to think. Besides, he always brought in coal when he was there. In the shed, however, he put down the scuttle and stood still.

Drawing by Edward Boren

"The old devil!" he muttered.

But his rage for Anna was followed by rage against her. Where was she to-night? Did Graham Spencer know where she was? And if he did, what then? Were they at that moment somewhere together? Hidden away, the two of them? The conviction that they were together grew on him, and with it a frenzy that was almost madness. He left the coal-scuttle in the shed, and went out into the air. For a half hour he stood there, looking down toward the Spencer furnace, sending up, now red, now violet bursts of flame.

He was angry enough, jealous enough. But he was quick, too, to see that that particular lump of potters' clay which was Herman Klein was ready for the wheel. Even while he was cursing the girl, his cunning mind was already plotting revenge for the Spencers, self-aggrandizement among his fellows for himself. His inordinate conceit, wounded by Anna's defection, found comfort in the early prospect of putting over a big thing. He carried the coal in, to find Herman gloomily clearing his untidy table. For a moment they worked in silence, Rudolph at the stove, Herman at the sink.

Then Rudolph washed his hands under the faucet and faced the older man. "How do you know she bought herself that watch?" he demanded.

Herman eyed him.

"Perhaps you gave it to her." Something like suspicion of Rudolph crept into his eyes.

"Me? A hundred-dollar watch!"

"How do you know it cost a hundred dollars?"

"I saw it. She tried that story on me, too. But I was too smart for her. I went to the store and asked. A hundred bucks!"

HERMAN'S lips drew back over his teeth.

"You knew it, eh? And you did not tell me?"

"It wasn't my funeral," said Rudolph coolly. "If you wanted to believe she bought it herself——"

"If she bought it herself!" Rudolph's shoulder was caught in an iron grip. "You will tell me what you mean."

"Well, I ask you, do you think she'd spend that much on a watch? Anyhow, the instalment story doesn't go. That place doesn't sell on instalments.

"Who is there would buy her such a watch?" Herman's voice was thick.

"How about Graham Spencer? She's been pretty thick with him."

"How you mean—thick?"

Rudolph shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't mean anything. But he's taken her out in his car. And the Spencers think there's nothing can't be bought with money."

Herman put down the dish-cloth and commenced to draw down his shirt sleeves.

"Where you going?" Rudolph demanded, uneasily.

"I go to the Spencers!"

"Listen!" Rudolph said, excitedly. "Don't you do it, not yet. You got to get him first. We don't know anything, we don't even know he gave her that watch. We've got to find her, don't you see. And then, we've got to learn if he's going there—wherever she is."

"I shall bring her back," Herman said, stubbornly. "I shall bring her back, and I shall kill her."

"And get strung up yourself! Now listen—" he argued "You leave this to me. I'll find her. I've got a friend, a city detective, and he'll help me, see? We'll get her back, all right. Only you've got to keep your hands off her. It's the Spencers that have got to pay."

Herman went back to the sink, slowly.

"That is right. It is the Spencers," he muttered.

Rudolph went out. Late in the evening he came back, with the news that the search was on. And knowing Herman's pride, he assured him that the hill need never learn of Anna's flight, and if any inquiries came he advised him to say the girl was sick.

In Rudolph's twisted mind it was not so much Anna's delinquency that enraged him. The hill had its own ideas of morality.

But he was fiercely jealous, with that class-jealousy which was the fundamental actuating motive of his life. He never for a moment doubted that she had gone to Graham.

And, sitting by the fire in the little house, old Herman's untidy head shrunk on his shoulders, Rudolph almost forgot Anna in plotting to use this new pawn across the hearth from him in his game of destruction.

By the end of the week, however, there was no news of Anna. She had not returned to the mill. Rudolph's friend on the detective force had found no clue, and old Herman had advanced from brooding by the fire to long and furious wanderings throughout the city streets.

He felt no remorse, only a growing and alarming fury. He returned at night, to his cold and unkempt house, to cook himself a frugal and wretched meal. His money had run very low, and with true German stubbornness he refused to draw any from the savings bank.

Rudolph was very busy. There were meetings always, and to the little inner circle that met behind Gus's barroom one night later in March, he divulged the plan for the destruction of the new Spencer munition plant.

"But—will they take him back?" one of the men asked.

THE OLD PRAIRIE-SCHOONER

By JOHN P. WILSON

THERE, exposed to every weather,
Anchored fast in weeds and sand,
Droops the poor old Prairie-schooner
Once 'twas driven by a "sooner,"
Looking for the promised land.
It just limply hangs together,
That is all, its use is past.
No more are the days of loading,
Slowly rotting and corroding,
On a peaceful reef 'tis cast.

How we gaily climbed upon it,
Sought it in our boyish play!
Drove the oxen of our fancy —
Such is boyhood's necromancy—
Bringing back a long-dead day.
Tattered, stained, its canvas bonnet,
Victim of sun, fog, and rain;
But our minds new canvas wove it,
And the legend, as we drove it,
Read, "Pike's Peak or Bust" again.

In the boat-shaped body found we
Holes, mayhap the insects bored;
Tho we conjured up the fighting,
When our fathers, red foes smiting,
Saved their lives and slender hoard.
Once more on the battle-ground, we
Heard the savage battle-cry;
Saw the warriors nearer wheeling,
Heard the rifles grim death dealing,
Saw the painted foemen fly!

O'er the prairie we went rolling,
Rust-bound wheels revolved once more.
Guns upon our shoulders bearing,
All the hardships proudly sharing
That our venturous fathers bore.
Now across a stream we're poling,
Swollen past the fording stage;
Then our yokes the torrent breasted,
On the farther bank they rested,
Cropped the blades among the sage.

Then great mountains loomed before us,
O'er them we must find a path;
With fierce flash the night is riven,
To frail shelters we are driven
To escape the tempest's wrath.
Then with blue sky bending o'er us,
Warned by never failing sun,
California greens in beauty!
Bravely we have done our duty,
And the longed-for goal is won!

Rest, old schooner, you have earned it,
For your tasks were stoutly done.
On your reef you now must tarry,
Let more modern methods carry
On the work you well begun.
And this lesson, we have learned it
As we sat upon your seat,
Tho all things are transitory,
Without you the noble story
Of the West were incomplete.

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The piquant charm of a clear, soft skin. Read below how by proper care you can have this greatest of all attractions.

The right treatment for skin blemishes

Nature intended your skin to be flawless

IS YOUR skin fine, soft, attractive? If not, find out just why it is marred by blemishes; then start immediately to gain the natural beauty, the clear, radiant skin that can be yours.

Your skin is changing every day. As the old skin dies, new skin forms to take its place. This new skin is fine, clear, unblemished. By proper care, you can keep it as flawless as nature intended it to be.

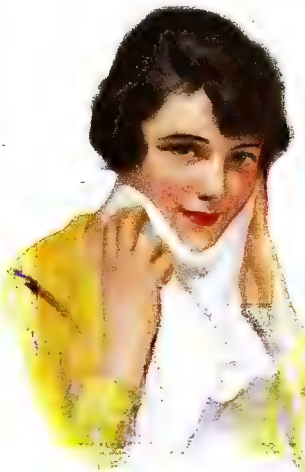
Skin specialists are tracing fewer and fewer troubles to the blood. They say more often, skin blemishes may be traced to the bacteria and parasites that are carried into the pores of the skin with dust, soot and grime. To clear your skin of blemishes caused by this insidious and persistent enemy, use regularly the following special treatment:

To remove skin blemishes

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap; then dry your face. Now dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this soap cream and leave it on for ten minutes. Rinse very carefully with clear, hot water, then with cold.

In addition to this special treatment, use Woodbury's regularly in your daily toilet. This will make your skin firm and active. It will help the new skin to resist the frequent cause of blemishes. Before long your complexion will take on a new clearness and freshness.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. You will find this treatment and many others for the commoner skin troubles in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Woodbury's is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada. A 25-cent cake will last a month or six weeks.



BLACKHEADS ARE A CONFESSION *that you are using the wrong method of cleansing for your type of skin. A special treatment for this trouble is among the famous treatments in the Woodbury booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.*

Sample cake of soap with booklet

of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream for 15 cents.

For 6 cents we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love To Touch." Or for 15 cents, we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 305 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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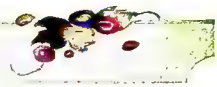

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"Lady Sealpax"

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Athletic Underwear for Every Woman

Lady Sealpax; a better, cooler underwear for women—sold in a cleaner way

LADY SEALPAX is *your* underwear—every woman's underwear—because it really does give you the same "Free as the Air" feeling that "brother" enjoys—and it really does combine luxurious comfort with graceful fit.

Just slip into *Lady Sealpax!* It's a revelation in women's underwear—dainty, sensible, serviceable.

Made of soft, fine fabrics. Drawer just the proper width, athletic armholes, ventilated waistband and elastic backband—all comfort features.

Ask for *Lady Sealpax*. It always comes in a sanitary container (as illustrated)—immaculately fresh and clean. Sold at popular prices.

If your favorite shop does not sell Lady Sealpax write us for descriptive booklet and send your dealer's name.

The Sealpax Company, Baltimore, Md. (also makers of Sealpax Athletic Underwear for Men)

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He was of better class than the rest, with a military bearing and a heavy German accent, for all his careful English.

"Will a dog snatch at a bone?" countered Rudolph. "Take him back! They'll be crazy about it."

"He has been there a long time. He may, at the last, weaken."

But Rudolph only laughed, and drank more whisky of the German agent's providing.

"He won't weaken," he said. "Give me a few days more to find the girl, and all hell won't hold him."

On the Sunday morning after the President had been before Congress, he found Herman dressed for church, but sitting by the fire. All around him lay the Sunday paper, and he barely raised his head when Rudolph entered.

"Well, it's here!" said Rudolph.

"It has come. Yes."

"Wall Street will be opening champagne to-day."

Herman said nothing. But later on he opened up the fountains of rage in his heart. It was wrong, all wrong. We had no quarrel with Germany. It was the capitalists and politicians who had done it. And above all, England.

He went far. He blamed America and Americans, for his loss of work, for Anna's disappearance. He searched his mind for grievances and found them—in the ore dust on the hill, which killed his garden; in the inefficiency of the police, who could not find Anna; in the very attitude of Clayton Spencer toward his resignation.

And on this smoldering fire Rudolph piled fuel. Not that he said a great deal. He worked around the cottage, washed dishes, threw pails of water on the dirty porches, swept the floor, carried in coal and wood. And gradually he began to play on the older man's vanity. He had had great influence with the mill-workers. No one man had ever had so much.

Old Herman sat up, and listened hourly. But after a time he got up and pouring some water out of the kettle, proceeded to shave himself. And Rudolph talked on. If now he were to go back, and it were to the advantage of the Fatherland and of the workers of the world to hamper the industry, who so able to do so as Herman.

"Hamper? How?" Herman asked, suspiciously, holding his razor aloft. He had a great fear of the law.

Rudolph re-assured him, cunning eyes averted.

"Well, a strike," he suggested. "The men'll listen to you. God knows they've got a right to strike."

"I shall not go back," said Herman stolidly, and finished his shaving.

But Rudolph was satisfied. He left Herman sitting again by the fire, but his eyes were no longer brooding. He was thinking, watching the smoke curl up from the china-bowled German pipe which he had brought from the Fatherland, and which he used only on special occasions.

THE declaration of war found Graham desperately unhappy. Natalie held him rigidly to his promise, but it is doubtful if Natalie alone could have kept him out of the army. Marion was using her influence, too. She held him by alternating between almost agreeing to a runaway marriage and threats of breaking the engagement if he went to war. She had tacitly agreed to play Natalie's game, and she was doing it.

Graham did not analyze his own misery. What he said to himself was that he was making a mess of things. Life, which had seemed to be a simple thing, compounded of work and play, had become involved, difficult, and wretched.

Sometimes he watched Clayton almost with envy. He seemed so sure of himself; he was so poised, so calm, so strong. And he wondered if there had been a tumultuous youth behind the quiet of his maturity. He compared the even course of Clayton's days, his work, his club, the immaculate orderliness of his life, with his own disordered existence.

He was hedged about with women. Wherever he turned, they obtruded themselves. He made plans and women brushed them aside. He tried to live his life, and women stepped in and lived it for him. His mother, Marion, Anna Klein. Even Delight, with her friendship always overclouded with disapproval. Wherever he turned, a woman stood in the way. Yet he could not do without them. He needed them even while he resented them.

But he began to be uncertain as to how things stood between Natalie and Clayton. He had always taken them for granted, much as he did the house and the servants. In his brief vacations during his college days they had agreed or disagreed, amicably enough. He had considered, in those days, that life was a very simple thing. People married and lived together. Marriage, he considered, was rather the end of things.

But he was older now, and he knew that marriage was a beginning and not an end. It did not change people fundamentally. It only changed their habits.

His discovery that his father and mother differed about the war was the first of other discoveries; that they differed about him; that they differed about many matters; that, indeed, they had no common ground at all on which to meet; between them, altho Graham did not put it that way, was a no-man's-land strewn with dead happiness, lost desires, and the wreckage of years of dissension.

It was incredible to Graham that he should ever reach the forties, but he wondered sometimes if all of life was either looking forward or looking back. And it seemed to him rather tragic that for Clayton, who still looked like a boy, there should be nothing but his day at the mill, his silent evening at home, or some stodgy dinner-party where the women were all middle-aged, and the other men a trifle corpulent.

For the first time he was beginning to think of Clayton as a man, rather than a father.

Not that all of this was coherently thought out. It was a series of impressions, outgrowth of his own beginning development and of his own uneasiness.

He wondered, too, about Rodney Page. He seemed to be always around, underfoot, suave, fastidious, bowing Natalie out of the room and in again. He had deplored the war until he found his attitude unfashionable, and then he began, with great enthusiasm, to arrange pageants for Red Cross funds, and even to make little speeches, graceful and artificial, patterned on his best after-dinner manner.

Graham was certain that he supported his mother in trying to keep him at home, and he began to hate him with a healthy young hate. However, late in April, he posed in one of the pageants, rather ungraciously, in a khaki uniform. It was not until the last minute that he knew that Delight Haverford was to be the nurse bending over his prostrate figure. He turned rather savage.

"Rotten nonsense," he said to her, when they stood waiting to be posed.

"Oh, I don't know. They're rather pretty."

"*Pretty!* Do you suppose I want to be pretty?"

"Well, I do," said Delight, calmly.

"It's fake. That's what I hate. If you were really a nurse, and I was really in uniform—! But this parading in somebody else's clothes, or stuff hired for the occasion—it's sickening."

Delight regarded him with her clear, appraising eyes.

"Why don't you get a uniform of your own, then?" she inquired. She smiled a little.

He never knew what the effort cost her. He was pale and angry, and his face in the tableau was so savage that it brought a round of applause. With the ringing down of the curtain he confronted her, almost menacingly.

"What did you mean by that?" he demanded. "We've hardly got into this thing yet."

"We are in it, Graham."

"Just because I don't leap into the first recruiting office and beg them to take me—what right have you got to call me a slacker?"

"But I heard——"

"Go on!"

"It doesn't matter what I heard, if you are going."

"Of course I'm going," he said, truculently.

He meant it, too. He would get Anna settled somewhere—she had begun to mend—and then he would have it out with Marion and his Mother. But there was no hurry. The war would last a long time. And so it was that Graham Spencer joined the long line of those others who had bought a piece of ground, or five yoke of oxen, or had married a wife.

IT WAS the morning after the pageant that Clayton, going down-town with him in the car, voiced his expectation that the government would take over their foreign contracts, and his feeling that, in that case, it would be a mistake to profit by the nation's necessities.

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean we should take only a small profit. A banker's profit."

Graham had been fairly stunned, and had sat quiet while Clayton explained his attitude. There were times when big profits were allowable. There was always the risk to invested capital to consider. But he did not want to grow fat on the nation's misfortunes. Italy was one thing. This was different.

"But—we are just getting on our feet!"

"Think it over!" said Clayton. "This is going to be a long war, and an expensive one. We don't particularly want to fatten on it, do we?"

Graham flushed. He felt rather small and cheap, but with that there was a growing admiration of his father. Suddenly he saw that this man beside him was a big man, one to be proud of. For already he knew the cost of the decision. He sat still, turning this new angle of war over in his mind.

"I'd like to see some of your directors when you put that up to them!"

Clayton nodded rather grimly. He did not anticipate a pleasant hour.

"How about Mother?"

"I think we may take it for granted that she feels as we do."

Graham pondered that, too.

"What about the new place?"

"It's too soon to discuss that. We are obligated to do a certain amount. Of course it would be wise to cut where we can."

Graham smiled.

"She'll raise the deuce of a row," was his comment.

It had never occurred to him before to take sides between his father and his mother, but there was rising in him a new and ardent partizanship of his father, a feeling that they were, in a way, men together. He had, more than once, been tempted to go to him with the Anna Klein situation. He would have, probably, but a fellow felt an awful fool going to somebody and telling him that a girl was in love with him, and what the dickens was he to do about it?

He wondered, too, if anybody would believe that his relationship with Anna was straight, under the circumstances. For weeks now he had been sending her money, out of a sheer sense of responsibility for her beating and her illness. He took no credit for altruism. He knew quite well the possibilites of the situation. He made no promises to himself. But such attraction as Anna had had for him had been of her prettiness, and their propinquity. Again she was girl, and that was all. And the attraction was very faint now. He was only sorry for her.

When she could get around she took to calling him up daily from a drug-store at a near-by corner, and once he met her after dark and they walked a few blocks together. She was still weak, but she was spiritualized, too. He liked her a great deal, that night.

"Do you know you've loaned me over a hundred dollars, Graham?" she asked.

"That's not a loan. I owed you that."

"I'll pay it back, I'm going to start to-morrow to look for work, and it won't cost me much to live."

"If you send it back, I'll buy you another watch!"

And, tragic as the subject was, they both laughed.

"I'd have died if I hadn't had you to think about when I was sick, Graham. I wanted to die—except for you."

He had kissed her then, rather because he knew she expected him to. When they got back to the house she said:

"You wouldn't care to come up?"

"I don't think I'd better, Anna."

"The landlady doesn't object. There isn't any parlor. All the girls have their callers in their rooms."

"I have to go out to-night," he said evasively. "I'll come some other time."

As he started away he glanced back at her. She was standing in the doorway, eying him wistfully, a lonely and depressed little figure. He was tempted to throw discretion to the winds and go back. But he did not.

On the day when Clayton had broached the subject of offering their output to the government at only a banker's profit, Anna called him up at his new office in the munition plant.

He was rather annoyed. His new secretary was sitting across the desk, and it was difficult to make his responses non-committal.

"Graham!"

"Yes."

"Is anybody there? Can you talk?"

"Not very well."

"Then listen; I'll talk. I want to see you."

"I'm busy all day. Sorry."

"Listen, Graham, I must see you. I've something to tell you."

"All right. Go ahead."

"It's about Rudolph. I was out looking for a position yesterday and I met him."

"Yes?"

HE LOOKED up. Miss Peterson was absently scribbling on the cover of her book, and listening intently.

"He was terrible, Graham. He accused me of all sorts of things, about you."

He almost groaned aloud over the predicament he was in. It began to look serious.

"Suppose I pick you up and we have dinner somewhere?"

"At the same corner?"

"Yes."

He was very irritable all morning. He felt as tho a net was closing in around him, and his actual innocence made him the more miserable. Miss Peterson found him very difficult that day, and shed tears in her little room before she went to lunch.

Anna herself was difficult that evening. Her landlady's son had given up a good job and enlisted. Everybody was going. She supposed Graham would go next, and she'd be left alone.

"I don't know. I'd like to."

"Oh, you'll go, all right. And you'll forget I ever existed." She made an effort. "You're right, of course. I'm only looking ahead. If anything happens to you, I'll kill myself."

The idea interested her. She began to dramatize herself, a forlorn figure, driven from home, and deserted by her lover. She saw herself lying in the cottage, stately and mysterious, while the hill girls went in and out, and whispered.

"I'll kill myself," she repeated.

"Nothing will happen to me, Anna, dear."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

Another Splendid Serial

MRS. RINEHART'S great serial, "Dangerous Days," which began in March, will end next month. And now, while everybody is talking about "Dangerous Days," get ready for another real literary treat. For in June "The Oriole" begins, by that master of American story-tellers, Booth Tarkington.

You remember Mr. Tarkington's "Penrod" and "Seventeen." "The Oriole" is another story of boy life with just the same charm and just as deliciously human. "The Oriole" is the title of an amateur newspaper which two typical Tarkington boys try to print and edit. If you ever were a boy and owned a printing-press, you can imagine what complications they get into.

Like all PICTORIAL REVIEW serials, "The Oriole" will be published in long instalments, beginning in June and ending in August. In this way PICTORIAL REVIEW is enabled to publish four or five complete book-length novels a year. Remember in case you don't like to read a serial by instalments, you only have to save three or four back numbers to get the story complete, months before it is brought out in book form.

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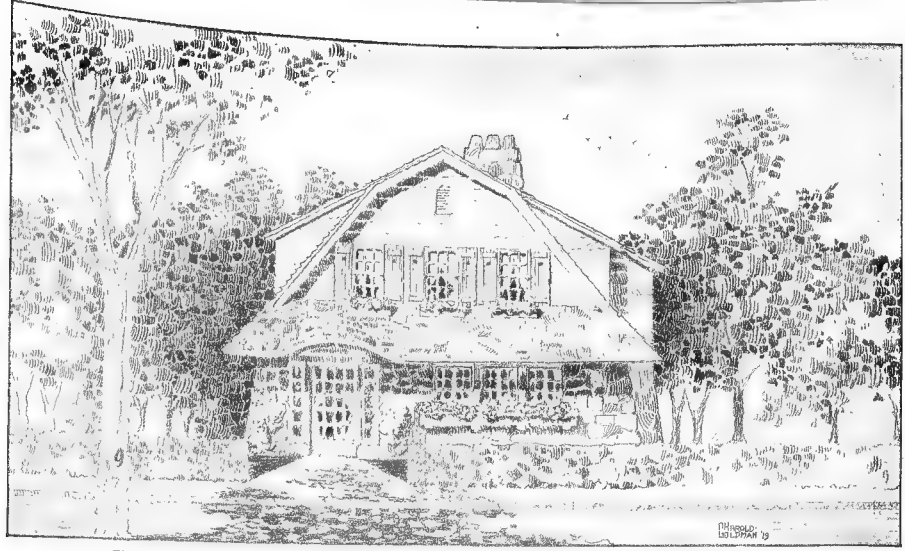


This Comfortable Six-room Cottage Shows another Development of the Small House. There Is No Waste Space in this Dwelling

What the War Has Taught Us about Economy Building

Second of the Series—The Bungalow versus the Two-story House

By N. MONTGOMERY WOODS

WE CAN'T afford more than a bungalow" is a statement we have all heard many times, and one which does not suggest to the average person any mistaken ideas of economy; and yet a comparative study of this type of dwelling and the efficiently designed two-story house reveals that unless the bungalow be indeed extremely tiny, it will fail in being economical at all, and may, in fact, by reason of its very claim to such a name, be the source of much extravagance.

This has come to light in the extensive search which has been made through small house designs of every type in order to discover every possible channel through which waste might occur; for it is found that the larger bungalow furnishes a wide field for activities along the line of improved planning.

Nos. 22, 23, and 24, below, show a graduated scale of sizes for the Standardized House of six rooms, some of the details of which have been previously described in PICTORIAL REVIEW under the title, "The Most House for the Least Money"; also, for the purpose of a comparison, No. 22 is repeated at smaller scale in Fig. 1, showing a two-story building measuring 22 feet by 22 feet in each story. Then in Fig. 2 a bungalow is shown measuring 22 feet by 44 feet, including on one floor the exact area which is contained in both stories of Fig. 1, and divided as nearly as possible into the same number of rooms; but on account of the physical form of the bungalow we are forced to commit a number of serious errors of economic planning.

FOR instance, we find that the long narrow hallway which must necessarily be provided to connect the front and rear rooms is of much greater area than the corresponding passageway in the two-story house, thus subtracting from the usable room area. The quantity of roof framing, roof covering, and of wasted attic space in Fig. 2 is obviously more than double the corresponding items in Fig. 1, as is indicated by the darkened portions shown. The quantities of excavation, foundation walls, and cellar floor in the bungalow are nearly double those required for the two-story house. The area of the first-floor beams in Fig. 2 is exactly equal to that of both first and second stories of Fig. 1, while the attic floor of the bungalow is just twice as large as that of the two-story house.

If we are to have both kitchen flue and living-room fireplace, one chimney will answer for both purposes in the

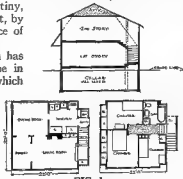


FIG. 1
Cubage Wasted, 1,122 Ft.;
Cubage Used, 12,509 Ft.;
Total Cubage, 13,631 Ft.

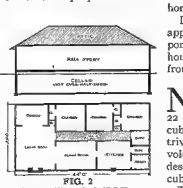
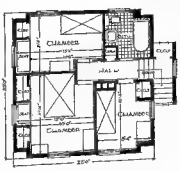
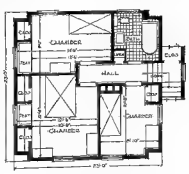


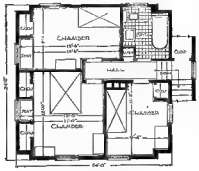
FIG. 2
Cubage Wasted, 6,695 Ft.;
Cubage Used, 11,697 Ft.;
Total Cubage, 18,392 Ft.



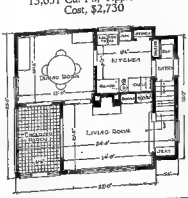
No. 22—Area, 551 Sq. Ft.; Cubage, 13,631 Cu. Ft.; Approximate Cost, $2,730

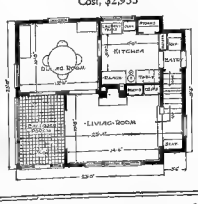


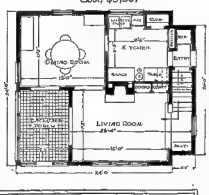
No. 23—Area, 596 Sq. Ft.; Cubage, 14,775 Cu. Ft.; Approximate Cost, $2,955



No. 24—Area, 646 Sq. Ft.; Cubage, 16,037 Cu. Ft.; Approximate Cost, $3,207







Standardized House, while the bungalow will require two separate ones.

The heating of the bungalow presents more of a problem, since in it we find 3,190 square feet of exterior surface exposed to the cold as against 2,464 square feet in the two-story house; and if a hot-air system should be used, the longer horizontal runs of piping become a source of trouble.

It may be mentioned, also, as a matter of comfort and appearance, that in Fig. 1 we are enabled to place the porch, living-room, and two bedrooms on the front of the house, whereas in Fig. 2 only one-half of this exposure to the front is to be found.

NOW it has not been overlooked that the stairway extension has added an area above that of the square 22 feet by 22 feet, but it is found on taking the actual cubage of the two buildings that this small addition is but trivial in comparison with the very much larger wasted volume of the bungalow attic and cellar and the other items described above. This is shown by the table of comparative cubages given herewith.

The estimates of cost of the two-story houses here given are based upon a unit price of 20 cents per cubic foot, as was explained in the last issue. In noting the difference of 4,762 cubic feet between the houses shown in Figs. 1 and 2, it is of course true that this reduction of cubage does not lower the cost in the full proportion; but we are certainly figuring on the conservative side when we assume that the saving of 4,762 cubic feet would effect a saving of 10 cents per cubic foot, or $476, and surely such a proportion is sufficient to make it well worth while to thoroughly study the various types of small dwelling before we build.

In the three sizes of the six-room house here illustrated, the general dimensions have been slightly increased above those of the five-room house shown in the last issue, partly because of the extra bedroom which has been added, and also on account of the probable increase in the number of occupants of the house, which should affect even the lower floor.

The next article will deal with the present high cost of building as compared with a few years ago, showing the necessities which led up to the standardizing of the small-house design, and illustrating more particularly the seven-room house.

MR. WOODS will gladly answer any questions, and can furnish complete working plans, also a full description of "The Most House for the Least Money." Write for information. Address House Plan Editor, PICTORIAL REVIEW, 214 West 39th Street, New York City.

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YOUR MUSIC GARDEN

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES D. ISAACSON

The Planting of the Seed

DID you ever, accidentally, touch a button which operated a spring that opened the trap-door to the secret chamber? The surprise of discovering a possession of which you hadn't known is such as comes but once in a lifetime.

This is the way so many felt when they discovered their music garden. It had been there all the time without the owners being aware of the fact. Those who have all the space they need, or those who live in minimum modern apartments, found that new possession all the same. The music garden is there, attended by the lovely Ladye Music, and whenever one is lonely, worried, overworked, tired, or upset—it opens its arbors and says, "Come in and become cheerful."

The music garden is a purely mental and spiritual one—not the sort you measure by material means. It is a place where beautiful melodies and harmonies rich and satisfying, are trailing from operas and plays, all the past and present. The ownership of a music garden, you remember, is not restricted to musicians or certain high-toned, chin-raising folks, but to all who will open their hearts and say, "Give me—I accept it."

Last month we talked of taking a regular siesta in the music garden fifteen minutes every afternoon at three. What might be termed a universal music period—the national music hour. We thought to sing; to play some musical instrument—violin, piano, flute, phonograph—even the harmonica; just so for the fifteen minutes we could forget everything, thoroughly entertained by Ladye Music, our guest and our friend.

Somebody was thinking and we heard this thought—"But how can a layman who knows nothing of the subject hope to be able to own and run a real honest-to-goodness music garden?" Came the answer—"Still it's true."

You can own it. But how the garden will look and grow depends entirely on you. A garden can not really be worth its name unless the right kind of seeds are planted.

How shall my garden grow? By the way I plant the seeds. By the kind of music I like to hear, and by the way I hear it. If I have planted weeds and runners, only that kind will come back to give us eternal joy. There are weeds and runners in music—songs which are born for a day and fade, songs which seem to have an aspect of beauty but which later glare at us with ugly mien.

The Gradations of Music

THERE is some music which had been better had it never been born—the very lowest type of popular song, which degrades the listener, which prompts the most vulgar response. This kind of music we must keep far away. It would only make the garden a place where fine flowers would strife and die.

There is a kind of music which is not of the greatest, but nevertheless deserves its place in the sun. It is the simple popular music which has no great depth to it, but pleases as it is heard, does no harm and probably a great deal of good. It is sentiment in the form of an accompaniment, with superficial, shallow regard of the language of melody. It has a pretty sound, the sentiment is familiar or catchy, you hum it or you whistle it for a little while and then, poof—it's forgotten like a gust of last Winter's wind. You can turn to your piano and pick up a dozen songs which come under this category. Some of them you are singing now or listening to, with pleasure. Of others you are tired. Those songs are the "small talk" of music. They are like the chats and conversations of every-day life, interesting, and help to pass the time But a moment afterward, if you tried to recollect, you'd find it difficult.

Other songs are akin to the once-in-a-while memories of great incidents in your life. The first words spoken by your husband-to-be, the first time baby said "mama." Or strange, important advice given you at a critical moment, words which changed your impulse into a resolution of another kind; the sermon in church which developed from a droning speech to a thrust directly at you; that morning you opened your mail to read that your great ambition had been gratified, the moment when the boy went off to war, that gay day down the river—these are to be compared with those other songs like "The End of a Perfect Day." Simple, direct, sincere, such songs do not grow wearisome. You probably know many songs of this character, "Love's Sorrow," "How Can I Bear to Leave Thee," "The Harp that Once," "Annie Laurie," "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," "'tis the Last Rose," "Oft in the Stilly Night," "Ben Bolt," "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms." You know most of these and love them. If you don't, plant them early in your garden, use them now for your daily siesta.

In the world of music, such songs as I have mentioned are like the simple landscapes which you catch in a moment, walking, riding, sitting on your porch. But there is another part to the world of music. On the landscapes are hills, with houses. Within the houses are people, with dramatic lives. Within the hearts of the people are woes and joys, complex if you call them so. Different than the simple, easy-to-understand songs, is the music which reflects whole dramas of living. Operas—symphonies—sonatas

You will finally bring all of that great world of deep, dramatic, big-souled music into your garden. Perhaps not for a while—there is no need to hurry our development. We will linger with the little melodies for a space. Now, I know that most of the people who read what we say here, do not despise the "littlest" thing that exists But possibly these chats on music may come under the eye of a serious minded musician, who has lived for years in the atmosphere of the best music, and who has long since learned the infinite beauty of little things. You have met him He has communed so much with the master minds of literature that ordinary people hold no charm for him He has lived in the mountains and up in the clouds and mere earth is dry, mortal, dull.

I WOULD rather remain in complete ignorance of all learning than lose my taste for the simple beauties of existence. I can go into ecstasies over the leaf of a tree, or a particularly graceful horse. The sweetest music may come from the poorest of lips. A mother singing her baby to sleep, with a tender lullaby, eclipses in many ways the greatest prima donna on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House. The prima donna singing her baby to sleep—that is a different matter.

So, let me make this absolute law for all music gardeners:

Except for the vulgar songs which were better never born, all music is good. Some music is better than other music, to be sure, but the kind of music you like best to hear is your best music, while you hear it.

To be sure, the time must come and be assured it will come soon—when you will begin to weed the garden, and a good many compositions you once liked you will leave behind you, and some melodies and harmonies you couldn't grasp will become illuminated and you will go ahead, away ahead, in appreciating the loveliness of the really great music (perhaps retaining a few of the old loves to the end). Later, it will be interesting to write down the music you like best now—send me the list—I'd like to know your favorites—and six months from now a comparison with your new tastes will surprise you! Then will come opera. Then will come the instrumental music, the songs of the piano and the violin, the choruses of the orchestras. No words, yet how full of meaning.

A big piano number may seem at first like a succession of chords. But close your eyes, set your imagination at work, and you find that it is an idealization of the sound of your own neighborly brook, or the musical interpretation of the mountains.

Not every one makes music. If you can not produce it yourself out of yourself, you have the help of the greatest artists in the world. Caruso, Muratore, Lazaro, Galli-Curci, Lucy Gates, Barrientos are singers at your command. A needle in the phonograph brings the operas to your garden. A roll in the player-piano brings great Godowsky, Paderewski, Josef Hofmann to perform as you will. The violinists, Elman, Heifetz, Kreisler—all are yours, as completely as if they lived with you. Here is one advantage you have over your grandparents!

Then there is that other part of the story. If you have never learned to make music yourself, there are your children. They can help you amazingly in making the music garden all that you would like it to be. They will play at your request. A piano number by little Edith will delight you more than if Godowsky were to call at your home and do it in his inimitable way. A song by Arthur will thrill you more even than Caruso's voice—you, the mother, and you, the father of the home singer.

Instilling the Love of Music

NOW, how to plant the seeds of music-love in the child heart? For, let me tell you, every child is a music-lover. I have never met a baby who does not love fine music. Take your tiny infant, my friend, and sing a song with a smile will light the little features; sing a bit of a and measure, the pretty lips will purse up, as if to woo. If you deem that baby the right to hear music, the latent, inborn appreciation of beauty will gradually grow less and less. People who display no difference to music, simply lived away from an atmosphere of music. Make yours a home where music is a part of the home entertainment and your children will love it; will stay at home more; will be inclined to produce artistic work in music, literature, art. Still, if the children grow up to be merchants, teachers, lawyers, farmers, hotel-keepers, clerks, carpenters, housewives, the music will help them most. There must always be hundreds of times more listeners than performers—and the listeners are the better satisfied.

But if your child is on the road to learning an instrument, watch carefully that the teacher does not kill a love of music while teaching the method of playing. This is tremendously important.

Wherever music is crammed down the child's throat as a thing of notes and measures, symbols, letters, do's and so-fa's, fingering and beats, the effect is oftentimes quite destructive. Where it is made a thing of beauty and appreciation is acquired, the results are manifold in their lasting value. Not simply a means of making musicians, or music-lovers, but as a means of developing the imagination, for the effect it will have all through an individual's career.

When your children take their first music lesson you might call the teacher's attention to the following ideas (or you can do it yourself) Talk to the children in this way, "Is there any one who never heard a bird sing? A little canary in a cage or a robin on the bough? Birds love to sing, because they are happy. And the crickets and katydids sing. And the leaves sing when the breeze blows. Oh, everybody sings.

"We are going to sing, too. Just as the birds and the brooks and the leaves, we are going to sing because we are happy. It is going to make us very, very happy. Every day we are going to have a time when we will sing together. We may be just a wee bit tired. And so we'll be glad to have the music—you know singing, of course is another name for singing, and for other things, too. Now, look at the piano—how quiet she is—she's asleep. I will wake her." (Touch a chord loudly as if to startle the piano and laugh.) "Now, she woke up. See, I will ask her to sing." (Play some simple melodious composition, something about the birds and the flowers.)

Illustrate everything—the canary, sparrow, grass, brooks, mountains, etc. On a windy day, tell the child the wind is singing, on a rainy day, "Listen to the raindrops singing, they must be be very happy."

Some children need special ideas—they want melodies, the sugar of music before they have the scales and exercises, the bread and butter of music. Tell me your experiences with the child's practise-hour—perhaps there is something we might tell you which will help you overcome the tedium of the practise-hour.

In the meantime, do not forget the music garden. Do not neglect the joy of fifteen minutes every day at three o'clock, sport with music. Forget everything—just sing, play, or listen to some music, the kind you like. And plant the seeds early.

This is the second article of the series. Next month Mr. Isaacson will show how to understand and enjoy the real meaning of music and its place in our lives.

Let Mr. Isaacson Answer Your Queries

ANY query of a musical nature may be addressed to Mr. Isaacson, who will answer your letter either through this department, or personally, if you send self-addressed envelop. Here are some typical questions:

"Is my child too young to learn?" "Should my boy (in view of certain given facts) study the piano?" "How may I keep up music and do my housework?" "What shall I do with my daughter, who won't practice?" "Where can I get a free scholarship?" And so on.

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Rosa Mundi

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

coat, which he carried on his arm, for his pipe.

She drew a little nearer to him. "Mr. Courteney," she said, "doesn't 'Thank you' sound a silly thing to say?"

He drew back. "Don't! Please don't!" he said, and flushed uneasily as he opened his tobacco-pouch. "I would infinitely rather you said nothing at all to any one. Don't do it again, that's all."

"Mustn't I even tell Rosa Mundi?" she said.

His flush deepened as he remembered that she would probably know him by name. She must have known in those far-off Californian days that he was working with all his might to free young Baron from her toils.

He sat in silence till, "Will you tell me something?" whispered Rosemary, leaning nearer.

He stiffened involuntarily. "I don't know."

"Please try!" she urged softly. "I feel sure you can. Why—why don't you like Rosa Mundi?"

HE LOOKED at her and his eyes were steely; but they softened by imperceptible degrees as they met the earnest sweetness of her answering look. "No, I can't tell you that," he said with decision.

But her look held him. "Is it because you don't think she is very good?"

"I can't tell you," he said again.

Still she looked at him, and again there seemed to be in her eyes that expression as of a child who has seen life without understanding it. "Perhaps you think I am too young to know good from evil," she said, after a moment. "I am not. I have told you I am older than I look, and in some things I am older even than my years. Then, too, I belong to Rosa Mundi. I told you, didn't I? I am her familiar spirit. She has even called me her angel, or her better self. I know a great many things about her, and some of them are very sad. May I tell you some of the things I know?"

He turned his eyes away from her abruptly with the feeling that he was resisting some furious magnetism. What was there about this child that attracted him? He was not a lover of children. Moreover, she was verging upon womanhood, approaching what he grimly termed "the dangerous age."

He filled his pipe, deliberately, while she waited for his answer, turning his gaze upon the dazzling line of the horizon.

"You can do as you like," he said at last, and added formally, "May I smoke?"

She nodded. "Yes, I would like you to. It will keep you from being bored. I want to tell you about Rosa Mundi because you do not judge her fairly. You only know her by repute, and I know her heart to heart."

Her voice deepened suddenly, and the man glanced downward for an instant, but immediately looked away again. She should tell him what she would, but by no faintest sign should she imagine that she had succeeded in arousing his interest. The magnetism was drawing him. He was aware of the attraction, and with firmness he resisted it. Let her strive as she would, she would never persuade him to think kindly of Rosa Mundi.

"You think her—bad," said Rosemary, her voice pitched very low. "I know—oh, I know. Men—some men—are very hard on women like her, women who have had to hew their own way in the world, and meet temptation almost before"—her voice quivered a little—"they knew what temptation meant."

He looked down at her again suddenly and searchingly; but her clear eyes never flinched from his. They were pleading and a little troubled, but wholly unafraid.

"Perhaps you won't believe me," she said. "You'll think you know best. But Rosa Mundi wasn't bad always—not at the beginning. Her dancing began when she was young—oh, younger than I am. It was a dreadful, uphill fight. She had a mother then as mothers are adored. Did you ever have a mother like that, I wonder? Perhaps it isn't the same with men, but there are some women who would gladly die for their mothers. And—and Rosa Mundi felt like that. A time came when her mother was dying of a slow disease, and she needed things—many things. Rosa Mundi wasn't a success then. She hadn't had her chance. But there was a man—a man with money and influence—who was willing to offer it to her at—at—a price. She was dancing for chance coppers outside a San Francisco saloon when he made his offer. She—refused."

Rosemary's soft eyes were suddenly lowered. She did not look like a child any longer, but a being sexless yet very pitiful—an angel about to weep.

Courteney watched her, for he could not turn away.

Almost under her breath, she went on. "A few days later, her mother began to suffer—oh, terribly. There was no money, no one to help. She went again and danced at the saloon entrance. He—the man—was there. She danced till she was tired out. And then—and then—she was hungry, too—she—fainted." The low voice sank a little lower. "When she came to herself, she was in his keeping. He was very kind to her—too kind. Her strength was gone, and—and temptation is harder to resist when one is physically weak, too. When she went back to her mother, she had accepted—his—offer. From that night, her fortune was made."

Two tears gathered on the dark lashes and hung there till she put up a quick hand and brushed them away.

The man's face was curiously softened; he looked as if he desired to dry those tears himself.

Without looking up, she continued, "The mother died—very, very soon. Life is like that. Often one pays—in vain. There is no bargaining with death. But at least she never knew. That was Rosa Mundi's only comfort. There was no turning back for her then. And she was so desolate, so lonely, nothing seemed to matter. She went from triumph to triumph. She carried all before her. He brought her to New York, and she conquered there. They strewed her path with roses. They almost worshiped her. She tried to think that she was happy, but she was not—even then. They came around her in crowds. They made love to her. She was young, and their homage was like a colored ball to her. She tossed it to and fro and played with it. But she made game of it all. They were nothing to her—nothing, till one day there came to her a boy—no, he was past his boyhood—a young man, rich, well born, and honorable. And he—he loved her, and offered her—marriage. No one had ever offered her that before. Can you realize—but, no, you are a man I—what it meant to her? It meant shelter and peace and freedom. It meant honor and kindness and the chance to be good. Perhaps you think she would not care for that. But you do not know her. Rosa Mundi was meant to be good. She hungered for goodness. She was tired—so tired of the gaudy vanities of life, so—so—what is the word?—so nauseated with the cheap and the bad.

"Are you sorry for her, I wonder? Can you picture her, longing—oh, longing—for what she calls respectability? And then—this chance, this offer of deliverance. It meant giving up her career, of course. It meant changing her whole life. It meant sacrifice—the sort of sacrifice that you ought to be able to understand—for she loved her dancing and her triumphs, just as you love your public, the people who read your books and love you for their sake. That is different, isn't it, from the people who follow you about and want to stare at you just because you are prosperous and popular? The people who really appreciate your genius—those are the people you would not disappoint for all the world. They make up a vast friendship that is very precious, and it would be a sacrifice—a big sacrifice—to give it up. That is the sort of sacrifice that marriage meant to Rosa Mundi. And the she wanted marriage—and she wanted to be good—she hesitated."

THERE was a little pause. Randal Courteney was no longer dissembling his interest. He had laid his pipe aside, and was watching with unwearying intentness the downcast childish face. He asked no questions. There was something in the low-spoken words that held him silent. Perhaps he feared to probe too deep.

In a few moments she went on, gathering up a little handful of the shining shingle and slowly sifting it through her fingers as tho in search of something precious.

"I think if she had really loved the man it wouldn't have mattered. Nothing counts like love, does it? But—you see—she didn't. She wanted to. She knew that he was clean and honorable, worthy of a good woman. He loved her too, loved her so that he was willing to put away all her past. For she did not deceive him about that. He was willing to give her all—all she wanted. But she did not love him. She honored him, and she felt, for a time at least, that love might come. He guessed that, and he did his best—all that he could think of—to get her to consent. In the end—in the end" Rosemary paused, a tiny stone in her hand that shone like polished crystal—"she was very near to the verge of yielding, the young man had almost won, when—when something happened that altered—everything. The young man had a friend, a writer, a great man even then; he is greater now. The friend came, and he threw his whole weight into the scale against her. She felt him—the force of him—before she so much as saw him. She had broken with her lover some time before. She was free. And she determined to marry the young man who

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

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Rosa Mundi

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

loved her—in spite of his friend. That very day, it happened. The young man sent her a book written by his friend. She had begun to hate the writer, but out of curiosity she opened it and read. First a bit here, then a bit there, and at last she sat down and read it—all through."

The little shining crystal lay alone in the soft pink palm. Rosemary dwelt upon it, faintly smiling.

"She read far into the night," she said, speaking almost dreamily, as if recounting a vision conjured up in the glittering surface of the stone. "It was a free night for her. And she read on and on and on. The book gripped her; it fascinated her. It was—a great book. It was called '—Remembrance.'" She drew a quick breath and went on somewhat hurriedly. "It moved her in a fashion that perhaps you would hardly realize. I have read it, and I—understand. The writing was wonderful. It brought home to her—vividly, oh, vividly—how this past may be atoned for, but never, never effaced. It hurt her, oh, it hurt her. But it did her good. It showed her how she was on the verge of taking a wrong turning, of perhaps—no, almost certainly—dragging down the man who loved her. She saw suddenly the wickedness of marrying him just to escape her own prison. She understood clearly that only love could have justified her—no other motive than that. She saw the evil of fastening her past to an honorable man whose good name and family demanded of him something better. She felt as if the writer had torn aside a veil and shown her her naked soul. And and—the the book was a good book, and did not condemn sinners—she was shocked, she was horrified, at what it made her see."

Rosemary suddenly closed her hand upon the shining stone, and turned fully and resolutely to the man beside her.

"That night changed Rosa Mundi," she said; "changed her completely. Before it was over, she went to the young man who loved her and told him that she could not marry him. The letter did not go till the following evening. She kept it back for a few hours—in case she repented. But—tho she suffered—she did not repent. In the evening she had an engagement to dance. The young man was there—in the front row. And he brought his friend. She danced. Her dancing was superb that night. She had a passionate desire to bewitch the man who had waked her soul—as she had bewitched so many others. She had never met a man she could not conquer. She was determined to conquer him. Was it wrong? Anyway, it was human. She danced till her very heart was on fire, danced till she trod the clouds. Her audience went mad with the delight of it. They raved as if they were intoxicated. All but one man! All but one man! And he—at the end—he looked her just once in the eyes, stonily, piercingly, and went away!" She uttered a sharp, choking breath. "I have nearly done," she said. "Can you guess what happened then? Perhaps you know. The man who loved her received her letter when he got back that night. And—and she had bewitched him, remember—he killed himself. The friend—the writer—she never saw again. But—but—Rosa Mundi has never forgotten him. She carries him in her heart—the man who taught her the meaning of life."

She ceased to speak, and suddenly, like a boy, sprang to her feet, tossing away the stone that she had treasured in her hand.

But the man was almost as quick as she. He caught her by the shoulder as he rose. "Wait!" he said. His voice rang hard, but there was no hardness in his eyes. "Tell me—who you are!"

She lifted her eyes to his fearlessly, without shame. "What does it matter who I am?" she said. "What does it matter? I have told you I am Rosemary. That is her name for me, and it was your book called 'Remembrance' that made her give it me."

He held her still, looking at her with a growing compassion in his eyes. "You are her child," he said.

She smiled. "Perhaps—spiritually. Yes, I think I am her child, such a child as she might have been if—Fate—had been kind to her, or if she had had your book before—and not after."

He let her go slowly, almost with reluctance. "I think I should like to meet your—Rosa Mundi," he said.

Her eyes suddenly shone. "Not really? You are in earnest? But—but—you would hurt her. You despise her."

"I am sorry for her," he said, and there was a hint of doggedness in his voice as tho he spoke against his better judgment.

The child's face had an eager look, but she seemed to be restraining herself. "I ought to tell you one thing about her first," she said. "Perhaps you will disapprove. I don't know. But it is because of you—and your revelation—that she is doing it. Rosa Mundi is going to be married. No, she is not giving up her career, or anything—except her freedom. Her old lover has come back to her. She is going to marry him now. He wants her for his wife."

"Ah!" It was the man who was eager now. He spoke impulsively. "She will be happy then? She loves him?"

Rosemary looked at him with her clear, unfaltering eyes. "Oh, no," she said. "He isn't that sort of man at all. Besides there is only one man in the world that she could care for in that way. No, she doesn't love him. But she is doing the right thing, and she is going to be good. You will not despise her any more?"

There was such anxious appeal in her eyes that he could not meet it. He turned his own away.

There fell a silence between them, and through it the long, long roar of the sea rose up—a mighty symphony of broken chords.

The man moved at last, looked down at the slight, boyish figure beside him, hesitated, finally spoke, "I still think that I should like to meet Rosa Mundi," he said.

Her eyes smiled again. "And you will not despise her now," she said, her tone no longer a question.

"I think," said Randal Courteney slowly, "that I shall never despise any one again."

"Life is so difficult," said Rosemary with her air of one who knew.

* * *

THEY were strewing the pier with roses for Rosa Mundi's night. There were garlands of roses, festoons of roses, bouquets of roses; roses overhead, roses underfoot, everywhere roses.

Summer had returned triumphant to deck the favorite's path.

Randal Courteney marked it all gravely, without contempt. It was her hour.

No word from her had reached him, but that night he would meet her face to face. Through days and nights of troubled thought, the resolve had grown within him. To-night it should bear fruit. He would not rest again until he had seen her. For his peace of mind was gone. She was about to throw herself away upon a man she did not love, and he felt that it was laid upon him to stop the sacrifice. The burden of responsibility was his. He had striven against this conviction, but it would not be denied. From the days of young Oscar Baron's tragedy onward, this woman had made him as it were the star of her destiny. To repudiate the fact was useless. She had in her unprovened, impulsive fashion made him surety for her soul. The thought tormented him, but it held a strange attraction for him also. If the story were true, and it was not in him to doubt it, it touched him in a way that was wholly unusual. Popularity, adulation, had been his portion for years. But this was different, this was personal—a matter in which reputation, fame, had no part. In a different sphere she also was a star, with a host of worshipers even greater than his own. The humility of her amazed him. She had, as it were, taken her fate between her hands and laid it as an offering at his feet.

And so on Rosa Mundi's night he went to the great pavilion, mingling with the crowd, determined, when her triumph was over, to seek her out. There would be a good many seekers, he doubted not; but he was convinced that she would not deny him an interview.

He secured a seat in the third row, avoiding almost by instinct any more conspicuous position. He was early, and while he waited, the thought of young Oscar Baron came to him—the boy's eager face, the adoration of his eyes. He remembered how on that far-off night he had realized the hopelessness of his case, how he had shrugged his shoulders and relinquished the struggle. And the battle had been his even then—a bitter victory more disastrous than defeat.

He put the memory from him and thought of Rosemary—the child with the morning light in her eyes, the innocence of the morning in her soul. How tenderly she had spoken of Rosa Mundi! How sweetly she had pleaded her cause! With what amazing intuition had she understood! Something that was greater than pity welled up within him. Rosa Mundi's guardian angel had somehow reached his heart.

People were pouring into the place. He saw that it was going to be packed. And outside, lining the whole length of the pier, they were waiting for her, too, waiting to strew her path with roses.

Ah! She was coming! Above the wash of the sea there rose a roar of voices. They were giving her the homage of a queen. He listened to the frantic cheering, and again it was Rosa Mundi, splendid and

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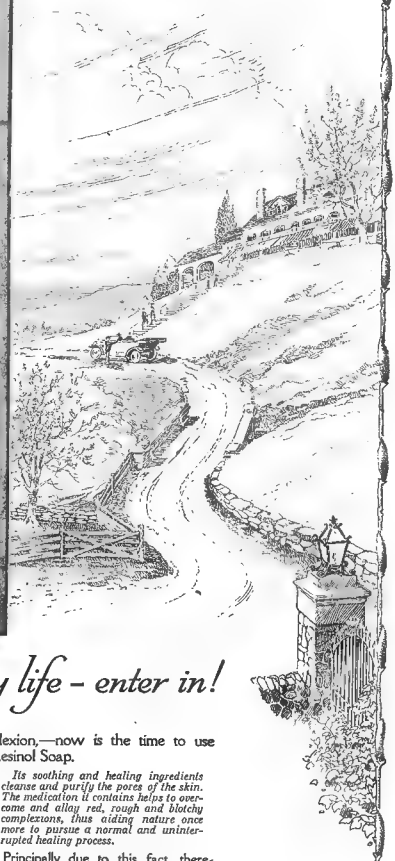

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Rosa Mundi

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

brilliant, who filled his thoughts as she filled the thoughts of all just then.

The cheering died down, and there came a great press of people into the back of the building. The lights were lowered, but he heard the movement, the buzz of a delighted crowd.

Suddenly the orchestra burst into loud music. They were playing "Queen of the Earth," he remembered later. The curtain went up. And in a blaze of light he saw Rosa Mundi!

Something within him sprang into quivering life. Something which till that moment he had never known awoke and gripped him with a force gigantic. She was robed in shimmering transparent gold—a queen-woman, slight indeed, dainty, fairy-like—yet magnificent. Over her head, caught in a jeweled fillet, there hung a filmy veil of gold, half-revealing, half concealing the smiling face behind. Trailing wisps of golden gossamer hung from her beautiful arms. Her feet were bound with golden sandals. And on her breast were roses—golden roses.

She was exquisite as a dream. He gazed and gazed upon her as one entranced. The tumult of acclamation that greeted her swept by him unheeded. He was conscious only of a passionate desire to fling back the golden veil that covered her and see the laughing face behind. Its elusiveness mocked him. She was like a sunbeam standing there, a flitting, quivering shaft of light, ethereal to be fully grasped, almost too dazzling for the eye to follow.

THE applause died down to a dead silence. Her audience watched her with bated breath. Her dance was a thing indescribable. Courteney could think of nothing but the flashing of morning sunlight upon running water to the silver strains of a flute that was surely piped by Pan. He could not follow the spiralling wonder of her. He felt dazed and strangely exhilarated, almost on fire with this new, fierce attraction. It was as if the very soul were being drawn out of his body. She called to him, she lured him, she bewitched him.

When he had seen her before, he had been utterly out of sympathy. He had scorned her charms, had felt an almost angry contempt for young Baron's raptures. To him she had been a snake-woman, possessed of a fascination which to him was monstrous and wholly incomprehensible. She had worn a strange, striped dress of green, tight-fitting, hideous he had deemed it. Her face had been painted. He had been too near the stage, and she had revolted him. Her dance had certainly been wonderful, sinuous, gliding, suggestive—a perfectly conceived scheme of evil. And she had thought to entrap him with it! The very memory was repulsive even yet.

But this—oh, this was different. This thing of light and air, this dancing sunbeam, this creature of the morning, exquisite in every detail, perfectly poised, swifter than thought, yet arresting at every turn, vivid as a meteor yet beyond all scrutiny, all ocular power of comprehension, she set every nerve in him aquiver. She seized upon his fancy and flung it to and fro, catching a million colors in her radiant flights. She made the hot blood throb in his temples. She beat upon the door of his heart. She called back his vanished youth, the passion unassuaged of his manhood. She appealed to him directly and personally. She made him realize that he was the one man who had taught—and could teach—her the meaning of life.

Then it was over. Like a glittering crystal shattered to fragments, his dream of ecstasy collapsed. The noise around him was as the roar of thundering breakers. But he sat mute in the midst of it, as one stunned.

Some one leaned over from behind and spoke to him. He was aware of a hand upon his shoulder

"What do you think of her?" said Ellis Grant in his ear "Superb, isn't she? Come and see her before she appears again!"

As if compelled by some power outside himself, Courteney rose. He edged his way to the end of the row and joined the great man there The whole house was a seething turmoil of sound

Grant was chuckling to himself, as one well pleased. In Courteney's eyes he looked stouter, more prosperous, more keenly business-like, than when he had spoken with him a few nights previously. He took Courteney by the arm and led him through a door at the side.

"Let 'em yell 'emselves hoarse for a bit!" he said. "Do 'em good. Guess my rose of the world ish't going to be too cheap a commodity. Which reminds me, sir. You've cost me a thousand English pounds by coming here to-night."

"Indeed?" Courteney spoke stiffly. He felt stiff, physically stiff, as one forcibly awakened from a deep slumber

The man beside him was still chuckling. "Yes. The little witch! Said she'd manage it somehow when I told her you weren't taking any. We had a thousand on it, and the little devil has won, outwitted us both. How in blunder did she do it? Laid a trap for you; what?"

Courteney did not answer. The stiffness was spreading. He felt as one turned to stone Mechanically he yielded to the hand upon his arm, not speaking, scarcely thinking.

And then—almost before he knew it—he was in her presence, face to face with the golden vision that had caught and—for a space at least—had held his heart.

He bowed, still silent, still strangely bound and fettered by the compelling force.

A hand that was lithe and slender and oddly boyish came out to him. A voice that had in it sweet, lilting notes, like the voice of a laughing child, spoke his name.

"Mr. Courteney! How kind!" it said.

As from a distance he heard Grant speak. "Mr. Courteney, allow me to introduce you —my wife!"

There was a dainty movement like the flash of shimmering wings. He looked up. She had thrown back her veil.

He gazed upon her. "Rosemary!"

She looked back at him above the roses with eyes that were deeply purple—as the depths of the sea. "Yes, I am Rosemary—to my friends," she said.

Ellis Grant was laughing still, in his massive, contented way. "But to her lover," he said, "she is—and always has been Rosa Mundi."

Then speech came back to Courteney, and strength returned. He held himself in firm restraint. He had been stricken, but he did not flinch.

"Your husband?" he said

She indicated Grant with a careless hand. "Since yesterday," she said.

He bowed to her again, severely formal. "May I wish you joy?" he said

There was an instant's pause, and in that instant something happened. She had not moved. Her eyes still met his own, but it was as if a veil had dropped between them suddenly. He saw the purple depths no more.

"Thank you," said Rosa Mundi, with her little, girlish laugh.

As he strode down the pier a few minutes later, he likened the scent of the crushed roses that strewed the way to the fumes of sacrifice—sacrifice offered at the feet of a goddess who cared for nothing sacred. Not till long after did he remember the tears that he had seen her shed.

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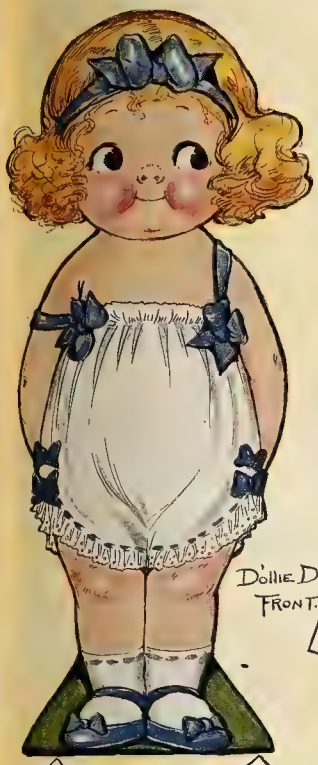

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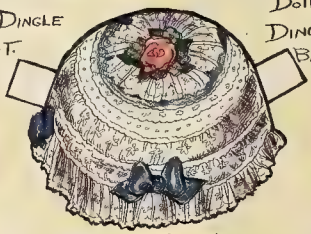

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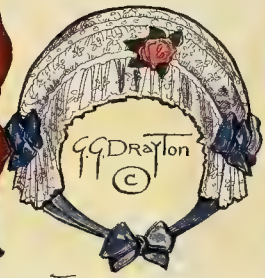

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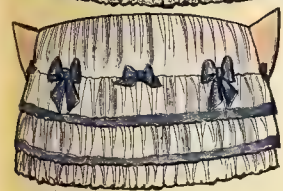

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BACK OF PETTICOAT

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STARS IN THE MUSICAL FIRMAMENT

Below is beautiful Hulda Lashanska, the lyric soprano, whose wonderful voice has raised a furor in the modern world of music.

Mary Garden needs no introduction. She is as talented an actress as she is an extraordinary singer, which is saying a great deal.

Barbara Maurel is a newcomer to the concert stage. Her clear mezzo soprano voice is quite remarkable in its wide range.

Riccardo Stracciari, the well known Italian baritone, is especially good in highly dramatic roles

An American singer of note is Alice Neilson, whose lyric soprano has made her world-famous.

Toscha Seidel, with his remarkable technique, has given a new tone-value to the violin

A baritone whose voice will carry him far is Georges Baklanoff, a young Russian singer of great depth. He has done Grand Opera as well as concert work and his voice leaves absolutely nothing to be desired as far as technique and quality are concerned.

Above is Oscar Seagle, the famous baritone who is as well known as any male singer. His genial personality always awakens enthusiasm.

To the left is Hipolito Lazaro, the Spanish tenor, remarkable for his high notes. His voice is unusually sympathetic.

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Love's Labor

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

would rather have seen Julius in her parlor than a grand duke.

Maw slipped out, if one of her bulk could be said to slip; and presently they heard a pleasant clinking and chinking. The glass and china gave out little musical sounds, as if they were attuned. There was a sound of rushing, mighty waters, as Maw turned on the faucet for the lemonade. Presently, in her lawn and white, she invited them artlessly out.

"Tain't much," apologized Maw; "just a Sunday-night snack—Hardly fit to be set 'fore company——"

"I'm not company, I hope," said Julius, boldly, "not that kind, I mean—one o' the family like——"

Irby colored. It was as if a pink sap ran under her skin. Maw's great maternal bosom swelled —if this should be the long denied son—

"Aw, set up!" urged Paw. "Let's eat."

IT WAS a shame to desecrate that table, set out all in cool colors of glass, china, and silver. Maw had a pretty taste in dishes; the plates were like little round flower-beds palely springing into bloom. The thin cloth glistened, and made a checkered pattern where its precise folds had been. A tiny golden wheel of lemon swam at the top of every glass. The chicken had sliced beautifully; the rich bouquet of its spices was diffused from the great cake, cut triangularly through its perfect round, its clefts like slender spokes. Maw's jell swayed like a bell.

"It ain't much," deprecated Maw, at Julius's outspoken delight; "I'm most ashamed——"

"—That cake—it don't take no time to stir up—"

"—Trouble—this little—"

"—Work—'tvrant any—I've loved to have you just happen in so—"

"—Sure—any Sunday. What's a extry plate and glass?"

"Now Irby—you leave those dishes be. Irby and her Paw did all the dinner work, Julius, every speck! 'Tsall I can do to keep that girl out of the kitchen, and her on her feet working all week! You two run along this is just nothin'—must be most League time"

But she winced when Julius took her hand and tried to conceal it under a tremulous laugh, but they had all seen. And now they saw under the lawn sleeve had concealed a powdered red welt across the wrist.

"Maw—" cried Irby; "Maw—Maw——"

She caught Maw's warning look in time. The two women, banded together as women must band in the silent, urgent conflict for their dearest rights, intuitively held their secret. It would never do for Julius to know that the cake had been baked for him. And Paw couldn't be trusted not to blab everything right out.

But Irby came running back from the walk, and in the kitchen, filling now with gray light, she put her thin arms with their knobby wrists and elbows, about her mother's neck.

"Maw—" said Irby; "Maw—Maw——"

"There—Irby—you'll muss your dress. 'Tsall right—'tsall right!"

"Aw—come on out!" called Paw from the porch. "Leave the blame work till morning!"

"I believe I will," agreed Maw. "Ain't that Ettie and Ed coming up the walk?"

It was Ettie and Ed; a sort of cousinship by marriage made them something more than friends.

"No, we can't come in, "sung out Ettie; and destroyed her Ed's hopes at one blow. "Get your bonnet and come along with us to church!"

"I don't b'lieve I feel like it to-night," apologized Maw. "So hot, and all. Paw went this morning."

"Heat," said Effie, "hadn't ought to have nothing to do with going to the house of God." She pronounced it "Gawd," as if to invest the stark brevity of the name with a sort of reverence and solemnity. She went on to elaborate, as she had heard certain evangelists do—"'Let your light so shine'—What are you going to do about your light, my sister?"

Maw passed a hand across her threaded hair. "What, think, Paw? Mebbe we had ought——"

"You set," said Paw gruffly, "right where you be!" Maw loved Paw's gruffness. It was the homely cloak of his tenderness for her. Still the phrase, "the house of God," troubled her vaguely. She had served all day, like a handmaiden and not one thought of Him—What she had done, she had done for Paw and Irby—for love of them.

She went up-stairs early; the old drowsiness had come upon her. And later, in a half-awakened consciousness, she heard Paw's clumsy ascent.

"That you, Paw?"

"Coming up to change my shirt!" sung out Paw, jubilantly; "third and last time to-day!"

"Did you remember to leave the light burning for Irby—light—so—shine——"

Some time later Maw wakened to a full and alert consciousness. An acrid, smudgy odor from the turned-down wick of the sentry-lamp in the parlor, floated in the warm, vaporous air of the close little room Maw never noted the smell of the singed wick, nor the suffocating closeness of the box-like room; but in very Aladdin wonder of lamp-light, she saw Irby in the door. Her little pale face was now all dim gray shadow, out of which burned twin stars. The stars were Irby's eyes, lighted like candles at a shrine—the shrine of her maiden love.

"Maw—" whispered Irby; "Maw—Maw——"

"Irby—honey—" Maw's great, muslin-clad arms groped outward toward star and shadow.

"Oh, Maw—I don't know how to tell you——"

Maw said matter-of-factly, so that there might be no illusion as to the exact status of affairs—

"Has he spoke?"

The situation was one of unparalleled delicacy in the relation of mother and daughter. Maw felt her way cautiously. She only stroked the little peak that was Irby's shoulder-blade——"

Irby said, presently,

"He asked if I could get ready by June. He said"—with admirable dependence relaxed all her tense little figure—"he couldn't bear me to clerk through another Summer. He's going to speak right away to-morrow for the Allen place—it's for rent. They're going to California—he thought of it himself, Maw. He said, 'So's you and your mother can neighbor.'"

Maw continued to pat vaguely this prospective new neighbor. She had almost literally no imagination; but the strangest images began to form in her mind. She seemed to see the old Allen place and her own little frame joined by a curious passage-way—it was alive with little children. Maw had never had a son. She hoped that one of Irby's—

"We'll tell Paw to-morrow," said Irby, presently.

"Yes—to-morrow—" agreed Maw, jealously. It was her secret to-night—her's and Irby's—and, yes, unwillingly she admitted—Julius's.

"It don't leave much time," computed Maw; "we must get about your things right away. And plan about the weddin.' Who did you think of having, Irby?"

"Julius and I neither of us want a big wedding. Just our folks and a few friends. Just a home weddin' and home folks."

"I always said you had the best judgment, Irby," approved Maw.

"Oh, Maw"—said Irby —"you—you glad?"

"Glad!" said Maw, devoutly. For Irby was getting on.

THEY kissed with a strange, new bashfulness. Maw's kiss on Irby's straight little mouth lay superimposed above another kiss. Maw humbly and silently accepted second place.

At breakfast Paw said,

"Women are the beatin'est! Go up to bed at eight, and then lay and jabber around midnight!"

Maw and Irby eyed each other guiltily. Had Paw, in his chamber that was the narrow little upper porch, heard——

Maw said, relinquishing the secret, "You might as well tell him, Irby."

"I'm engaged, Paw," said Irby.

"See your ring!" scoffed Paw.

Irby held it up—a little blue stone in a circlet. "Julius said blue was my color," said Irby, brazenly.

Paw, to conceal a strange delight of pride and relief, took a hasty gulp from his cup. He choked and sputtered.

"Eat right ahead!" charged Maw, bitterly; "just as if Irby got engaged every day!"

Irby patted Paw's heaving shoulders. Under her ministrations, he revived, and before she left off, he caught and held her thin, little, knuckly hand.

"He better be good to you," growled Paw, "or he'll have me to answer to!"

Paw was little and weazened; Julius was of a fine, upstanding build. But neither Irby nor Maw challenged the threat. They all three went on eating.

But after Irby, fairly ringed with happiness, had left for the store, Maw turned from her pans. The suds foamed up like a little churning sea. Out of the spray and steam, Maw's face shone like a foggy sun.

"Oh, Paw—do you think—they'll be happy?"

Paw had been asking himself the same question. He turned a re-assuring face upon this other seeker after truth.

"Ain't we been?" demanded Paw.

Women, as Paw had aforetime observed, are the beatin'est. Paw had only replied with a question; and Maw had taken it for answer.

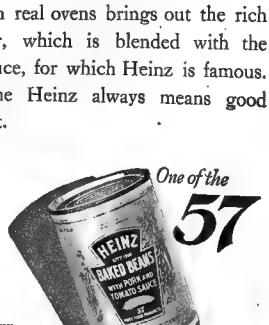
HEINZ
OVEN BAKED BEANS

Their appetizing taste

THE taste of Heinz Oven Baked Beans is their supreme claim upon your appetite. All of their marvelous food value, their ease of preparation, their elimination of over-much meat from your diet, their economy, count for much; but foremost is their appetizing, satisfying taste.

Baking in real ovens brings out the rich bean flavor, which is blended with the Tomato Sauce, for which Heinz is famous.

The name Heinz always means good things to eat.



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Spaghetti
Tomato Ketchup
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All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

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MOTHER AND BABY

Conducted by
ANNA STESE RICHARDSON

Pictorial Review Mother Club

A Little Talk about the Care of Babies in Their Fourth Month

YOUR baby is now starting the fourth month of his life, and during the next thirty days many interesting things will happen for both mother and child. These will include changes in food, clothing, and habits, and each must be made with infinite discrimination and care.

About this time you may have some misgivings—particularly about the food. Baby is growing rapidly. He is exercising. He is developing a will of his own. And if you are the average mother of an average child in good health, you are wondering whether he gets enough to eat.

You write that he never seems quite satisfied: that he chews his fist, that he is always nosing around for bottle or breast, that everything which comes his way is thrust into his mouth.

To understand this, study kittens and puppies. Bend over the box or basket in which they are housed, and you will see that they manifest the same symptoms of "hunger." But the wise mother—cat or dog—goes serenely about her business until instinct tells her that it is feeding time, or until the cries from the home-nest ring with the true note of hunger.

The comfort and cuddling which come with nursing-time are the only sensations which a well-kept baby feels, and he learns to like them at an early age. So be very sure that he is hungry, not merely restless or spoiled, before you increase his rations.

The one definite test of correct feeding is the baby's weight. If he is gaining at the average rate of six ounces a week, he is well fed, his protests to the contrary, notwithstanding. If he is a breast-fed baby, it is not necessary to change his schedule, to shorten the interval, simply because you think that he "acts hungry." During the fourth month, the three-hour schedule is right. When a baby is very strong and a good sleeper, the interval may even be lengthened to four hours, especially if the baby gains more than the average of six ounces a week. Another reason for lengthening the feeding-interval is vomiting, which may show that he is being over-fed or that the breast-milk is too rich.

One mother recently wrote me that her baby was gaining from seven to eight ounces a week and was perfectly well except that he vomited after feeding and had occasional attacks of colic during which he cried for an hour or more at a stretch. I advised the four-hour schedule and a drink of warm water instead of the 2 A. M. feeding, and she writes that improvement was almost immediate. More babies suffer from overfeeding than underfeeding.

Reduce the Night Feedings

THIS brings us to the discussion of the night feedings for babies at this age—the fourth month.

Lessening the number of night feedings is purely a matter of good judgment. The baby who is not gaining must be fed during this period at least twice during the night, at 9 or 10 P. M. and at 2 or 2:30 A. M. But the baby who takes his food lustily in normal quantities and retains it, whose bowels are regular and who is gaining normally, can now have his night schedule changed gradually.

We will assume that you have been feeding him at 6 and 9 P. M. He is being a normal baby, he has shown a tendency to sleep beyond the 9 o'clock feeding. Perhaps you are awakened even at 9 or 9:15. This means that you can safely let the 'interval stretch another hour—when you will be going to bed—at 10 or at 10:30. He will not notice the change in interval, and you will not be nursing or feeding him between 6 P. M. and 10:30 P. M.

The next logical change will be to drop the 2 A. M. feeding, but this should not be done too abruptly, and not until he is established in the new feeding hour of 10 or 10:30. If he awakens through habit at 2 A. M. for a few nights, give him a bottle-feeding of water which has been boiled and cooled. An ounce or two is enough. Do not add sugar, nor peppermint, nor cow's milk; just pure boiled water. If he is properly nourished during the day, this will send him off to sleep again. But whenever he rouses in the night for feeding, be sure that you change him, leaving him warm, dry, and cuddly.

When he is five months old, if he is a normal baby, he will not nurse between the 10 or 10:30 feeding and 6 A. M.

If he is a constipated baby, this is the time for introducing laxative elements into his diet. Start with orange-juice; give two teaspoonfuls of the strained juice of a sweet orange one hour before the second feeding in the morning. Never give the juice of a sour orange with cane-sugar added, because you do not know just how much sugar such an orange requires. The ripe, sweet orange is safer.

Never give orange-juice just before or after nursing or bottle-feeding. Two hours should elapse after feeding before it is given.

ANOTHER method of fighting constipation in the breast-fed baby during the fourth month is the supplementary bottle-feeding, and this is a wise move, even tho your supply of breast-milk may be plentiful. The one bottle-feeding in each twenty-four hours may be given at noon, and during the fourth month a safe formula is this

Three ounces plain milk.
Three ounces oatmeal water
One scant teaspoonful milk-sugar

The oatmeal water is laxative. Recipe for making it will be sent on receipt of self-addressed and stamped envelop.

Even if your baby is thriving on breast-milk, at this age he should have one bottle-feeding a day, the first step in the gradual weaning process of which modern doctors approve.

The bottle-fed baby who is thriving well, and who sleeps as he should, may have the same long feeding-interval at night, no feeding between 6 P. M. and 10 or 10:30 P. M., and none between 10:30 P. M. and 6 A. M. But please understand that these long intervals are not suited to the delicate or undernourished baby on special diet.

During the fourth month, both breast- and bottle-fed babies should be given water regularly until the desire for it is established. Many physicians called to treat children three years or older trace disorders of digestion and kidneys to the fact that their little patients never drink water, and their systems are not properly flushed. A baby should always be given water which has been boiled and cooled to the temperature of breast-milk or a trifle less, but no baby should ever have ice-water. Induce your child as soon as possible to drink water from a cup

Next to these slight changes in diet, the most important is shortening Baby's clothes. If your baby is in his fourth month during these pleasant Spring days, you are fortunate, for there is slight danger of his taking cold. And certainly at four months he should be in short skirts which leave his feet and legs free for kicking, the first aid to normal growth. Perhaps you have noticed that his arms are more active than his legs and more sturdy. This is because he has learned to use his arms first. His legs have been swaddled in long skirts. And up to this time, long skirts have been necessary for his protection, as a sudden chill is always dangerous for a young baby. But now the twenty-seven-inch skirts may be shortened until Baby's toes first show when you hold him up, or when you lay him on the bed and draw the skirts down smoothly. This length will leave his arms and legs free, and by the time he is ready to walk, if the little dresses are large enough otherwise, they may be just the right length and not interfere with the first steps. If you make them too short now, he may take cold, and they will certainly will soon outgrow them, for now he is gaining in length as well as in weight.

Even on these warm Spring days he should wear plenty of light-weight cotton and wool, or silk and wool, including knitted bands with shoulder-straps, shirt, stockings, and Gertrude skirt which buttons on the shoulder. If the stockings are cotton and wool, the bootees, or moccasins, may be embroidered piqué, light blue—anything which suits your fancy. Not until the weather becomes really hot may you discard the flannel Gertrude skirt, for a baby is sensitive to every draft. The best guide for dressing a baby in any weather is the moisture of his skin. When he drips perspiration, he is overdressed, and some of the flannel garments must be removed. But always have the flannelet wrapper or little shawl at hand for sudden changes in temperature night and morning.

Who Shall Handle the Baby?

THE third big change in Baby's life at this time is usually Mother's willingness to let other members of the family handle him. Big sister or brother may hold him when he frets, or take him for an outing when Mother is busy. Aunt Helen or Cousin Jane is allowed to feed him or give him his baths.

And enter right here some of the grave dangers of babyhood.

Make your instructions very clear to all who are permitted to handle this precious bit of humanity. He must be guarded against falls and against poisonous germs. The willing big sister or brother must be shown how to hold him, with one hand supporting head and back firmly. Carelessness of the spine may result from careless holding of a baby, or from letting him sit up at this tender age.

The relative or friend who offers to bathe and dress Baby must understand the dangers of exposing him to drafts and of allowing him to slip under the water. My second little grandson, now seven weeks old, enjoys every minute of his daily bath, because he has never been frightened. His mother folds a bath-towel under his head and there he splashes and kicks right merrily; but if there were no bath-towel, if her arm did not steady him and he slipped under the water, terror would enter his small soul and never again would the bath-hour be pleasant for mother or child. It is always safe to lay a Turkish bath-towel in the bottom of an enameled tub for the baby to lie on, for this prevents his rolling over or slipping under the water.

But the gravest danger of all to your baby is exposure to contagion, especially to respiratory diseases; colds, grip, or whooping-cough. No matter who takes your baby out, warn the caretaker earnestly that no one, adult or child, is to kiss him, nor get close enough to breathe into his face. He must be admired at a safe distance. Especially if there be an epidemic of whooping-cough in your community, safeguard your baby. Here in New York more babies die from whooping-cough each year than from measles, scarlet fever, and diphtheria combined. Rarely, indeed, does

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

MOTHER CLUB BULLETIN

What You'll Find on Page 46

OF INTEREST to all readers—a worthwhile letter from a PICTORIAL REVIEW Father.

Of special interest to new readers—the registration blank for membership in PICTORIAL REVIEW MOTHER CLUB, and a list of good health literature sent without charge to all members of this mother-circle.

By the way are *you* a member of our Mother Club? If not, why not?

One reader asks, "What does it cost to join?"

Nothing—and there are no dues. And this goes whether you are a regular subscriber, a news-stand buyer of the magazine, or an occasional reader.

PICTORIAL REVIEW MOTHER CLUB is the contribution made by the publishers of this magazine to the nation-wide campaign for reducing infant mortality and raising the standard of child-health in America. Make it count in *your* home! Join now!

Letters Which Go Astray

WILL Mrs. Gertrude L. Wylie, Denver, Colorado, please send me her street and number? I wish to write her a personal letter

Which reminds me why some of our club members do not receive answers to their letters. For example, this morning, I received a letter stating that writer enclosed stamped and self-addressed envelop for immediate reply. The stamp was on the envelop but not the address. Neither had the writer given her address on her letter, and the postmark was so blurred that we can not decipher town nor State. I can not answer this letter unless she writes me again. In my files are scores of unanswered letters whose writers did not give a complete address. Please be careful for your sake and mine.

And please do not write to me and to the subscription, fashion, or pattern department in the same letter. Write a separate letter to each editor. This is a twelve-story building with departments scattered on different floors and hundreds of girls opening and sorting mail. If your letter goes to the subscription, pattern, or embroidery department first, I may never see it, because it must pass through many hands, which, however careful, sometimes make mistakes. We are a big, big family at PICTORIAL REVIEW.

Hot Cakes and Coffee Letters

WE'RE proud of these two letters—and a lot more, that came with dimes for the free breakfast service to soldiers.

"Enclosed please find 25 cents for buckwheats and coffee. Every little bit helps. Freddie, Bronx, N. Y." No family name or address—just a manly note from a manly boy.

And this from an Ohio member:

"A little message with my dimes. I have two reasons to be thankful to-night, so the gift comes willingly. First, my little baby is in our own fair land, untouched by war's terrors, safe, well. Second, her father and I send our heartfelt thanks to you for all your aid and advice, pervaded with common sense, that has robbed motherhood of its terrors and given us both so much comfort and joy. We thank you."

More about your generous gifts to Hot Cakes and Coffee Fund on Page 46.

Those Little Outstanding Ears

MANY mothers write of their distress because Baby's ears protrude. Would I advise an operation?

Certainly not—until other measures have been tried. Unless the growth is abnormal, it can be corrected by patient, persistent treatment.

When you lay Baby down, be sure you lay his ears back smoothly. Never allow the edge of bib or shawl to press between head and shoulder. In bathing, down, alternate his position, first on right side, then on left. Fold back his ears when you put on his cap for the daily outing.

If these simple means fail, try a ventilated cap with soft straps over the ears to be worn night and day. On receipt of stamped and self-addressed envelop, I will be glad to recommend several sanitary caps of this sort which have been tested.

An operation is the last resort and must be performed by a competent surgeon.

How to Treat Spring Fever

ARE you and your neighbors discussing Spring fever?

A hateful recollection of my childhood is being dosed with boneset-tea to prevent malaria and with sulphur-and-molasses to counter-act Spring fever. We do such things better to-day.

The langour of these first warm days is due not so much to change of temperature as to the reaction of body and nerves from the strain and the artificial life led in the average American home during cold weather.

All Winter long, we work, play, eat, and sleep in poorly ventilated, sometimes overheated rooms. We burn out our energies by the pressure of work which we think must be done. We eat stimulating foods, like meat, rich-made dishes, hot breads, and pastries.

Naturally when the weather turns warm, overworked stomachs, overtaxed nerves and poisoned lungs rebel. Such conditions can not be relieved with drugs. Give the body what it is crying for—fresh air, relaxation, seasonable food. Fling open your windows and purify the atmosphere of your homes. Let the family baby take his naps outdoors, covering his carriage or basket with mosquito-netting to protect him from the season's first flies

Roll outs and beds out on the sleeping-porch. Search the markets for fresh food, particularly fruits and vegetables which are rich in the vitamines that will restore wasted tissues. Green salads, rhubarb, early vegetables, especially when picked fresh from your own cold-frame or early garden, are the best Spring medicines.

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SNOWDRIFT

In airtight packages
so that Snowdrift is sure to be
pure and fresh

vegetable shortening

Snowdrift is pure, rich, vegetable fat—white and sweet and fresh.

There are many reasons why we believe you will like it better than any cooking fat you ever used before. But of all its advantages, the chief reason that Snowdrift is the choice of the good cooks who know it, is because Snowdrift is *fresh*.

Many and many a woman has told us that she has used shortening of one kind or another all her life and never realized until she tried Snowdrift, that shortening *could* be so fresh and good.

Snowdrift is sweet—what you mean when you say sweet cream. Snowdrift is fresh—as you use the word to describe new laid eggs. You know how much nicer eggs and butter and cream are when they are fresh. Did you ever stop to think that all shortening is fat—and is better when it is fresh?

In its new airtight package, Snowdrift is sweet and fresh when you open it in your kitchen. After it is open, it keeps just as well and as long as any other shortening. The advantage is that Snowdrift is fresh when you start to use it.

In any package that was not airtight, Snowdrift would grow old while it was on its way to your grocer and from your grocer's store to you. It would not spoil but it could not fail to lose something of its delicacy and freshness. Lots of women would never know the difference because they have never tasted shortening when it was absolutely fresh. But *we* know the difference and we want you to have Snowdrift as good as Snowdrift can be.

So, because freshness makes such a great difference in shortening, we always put Snowdrift into an airtight package.

The package we use for Snowdrift is the only kind known to the art of can-making at the present time, which insures an airtight container and is practical for shortening. It must be opened with a can-opener or a knife. It is a nuisance to open an airtight can. We wish we could offer you a package that would be easier to open. We have tried every kind of package we ever heard of in the search for one that would be more convenient for you. But nothing except an absolutely airtight can will *insure* freshness.

You will forget the trifling bother of opening the package when you discover how much nicer shortening is when it is really fresh.

Try Snowdrift just once—and see.

Your grocer has it or can quickly get it for you if you ask him to.

SOUTHERN COTTON OIL TRADING COMPANY
42 Broadway, New York

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The Baby Cariole

A play-place and slumber-chamber for baby with plenty of room to romp, play, kick, stretch, and grow in perfect freedom, happiness, and safety.

The smooth-running, rubber-tired wheels make it easy to roll the Cariole outdoors to porch or lawn, where baby can spend most of his time in the health-giving fresh air.

The precious little tenant is protected all the time from flies, mosquitoes, and neighborhood animals by rust-proof, finely woven wire screening on all sides and by a snugly fitting mosquito net over the top.

In the early days of the baby's life the mattress and spring are raised to Bassinet height, which is about as high as the seat of a chair. This saves the mother's strength, prevents stooping and lifting, and makes the care of the baby easier.

When the creeping stage comes, mattress and spring are dropped to the lower rest. Baby cannot possibly fall out. Nor can he climb out until he is two years old. After that, The Baby Cariole will serve as a roomy, comfortable bed.

30 Days' Trial Right In Your Own Home
Easy Monthly Payments

The Baby Cariole is a practical necessity—not a luxury. Itsavesmoney because it makes unnecessary the purchase of basket, bassinet, and crib. It cares for the baby asleep and awake, and will serve as a crib until he is old enough to sleep in a bed. It consists of framework of light, thoroughly seasoned wood (enameled in white) which will not swell nor warp -sides covered with strong, fine mesh, rust-proof wire screen — luxuriously soft, thick, first class mattress (spring and mattress can be raised to different heights)—strong, easy-running, rubber-tired wheels — and a close-fitting mosquito netting which covers the top—strongly built, and will last indefinitely. Hundreds of families have used a Baby Cariole to serve three and four children. Its appearance is unusually attractive — to own a Cariole is to want a baby. The outfit comes folded; assembling the parts is a matter of minutes and easy. When set up The Baby Cariole is 42 inches long, 26½ inches wide, and 29½ inches from floor to top of frame.

The Baby Cariole is far superior to a crib from every point of view; it is healthier and more comfortable than the cramped, stuffy confines of a perambulator. It is a boon to the mother as well as to the child, because it reduces lifting and handling of the child to a minimum, and because while in a Cariole the baby—asleep or awake—does not require constant watching.

We want The Baby Cariole to prove its worth right in your own home, and without the slightest risk or obligation on your part. We want you to see your child screened from danger and annoyance, sleeping wherever it is best to sleep—outdoors or in—in the breeze or out of drafts—in the sunshine or in the shade.

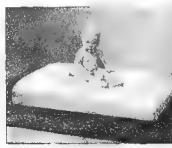
Then, we want you to see how Baby awake will love the Cariole and how he will thrive in it. You can have him near you wherever you are, without holding him. He will be serenely content in his safe, roomy, airy, comfortable castle.

So, we make this offer: We will send you at our risk a Baby Cariole (complete outfit), transportation prepaid by us. You may use it every day and every night for a month. Then, if you don't like it, or Baby doesn't like it, or if for any reason in the world you wish to return it, you may do so at our expense. Your first payment will be refunded. If you decide to keep The Baby Cariole, you can pay little monthly installments. Only perfectly new and unused Cariole outfits are sold. You need have no fear that a used mattress will be sent you—we destroy them.

Free Wind-Shield and Travel-Bag

Wind-Shield Attached

To those who respond promptly to this advertisement, we will send with the outfit, Absolutely Free, a Combination Wind-Shield and Sunshade and Travel-Bag. This article is made to fit over all, or any part, of the Cariole, to shield the child from rain, sunglare, or drafts, and thus makes it possible for him to spend more time in the open. It also serves as a Travel-



Packed for Travel

Bag—see illustration—and makes it an easy matter for the Cariole to go with Baby on vacations. Many Carioles have traveled around the world in this convenient way.

Our Offer

On receipt of $1.00 (personal checks accepted) The Baby Cariole, complete in all respects, and the Free Wind-Shield and Travel-Bag will be sent you, transportation prepaid by us. Let Baby use it 30 days and 30 nights at our risk.

If you wish to return the outfit, you may do so at our expense, and your first payment will be refunded without quibble or question; the trial will not have cost you a penny. There are absolutely no strings to this offer. If you decide to keep The Baby Cariole, send us $2.00 a month for only ten (10) months, total price, $21.00.

If you prefer to settle at once rather than pay monthly, send us $19.50. The 30 days' approval offer and return privilege apply to cash purchasers also. If you do not need the Cariole now send for literature anyway.

Write for terms on Canadian and Foreign orders

THE BABY CARIOLE CO.
66 Liberty St., Albany, New York

Use this Coupon

THE BABY CARIOLE COMPANY
66 Liberty Street, Albany, N. Y.

Enclosed is $1.00, send me, transportation prepaid, The Baby Cariole Complete Outfit and the Wind-Shield and Travel-Bag. If satisfied, I will send you $2.00 a month for ten (10) months If not satisfied, I will return the Cariole within 30 days at your expense, and you will refund first payment.

Name.....

Address.....

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Mother and Baby

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

a baby under six months survive this disease. So take no chances.

Father Has Something to Say

WHEN nine hundred and ninety-nine letters come from mothers, the one in a thousand written by a father is bound to create a sensation in this busy office. And when Father takes pen in hand, he asks for information by return mail, usually for a sick wife, or he offers a brisk suggestion, gleaned from bitter personal experience.

This particular message comes from a PICTORIAL REVIEW father who has helped to care for a colicky baby, more credit to him and his patience! He writes:

"First, the all-important thing I find is to feed him regularly and slowly, from twenty minutes to half an hour, and then when he is through, walk around, holding him upright against your breast for a few minutes. This position and the motion of your body greatly assist in raising the gas. I have also found that what will pacify the little fellow one time will utterly fail another. The best method I have devised is to change his position. For instance, lay him down on the bed, and then, if he cries, put him in his cradle, or his buggy. When he has pain in his stomach, we give him hot water, as hot as he can drink it without burning his mouth, warm his feet, and put the hot water-bag to his stomach. If your feeding-interval is every three hours, and he is hungry before the time is up, give him plain hot water to drink, but never sooner than two hours after his feeding. This will tide him over the interval without over-feeding him. My main point is to try different methods in doing things for a baby. A schedule is all right, but you must have variety in method as well. C. E. B——, Iowa."

THIS father makes two very good points; first, the change of position which often soothes a baby; second, extending the feeding-interval by giving a little hot water. Often a baby cries not from pain in stomach but because he is lying in a cramped position; or even if the little stomach aches, turning him over may bring up the troublesome gas. We can not agree with him, however, about nursing or feeding a baby half an hour. If the flow of milk is normal, no baby should nurse for more than twenty minutes.

What Fighting Men Think of Your Dimes

SIX hundred soldiers, sailors, and marines send their thanks for your dimes which are supplying buckwheat cakes and coffee free at the Stage Women's War Relief Service Canteen, 51 Washington Avenue, New York City. And the editors of this magazine add their thanks not only for the dimes but for the beautiful spirit of co-operation which shines through your letters. It makes us feel that editors and readers are one big family.

Send me your dime, to PICTORIAL REVIEW, 214-226 West 39th Street, New York, and I will carry the Service Honor Roll in your PICTORIAL REVIEW MOTHER CLUB Day, when I want thousands of your coupons on the walls. Who can say but a man from your town may find your name there, file wall and eat the breakfast for which *your* dime paid.

IF YOU need any of these pamphlets, send self-addressed and stamped envelop. They are free to all club members.

The Prospective Mother's Own Book.
Feeding Chart for Artificial Babies.
Colic and Its Cure.
Diet Suggestions—Ten Months to Four Years.
Diet for Nursing Babies.
Hot Weather Dishes for Young Children.
Treatment for Constipation in Breast-fed Babies under Six Months.
Treatment for Constipation in Babies from Nine Months to One Year.
Treatment for Constipation in Children of Two Years and Over.

PICTORIAL REVIEW MOTHER CLUB
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Please register my name as a member of THE MOTHER CLUB and send me in return, free of charge, a copy of Baby's Weight Record.

Name .....

Address .....

Date .....

May, '19

"We are advertised by our loving friends"

Robert Wilson, Montgomeryville, Penn

A
Mellin's Food
Boy

Mellin's Food, prepared with milk, is a complete food for an infant. By simply varying the proportions in its preparation, it can be adapted to children of all ages.

Write today for our helpful book. "The Care and Feeding of Infants." also a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food

Mellin's Food Company
Boston, Mass.

Your Baby

Should be a healthy happy growing baby if it has loving care, proper food and comfortable hygienic clothing

NON-NETTLE WHITE FLANNELS

Are the softest, smoothest, and least irritating flannels made. Also to $2.00 a yard) and are sold only by us. "Non-Nettle" stamped every half yard to salvage exempt all warps.

Send for Free Sample Case

containing samples of Flannels, Antiseptic Diaper, Rubber Sheeting, complete line of Baby White Goods, Linnies, Long Clothes, etc. Also illustrated catalog showing 50 styles of White Embroidered Flannels Infants' Outfits, Bonnets and hundreds of necessary articles for important mothers and the baby, and valuable information on the care of the baby

No advertising on wrappers. For 25 cents we will add a complete set of envelope samples of Paper Patterns for infant's wardrobe. Or we will send you $1.00 of tonight superbly Write at once or save this advertisement.

THE LAMSON BROS. CO., 333 Sassmit St., Toledo, O
Established in 1666 Known around the globe.

New Money-Making Plan

Do you want $2 an hour or more for your spare time? Or $60 a week for entire time? Our new sales system is making big money for men and women as factory agents in selling

Malloch-Knit Hose

Guaranteed for 6 months

and made-to-measure underwear—direct from mills to wearer Let us start you on a business of your own with our Free Sample Outfit and new plans. We pay all expense. Become our District Manager—appoint salesmen—and we pay you a commission on the goods they sell. WRITE TODAY.

Malloch Knitting Mills
295 G. Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

KIDDIE-KOOP

Keeps baby safe from pesky mosquitoes, flies, dirt, dust, and sudden jars. Baby eats, sleeps, and plays in cool comfort. Folds flat when not in use—so the cost is a good deal less than a crib. Write for Free Booklet, showing actual photographs of happy babies in Kiddie-Koops—get introductory offer.

KIDDIE-KOOP MFRS. CO.
2 Madison Ave., Dept. 5, Hanover, Pa.
Pat. Canada, Great Britain, Aug. 20, 1918.

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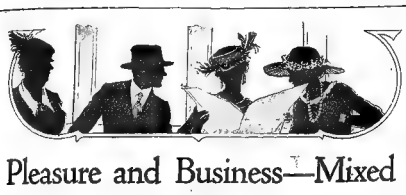


Pleasure and Business—Mixed

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

"Lookin' like a rose that's mixed up with a strawberry blossom," said Peregrine. "Er—McKettrick, I come to talk a leetle mite of business. You know I always figger to have a finger in all the pies in Ethan Valley, and so far I hain't connected up with your Tupper Falls plant. I was wonderin' if you didn't want to sell me a piece of it."

McKettrick caught his breath. This was too pleasing to be credible. He had been scheming to sell his stock to Peregrine, and now Peregrine was walking in anxious to buy—and no bait displayed.

"Why," said he, "I haven't figured on selling any of my holdings."

"But you might?"

"Well, things have been going pretty well. We haven't declared a dividend, but I think we will be able to please our stockholders before long. In fact, I may say so positively—in confidence."

"Uh-huh!" said Peregrine. "You got about a quarter of the stock, hain't you?"

"Yes."

"I don't calc'late to git into a thing I don't control," said Peregrine. "But I figger you got ways of pickin' up more stock if you want to do it."

"I might," said McKettrick.

"Got a figger in mind that 'ud persuade you to part with your stock, and git me enough more to give me a majority?"

"WELL, I might consider a hundred and twenty-five dollars a share."

"Shouldn't be a prized, but I wouldn't. Tell you what I'll do," said Peregrine. "I'll give you a hundred and five for seventy-five per cent. of the whole lot. Can you git that much?"

"Oh, yes," said McKettrick positively, figuring a profit of from fifteen to twenty-five dollars a share for all in excess of his own holdings. "I'll call it a deal."

"Good. I like things set down in black and white. Suppose we git in Judge Betts and have him draw up a contract statin' what we've agreed."

"Certainly," said McKettrick

So the thing was done. The contract drawn, duly signed and witnessed, and Peregrine had bound himself to buy three thousand seven hundred and fifty shares of stock of the Tupper Falls Pulp Company at a hundred and five dollars a share. McKettrick already counted a profit of a matter of fifty-five or sixty thousand dollars as ready-made to his pocketbook—and scores evened with Peregrine.

"It Is to Be Noted that He Made No Wide Circle to Avoid the Spot"

"You'll have to wait a few days for the balance of the stock," he told Peregrine. "All ex-dividend, you understand." This added to the profit, of course, for the company had on hand funds to declare a dividend of twelve per cent. on the year's business. Rather a neat stroke of work to be told himself.

They shook hands cordially and Peregrine went away from there. He made one call before going to his office—where he sat the whole evening in the lobby reading a paper, and later slept with his accustomed soundness.

Three days later he had a wire from a gentleman in the city which read, "McKettrick will make public news of closing down Tupper Mills temporarily."

"Um!" said Peregrine, "McKettrick's startin' out to buy that stock as soon as the news gets around. It'll cause considerable of a drop in price, I calc'late."

Immediately he sent a lengthy telegram to McKettrick, which had nothing to do with stocks or securities or mills. It read, "Come at once. Eisle threatens marry young man here. No money. Can't do anything with her."

"I calc'late," said Peregrine, "McKettrick 'll forgit about buyin' stock temporary."

That very morning Billy Irons was on his way to the city.

McKettrick did forget business. That night he arrived in Ethan and bitter was the denunciation he launched at Peregrine's head. At Peregrine's house he pounced upon his daughter, much to her astonishment, and to his own astonishment, found that she was an exceedingly determined young woman, and not in the least afraid of him. She informed him that she loved Billy Irons and intended to marry him, and, in effect, asked him what he was going to do about it. She asked it in a ladylike and gentle manner, of course, but the effect was the same.

McKettrick demanded to see Billy, but Billy was in the city, and Billy was exceedingly busy. He was not, therefore, available to the blight of parental wrath.

"Young woman," he said, "you're going home with me in the morning, and as soon as you can pack your trunks, you're going to California or Europe, or somewhere else that this fortune-hunting backwoods lawyer can't find money to travel to. You've seen your last of him."

"I'll go home with you in the morning, Father," she told him, "but I don't believe I'm going to California or anywhere else. I'm going to get ready to be married."

And exactly there the matter rested.

McKettrick and Elsie left Ethan in the morning. Billy returned to it that night.

"What success did you have?" Peregrine asked.

"First-class," said Billy.

"Your father-in-law was here, Billy. He took his daughter off with him. Said he was goin' to send her to Europe."

"Europe isn't far," said Billy, with a glint in his eye.

"Maybe," said Peregrine, "you won't have to do no sich a stretch of travelin'. Wait till Wednesday. This here is Friday. Kin you hold in that long?"

"If you say so," Billy replied.

The days of waiting passed heavily, but Wednesday came as Wednesdays have a way of doing, and it found both Peregrine and Billy in the city. Peregrine left Billy at the hotel and called on McKettrick.

"Accordin' to contract," he said when chilly greetings were finished, "this here is the day you was to deliver thirty-seven hundred and fifty shares of Tupper stock to me. Got 'em?"

"I—er—well, the fact of the matter is, there has been a little delay. I haven't got quite all of them yet."

"Huh! Had plenty time, hain't you. Set the day yourself."

"Somebody has been butting in," McKettrick said, furiously. "I don't understand it. I can't find out who it is."

"Which," said Peregrine, "to put things short and sweet, means you can't git my stock that I've bought."

"I admit I haven't been able to so far."

"I knowed it. Howd I knowit? Why, I met up with a young feller that claimed he was holdin' a lot, and when I asked him to sell, he let on he wanted it for himself, and wouldn't have anything to do with me."

McKettrick was silent. He found himself bound by contract to deliver something that was not his to deliver, and which he would have to go out on the market and buy. In the language of our stock-broking brothers, he had sold short a cornered stock—and in such circumstances the victim is expected to pay through the nose.

"Who holds this stock?" McKettrick demanded. "Where is he?"

"Stoppin' to a hotel down-town. Name's Irons," said Peregrine.

McKettrick rushed for his hat. "Show him to me," he demanded.

They found Billy Irons in his room. McKettrick did not hesitate; him in the stress of his excitement over his predicament, and Peregrine did not go out of his way to put Billy before him as the young man who had stolen the affections of his daughter.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48

He Will Take

The Bubble Grains, As You Know

Offer a boy a dish of bread and milk, and a dish of Puffed Wheat in milk. You know he will take, ten times in ten, these flaky, toasted bubbles.

In Puffed Wheat every food cell is exploded. The grains are shot from guns. He gets a scientific food, where digestion is easy and complete.

When children like it better—vastly better—why not serve some Puffed Grain to them in every bowl of milk?

Offer Him Choice At Breakfast

Serve Puffed Wheat to him, and beside it any other wheat food.

He will see in Puffed Wheat flimsy, toasted bubbles, puffed to eight times normal size.

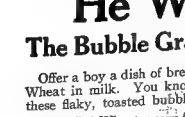
He will taste an almond flavor, much like toasted nuts.

There was never a wheat-wheat dish ever created which could tempt a boy like that.

When Puffed Grains are best for them, and are liked best, why not always serve them?

Serve Fruit

With Puffed Grains and without, and folks will always choose the blend.

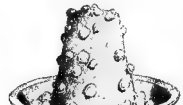


Serve Ice Cream

Serve it plain, then with a garnish of these. Many nut-like bubbles. See which children like the better

Serve Soup

In clear form then with Puffed Grains in it. See what these toasted bubbles add.



Serve Nut Meats

Then serve Puffed Grains, chopped and lightly buttered. See which boys prefer

Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

Corn Puffs

All Bubble Grains Each 15c

Except in Far West

How to Serve

With cream and sugar.
With melted butter.
In bowls of milk.
As ice cream garnish.
In your soups.
Also douse with melted butter for hungry children after school.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(3062)

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The Charm of Beautiful Finger Nails

JUST as most women appreciate that good taste in shoes and millinery greatly enhances their appearance, so do they realize that carefully manicured finger nails adds to their charm and appearance.

GRAF'S

HYGLO

Manicure Preparations

will enable every woman to keep her finger nails in perfect condition, without an extravagance of time or money.

Fifty Perfect Manicures for One Dollar

The Complete HYGLO Outfit (illustrated below) contains everything necessary for fifty perfect manicures. Included is a bottle of HYGLO Cuticle Remover and Nail Bleach, one jar each of HYGLO Nail Polish Paste (Pink) and HYGLO Nail White, and one cake of HYGLO Nail Polish; together with flexible nail file, emery board, orange stick and cotton.

Trial HYGLO Outfit 10 Cents

To enable you to try HYGLO Nail Polish (Powder) and HYGLO Cuticle Remover and Nail Bleach, we will mail you a small outfit including emery board, orange stick and cotton, upon receipt of 10 cents in coin or stamps.

The HYGLO Outfit at $1.00 or any of the individual HYGLO Preparations at 25 cents each, can be secured at most good drug and department stores, or will be mailed by us direct, if your dealer is not supplied.

GRAF BROS., Inc.
117 West 24th Street, New York
Established 1873

Pleasure and Business—Mixed

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

The talk was purely of business, and Peregrine sat back to listen.

"Irons," said McKettrick, "you've been buying up stock in the Tupper Falls Pulp Company. What for?"

"Looked like a good investment," said Billy.

"How much have you?"

"I don't know as there's a law compelling me to tell a perfect stranger, but I'll admit I have about eighty per cent., barring a share or so."

"Eighty per cent." This was a shock. The young man possessed practically every share not owned by McKettrick himself.

"The stock seemed to be selling fairly cheap—these last few days," Billy volunteered.

"You don't think of holding it? There are rumors about the mills. They are going to shut down."

"Not with me holding control, they're not," said Billy. "And listen, Mr. McKettrick, I've been talking to Mr. Ware here, and I know you've contracted to sell him stock that I hold. There's the point we start from. Now let's talk business."

"What proposition do you make?" McKettrick said a bit scarcely. He was caught, he knew he was caught, and what is much worse, this young man knew he was caught.

"I'll sell you the stock you've got to have for a hundred and fifty dollars a share, ex-dividend. I could squeeze you worse if I wanted to, but that's profit enough for me. It's my last word. Take it or leave it."

McKettrick expostulated, squirmed, struggled. He fought for hours, but Billy was adamant—and McKettrick was powerless. He surrendered.

Banks were not yet closed, so Billy and McKettrick and Peregrine went to the establishment with which McKettrick did business. McKettrick was closeted with the president for a brief time and presently emerged with a signed note and put up collateral, with a certified check for three hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars, which he turned over to Billy in exchange for a sheaf of stock certificates.

"Now, Ware," he said, "I've got your seventy-five per cent. Make good."

IT WAS Peregrine's turn to produce a certified check, one of three hundred and ninety-three thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars, in payment of three thousand seven hundred and fifty shares of stock. And the transaction was closed. The books stood to show profit and loss in a manner satisfactory to Peregrine and Billy. They owned nearly a hundred per cent. of the stock in a going concern about to declare a handsome dividend—a dividend that would be paid to them on all but the twelve hundred and fifty shares they bought from McKettrick. This was a small amount approximating forty-five thousand dollars, the dividend being twelve per cent. Twenty-five hundred shares they had sold to McKettrick for three hundred and sixty-five thousand, and bought it back for two hundred and sixty-two thousand five hundred—a neat showing of one hundred and three thousand five hundred dollars. On twelve hundred and fifty shares they had paid McKettrick a profit of five dollars a share, reducing their takings by sixty-two hundred and fifty dollars, and on the remaining twelve hundred and *fifty* shares acquired by them at an average price of eighty-five dollars a share under McKettrick's benevolent scheme to induce selling, they naturally made a profit of fifteen dollars a share, figuring it as well worth par. This added eighteen thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars. The total profit balance was one hundred and sixty-one thousand dollars even.

"BILLY," said Peregrine that night, "I invested your seven thousand dollars in this deal. Bought an even thousand shares on option with it. Larger that gives you a profit personal of about forty-five thousand, don't it? Add your capital and it makes fifty-two thousand. Enough to marry a girl on, eh? You kin git Elsie McKettrick on the telephone."

Billy wasted no words.

"Elsie," he said over the wire, "I've made enough money to afford a wife—every bit, and you deserve everything a husband can give. I'm proposing to you."

"I'm accepting," she said, "and don't you worry about Father. I'll attend to him. And, Billy, we have a hammock on our back lawn."

"Coming," said Billy, and he departed so hastily that Peregrine had to hang up the receiver which he dropped.

And some folks," said Peregrine to himself, "allow that pleasure and business don't mix."

From Tin Cans to Toys

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

selves, and new fields for future work were opened up to them. A convalescing bricklayer who had spent his days in the monotonous task of laying one brick upon another, could hardly believe it himself when he produced a twelve-cylinder automobile. A whole new world was opened to a clerk, who had spent the years since boyhood behind a counter, when he found that he could build a motor-boat. Fourteen used their own initiative upon being shown the simplest principles.

To the men suffering from shell-shock this form of industry was found to be particularly adapted. The simple tools needed, the absence of noise in the tin-can shop, seemed to make this work of great benefit in many cases, and the doctors are advocating giving it a trial wherever possible in shell-shock cases. The combination of simplicity with the chance to use creative ability is of untold value in such cases, where the aim is to find some interest great enough to blot out a horrible memory or to overcome an intense nervousness. At present, there are shops in a number of overseas hospitals as well as in this country. There are sixty more aids in training with Mr. Thatcher, who are interested in the work for its own sake as well as in the prospect of helping wounded soldiers in preparation for their return to civil life.

ANOTHER interesting phase of this work has been shown in connection with a public school near New York City where the boys were showing little enthusiasm in their manual-training classes. The instructor, with Mr. Thatcher's aid, gave tin-can work a trial, and soon the boys were begging for more time in the shops than before. Now they were turning out all kinds of mechanical devices. What joy to a real boy to make with his own hands a model of a tank or submarine! One boy in this school, who was one of the so-called backward pupils, found his vocation and is now on his way to becoming a self-supporting citizen. At the same time that tin cans furnished the interest, they also furnished material without cost, which is an item of importance to a teacher who too often finds himself handicapped in manual work by lack of adequate means with which to purchase raw materials. The boys vied with each other in scouting for supplies and soon collections of cans became more popular than collections of stamps.

THE work has proved of such value from the educational standpoint that Mr. Thatcher has been called in consultation with a number of men prominent in the educational world who have at heart the interest of young America. A forthcoming book by Mr. Thatcher will show how the work is really done, and will give clear, simple directions for camp cookery equipment, and decorative articles, as well as the toys. It shows that there is no tin can so humble but that it can be used to make some part of a toy.

This "salvage" will appeal to those of us who have had our thrift-sense stimulated in the past year. Perhaps we will begin to watch our kitchen waste-baskets as we are watching our garbage-cans. What more concrete lesson in thrift can there be than that pile of empty cans which furnished all the material for the perfect little model of an army truck?

Perhaps the most interesting fact in this wonderful collection of Thatcher toys is the perfection of every finished model. Each one is true to type—the kitchen stove has its fire-box with its damper that turns, and its lids that can be lifted. The engine has its bell that rings. Another feature of these toys is their durability, and upon that ground alone they appeal to parents, while the mechanical construction is a stimulus to the child's inventive ability as well as an amusement.

The Thatchers try to build toys in the same way that a child sees them, as perhaps a child would build them if he could. When designing toys for the wounded soldiers to make in the hospitals, Mr. Thatcher has constructed models that appeal to a soldier, and also to a child. The two are not so very different. The Thatchers are Americans doing their best to make toys worthy of American children. At the same time, perhaps, they are helping to make American children worthy of such toys.

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"How to Set the Table for Every Occasion," is a beautiful board bound book by Sara Swain Adams that will show you how to set the table for Holidays, Birthdays and every other Special Occasion.

You can obtain this $1.50 book for 50 cents (the cost of printing) from the Exclusive "Derryvale" Agency in your city or if you cannot locate the "Derryvale" Agency write direct to us, enclosing 50 cents, mentioning your dealer's name and the book will be forwarded prepaid.

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NO-WHIP VENTILATING
PORCH SHADES

How to get the most out of your porch—

IT can be made the favorite gathering place for all the family—a delightful outdoor room—if it is made cozy and attractive by proper use of Porch Shades. Our free "Book of Porches" tells you how to do it, shows you how others have beautified porches of all sizes and glass with Aerolux Porch Shades.

This book explains, too, why Aerolux Porch Shades give you greater comfort and longer wear than ordinary shades.

Write for this book—you will find it interesting and you will not be obligated in any way.

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ABSOLUTE HONEY PURE

—more than a delightful table delicacy full of the scent of blossoms—delicious with the flavor of fields and meadows.

Cook With Honey

You'll appreciate it even more if you use it in your cooking. Keeps bread and pastries moist and fresh much longer. Improves their flavor.

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"The Home of the Honey Bee."

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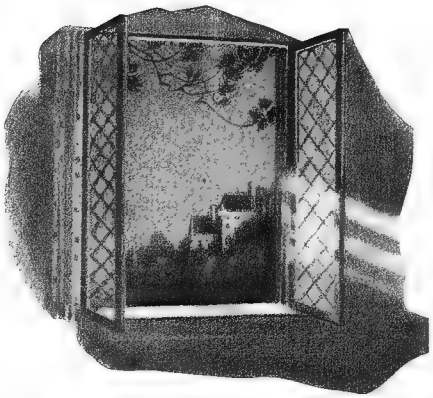
SIMMONS BEDS—*Built for Sleep*



Why can't you get better rest?

AMERICANS used to feel a secret pride in being labeled "a nation of neurasthenics."

Nowadays they are rather ashamed of it.

Neurasthenia is largely caused by not getting enough sound sleep.

If people would give as much thought to the *sleeping qualities* of a bed as to its looks, there would be fewer "light" sleepers.

The average bed is made as a piece of furniture—sold as a piece of furniture—bought as a piece of furniture.

And hardly a thought from anybody about *sleep!*

❦ ❦ ❦

RELAX—there is the master-secret of sleep!

Possibly you are one of the thousands who seldom get a clear night's rest. Look to your bed!

Most wooden beds creak a little.

The average metal bed has a loose joint—rattles slightly—feels unsteady.

Or maybe it is the spring that does not fit. One corner or another knocks slightly when you turn over—or it humps or sags.

❦ ❦ ❦

THE right bed invites perfect relaxation. It stands firmly. Its corners lock tight. Push it or pull it by one corner and it moves as one piece—not a rattle, a shake, a lurch, a suspicion of unsteadiness.

The right spring gives gently to the contours, but supports the body—a taut elastic foundation for the mattress. It does not sag or hump. It fits squarely on the bed.

❦ ❦ ❦

You may not know where to find a bed or a spring of this character.

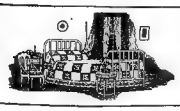
You have only to go to a leading merchant in your section and look at Simmons Metal Beds and Slumber King Springs.

They will not cost you any more than the average bed.

You will get a bed, a spring that *invites sleep*—and moreover finer style, a better choice of styles.

You will have unequalled choice of *Twin Beds*—a separate bed for each sleeper, welcomed everywhere by people of nice feeling.

Perhaps there is a thought here for you the next time you buy a bed or a spring.



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YOUR HOME AND THE NEW ERA

Drawing by Jessie Gillespie

The Country Woman Gets Into Line

She Is Working with Uncle Sam to Help Lower the High Cost of Living for Her City Sister

By HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT

SOMETIMES I think that the only hard part of living in the country is the being out of "things." I admit this occasionally, altho most of the time I won't admit of any hardship at all! But the last year taught me, as it must have taught many other women who live in the country, the joy of being "in things." No one was out of anything last year. We had our Liberty Bond Drives and our Red Cross affairs and our Food Conservation Drives just like every one else and for the first time in the five years in which I have been a country woman I could sit down and read the city newspaper with the feeling that I was part and parcel of almost every bit of news it contained.

All these drives and affairs have lessened if not stopped now, but I believe we shall never go back, we of the country, to being out of "things" again, simply because it is too much fun to be in. That is our side of the matter. The other side is ours, too, only in a more remote way. For what we have found out as individuals we have found out as a people, that is, the government of the country (which is of course ourselves, or will be when all get the vote), has found out not only what a big, big work all together, but what a stupendous asset such a working is.

And, as a country woman, I prophesy that the long arm of the government which stretched out and took us in during war times is going to stay right where it was and keep us out-of-the-way people in line—forever. Out my way we have two tangible proofs of my assertion, our County Agent, who came to us in war time, and our Home Demonstration Agent, who came during the last year of the war, and both of these are permanent institutions. We wouldn't be without them and neither would the government. Why? Because the strength of a democracy lies in its intimate reflection of the wishes and wants of all the people and every government agent who deals with individuals is just a little string of connection between Washington and you and me.

I well remember when our H.D.A. came and I went about to collect an audience for her first demonstration. When I told the women in our neighborhood that she was here and waiting for us, they looked at me as if I had presented them with something utterly useless, an explorer's outfit for a stay-at-home, for instance. But they came, at last, and when the meeting was over we were all marveling that we *had* come, for we are stay-at-home people.

"How on earth did you get Mrs. Y——?" said one of my neighbors. "She *never* goes to anything."

In a State two thousand miles away, at that very time, a Mrs. H—— was confessing,

"Until I began to attend these meetings held by the Home Demonstration Agent I have scarcely left home since I was married."

Out of Their Homes into "Things"

IF YOU think that I have taken all this space to tell nothing, I wish you would consider these two speeches thoughtfully. Because that is, to me, the very biggest thing the H.D.A.'s sent out by the Department of Agriculture co-operating with the State Agricultural Colleges did for the country women of America last year. They got them out of their homes, into "things." That is an end in itself. But it that end does not seem important enough to justify a governmental effort, let me tell you some of the things they did when they got out.

In the first place, no one had, as far as I know, attempted to indicate what the women of America accomplished in agriculture in the past few years. We have heard of the Women's Land Army and of the back-yard garden crusaders and I have no intention of reflecting upon either. But in a far bigger and more permanent way women all over the country have been starting new agricultural industries, starting them with a definite plan, experimenting and testing out their commercial value in a way that would be impossible without organization and leadership. And this work has been done mainly under the supervision of our H.D.A.'s.

In South Carolina, four new industries are rapidly passing out of the experimental stage. Five years ago the H.D.A. gave two girls who belonged to her canning clubs, seven hundred and twenty pimienta plants. The pimientas flourished, and the women and girls took more plants. Last year 27,077 pounds of pimientas were produced and marketed. Beginning in the same small way to grow peanuts, for which there is an ever-increasing demand, 12,000 women raised peanuts for peanut-butter making, in 1918. The two newer industries are grape-juice making and crystallizing citron, but these are too new for figures, but both promise well. The citron seed was brought from Johannesburg, South Africa, but it appears to like South Carolina just as well as its former home.

More Chickens Mean More Eggs

THE poultry industry is no mean industry in America and until last year it was, in the case of the small producer, all too often a losing industry. A friend of mine who kept a home flock was very faithful and accurate in her accounting. At the end of a year she came to me with a puckered brow.

"As far as I can find out," she said ruefully, "my flock has made just one dollar this year and that is all I have for my labor."

There were literally thousands of flocks like that when the Home Demonstration Agents and the County Agents undertook the poultry-culling and poultry-boosting campaign of last year. The States took up the campaign in various ways. California women started a movement to add two laying hens to every home flock and practically accomplished that end. Texas women called their campaign the "Can the Rooster" campaign and made their point of attack the getting rid of birds who did not produce a profit. In Missouri they figured the cost of keeping a bird at two dollars a year and if a bird did not produce more than that the bird was killed. In one month Johnson County, Missouri, weeded out 23,750 birds that were not worth their keep. These were killed and sold or canned for home use and the saving to the country was $19,000. Green County, next to Johnson, reported $10,000 saved.

All over the country hens were put on a paying basis. Getting out to discuss worthless hens and roosters brought other results. One of these was the formation of many egg circles. If you have ever been a country dweller, you know the quaint old-fashioned custom of taking your three dozen eggs to town with you and of coming home with a pound of soup-meat and a bag of salt from the country general store keeper. With a due sense of his large heart which you distinctly recognized, he had given you these "in trade" for the eggs. Down in Florida the women got up a conspiracy, with the help of their H.D.A.'s. Facts were all that were needed to make any woman join. And here are some of the facts. In Jacksonville the hotels were paying twenty-five cents a dozen for eggs and the women in Wakulla who supplied the eggs were receiving twenty-five cents a dozen. Organizing the Egg Circles under the direction of their Home Demonstration Agent, they made an arrangement to ship direct at sixty cents a dozen. Allowing for the expense in shipping and handling, the women got fifteen cents a dozen more for their eggs and the hotels got them for fifteen cents less. One woman in Washington County summed up results.

"It means $207.09 profit for me in six months," she said. "It means producing more eggs, better eggs, and that, thanks to the Egg Circle, we have a more social neighborhood."

Government Agents Are Teaching the Daughters as Well as Helping the Mothers

Discovering a new market through an Egg Circle resulted in a determination to do no more "in trade" business. Egg Circles sold for cash only. One old man remarked when he saw his wife's egg-money,

"Well, I've been living here for over thirty years, and I never knowed eggs to sell for money before!" The chance of earning, not a soup-bone and a bag of salt, but real money—only my sisters of the country know what that means to a country woman. And in a few months of Egg Circles, $10,560.00 of real money went into the pockets of Florida women.

Once together, the women not only cooperated in selling eggs but in breeding their flocks, and in this lies the whole future of the egg industry. When the old-fashioned hit or miss flock, in which no one knows which hen lays and which is a slacker, is done away with, we shall have better and cheaper eggs and fowls. Thirty-nine co-operative breeding associations started in the South last year, composed mainly of women and boys and girls, and this brings me to the admission that while the main object of the H.D.A. lies with the women of America, in actual fact her work in many States covers children, as well.

Club Girls Make Money

IN THE fifteen Southern States there are 61,580 girls who are members of Canning Clubs, 11,717 girls members of poultry clubs, no mean second to the women. And their work, directed by the H. D. A.'s is worth while, intelligent work. I am thinking, for instance, of referring the friend who made a dollar for her labor with her home flock to Marie Bradfishli of Moultree, Florida. Marie set 179 eggs last year and raised 152 chicks, whose market value together with their eggs totaled $204.24. Marie's expense—no charge for her labor—was $56.95. Her profit is $207.39. And most of us, could, I think, learn something from Anna Syker of Dade County, in the same State. Anna raised 6,300 pounds of tomatoes and sold them for $485.93. Her expense was $13.51 and her net profit $192.42.

And down in Virginia, Marie Wales, a New Kent Club girl, made 3,000 gallons of cane-sirup with her sirrup evaporator and said that it was very easy work.

When the shortage and high price of meats made us all look about for a cheaper supply, fifteen hundred Boys' and Girls' Club members in Tacoma, Washington, started raising rabbits for meat. Rabbit-raising is an easy and profitable industry and one of the cheapest sources of meat-supply known. California, Nebraska, and Utah, have also established rabbit industries through the Boys' and Girls' Clubs, and the club leaders, sent out by the State Colleges of Agriculture and the Federal Department at Washington, meet these young people and teach them how to raise, kill, dress, and market rabbits and how to use the skins and meat at home.

I have not enough space to do justice to this matter of food production through women, boys, and girls. But I shall stop long enough to tell you that out in Indiana the women have established a seed exchange to bring up the value of their gardens; that Arizona through her women has entered into a campaign to make herself self-sustaining, as before the war she imported more than half her food stuffs; that at Benton, Arkansas, the women have developed twenty-three varieties of garden vegetables and herbs that will flourish in that climate; that in Munroe County, New York, the Camp Fire Girls raised seventeen pigs to add to the food supply.

It sounds like all work in the country, doesn't it? And yet we country women love to do everything that city women do, to play, and to have nice clothes—altho you may not have guessed it. We have gone without play too much in the country, far too much. One of the lessons the war has taught beyond our forgetting is that play is *essential*. Our boys had to have it to whip Germany; we can't get along without it at home. And one reason why we don't have more in the country is the clothes reason.

One of the H.D.A.'s who was working in a Western State told me that in her district the women stated quite frankly that they would not come to meetings until they got suitable clothing. And at least a dozen H.D.A.'s stated that they had won the friendship of the women in their territory through shoes which on a big re-vaination project where the women, even as the men, had stood the brunt of the pioneering in an inhall country which had just been made over by irrigation, the women declined to attend a food conservation meeting.

"We can't be interested in food," they said, "but we do not know how to make ourselves presentable," and the H.D.A. being a wise young woman, dropped the matter of food and went to work to teach every one of them how to remodel her dresses and hats.

And after all the new hats had been made and the old frocks fixed over, the women turned to the H.D.A. and said,

"Go ahead and hold the food meeting. We'll come now."

If this were just a single instance, I would not be writing about it. But all up and down the land, hats and clothes made over and planned by the H.D.A.'s have been the introduction to very valuable work in co-operation. And if any one is inclined to be skeptical as to the necessity for teaching millinery to country women through a State or county demonstrator, let her remember that city schools have had classes in millinery both day and night for years and no one is objecting. It doesn't take long to make a hat or to learn to make one. And when you have women well dressed—well, I leave it to any one if their power as a working factor is not one hundred per cent. greater than that of the same number of dowdily dressed women. Having presentable clothes means getting out into "things." What results?

Spreading the Community Spirit

ONE of the biggest results this country is going to see is the spread of the community idea. I have just returned from a trip to Washington where I heard speeches by two cabinet members. And both of them talked about community enterprise and its wonderful effects. We don't stop to talk about it in the country but we keep right on working at it. Out in Clark County, New York, the Jeffersonville community group holds regular monthly meetings. (As I said before, that is an end in itself.) And because people who meet together invariably get together in other ways, this little group has bought a piano for the consolidated school there, adopted a French baby, financed a social girls' canning club, got up boxes for nearby hospitals and orphan asylums. The Owen community group next door, so to speak, have established a tourist camp, succeeded in having some roads piked and are now working for a consolidated school. In a country in Colorado, circulating libraries have been established, and in Ohio there are growing steadily community sings, where folks go to sing just because they want to. In a mining camp in Wyoming, which is situated in a region so arid that no fruit and few vegetables will grow, the community enterprise working through H.D.A.'s arranged for a neighboring community to ship Winter's vegetable and fruit supply at wholesale prices. The women canned or dried this produce. Without such an effort the camp would have lived without fruit or green vegetables all Winter.

In a county court-house in Kansas a disputed room, for which no one had ever found a real use, was made over into a Farmer's Rest Room. Farmers had brought their quarrels to the court-house for years, but this was the first time they had a place to bring amiable converse to. And at Ely, Nevada, the women started a co-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80

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Such a light, tender cake—and it's made with no butter!

Beat the yolks of 4 eggs. Add a pinch of salt, 1 cup sugar, ¼ cup Libby's Milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla and ½ teaspoon lemon extract. Mix thoroughly, then add gradually 1¼ cups flour and 2 heaping teaspoons baking powder mixed together. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs and bake in a moderate oven. When cool, frost with icing made of 2 cups powdered sugar, ¼ cup Libby's Milk and 2 teaspoons vanilla, all beaten till smooth

Milk so rich and creamy it saves using butter

Try it in one of these butter-and-cream-saving recipes

The rich creaminess of Libby's Milk opens up a whole range of delightful new possibilities in cooking.

You need no butter in cake when you make it with Libby's Milk. And yet it will be light and tender—with the crisp, delicate brown crust you have always wanted to get!

You need no other cream for ice cream—and yet it will have a smooth, velvety texture, and what a rich flavor!

In everything you make with Libby's Milk, you are really using part cream. In the special Libby process, rich, fresh milk is first carefully selected and tested for butter-fat content. Then half the moisture is evaporated and nothing added.

From dairy sections famous for their rich milk and cream

Ordinary milk could not meet the exacting Libby standards—for the Libby ideal demands that each food they produce shall be selected and packed in whatever part of the world it is found at its best.

Just as Libby goes to Alaska for salmon, to Hawaii for pineapple, and to the orchards of the Golden West for fruit—so for milk Libby goes to such places as Humboldt County, California, and famous dairy sections of Wisconsin and New York, where, because of the richness of the pasture lands, the breeding of the cows, or the skill in dairying, an extra fine milk is produced.

In these sections are established Libby condensaries that are models of immaculate cleanliness. Every housewife would enjoy a sight of the great copper kettles gleaming brightly from the scouring that they receive every day, the sparkling glass receptacles, the polished metal tubes—all so spotless and clean!

You will be enthusiastic over its convenience

If you have never known the delight, convenience, and economy of using a canned milk, start today; order a supply from your grocer. A few cans of Libby's Milk on your pantry shelf means a constant supply of pure, sweet milk—it means that you are entirely independent of the milkman.

Libby's Milk is economical, too—for there is never any waste. The special Libby process makes it thoroughly sterile—so it keeps sweet and pure indefinitely before being opened. Then when you have opened a can, you can use just what you need—the rest, put in a cool place, will keep several days.

Its creaminess improves everything in which you use it

Try Libby's Milk today in one of these butter-and-cream-saving recipes. Only by actually tasting this cake or actually noticing how this ice cream tastes as if it were made of the thickest cream—can you appreciate what the wonderful creamy richness of Libby's Milk can mean in all your cooking! As soon as you try it in one of these recipes you will want to use it in the rest—and in still others of your own!

Send for this unusual recipe book

Write today for your copy of "Finer-flavored Milk Dishes"—it will be sent without charge. It contains over 30 recipes for appetizing new pies, cake fillings, creamed meats and soups which the Libby chefs have just worked out to show how the richness of this milk takes the place of butter or other cream!

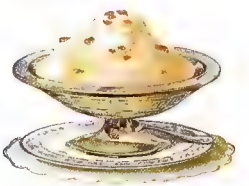
Libby, McNeill & Libby, 305 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Libby, McNeill & Libby, of Can., Ltd.
15 E. Front St., Toronto, Ont., Can.

Mashed potatoes—Virginia style
So much better than usual!

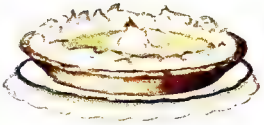
Your family will never be satisfied with ordinary mashed potatoes after having them this way! They're so fluffy! And they need no butter!

Boil the potatoes; when they are done drain, dry and mash them. Add Libby's Milk, season with salt, pepper and nutmeg, and beat with a wooden spoon till they are light and white. Turn them into a vegetable dish, scrape neatly in a pile, mark with a fork and sprinkle over with chopped parsley



Ice cream that has the velvety smoothness you have always wanted to get

Scald in a double boiler 2 cups Libby's Milk, 2 cups water, ¾ cup sugar and ½ teaspoon salt. Then add beaten yolks of 2 eggs and cook until thickened. Add 1 tablespoon gelatine dissolved in ¼ cup of cold water. When cool, stir in 4 large, ripe bananas mashed to a smooth paste, 1 teaspoon vanilla and the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs and freeze. Garnish with chopped, candied orange peel or thinly-sliced citron



Individual creamed chicken pie—the best you ever tasted!

Scald ¾ cup Libby's Milk and ¾ cup stock in which chicken was cooked. Add 1 tablespoon flour and ½ teaspoon salt, mixed smooth with a little water. Cook until smooth. Add 1½ cups cold boiled chicken which has been cut into dice, and season with one teaspoon chopped parsley, or a little celery salt and cayenne. Line small tart pans with puff paste and fill with chicken mixture. Cover top with paste and bake in a quick oven. Serve with green peas and a white sauce made of one cup Libby's Milk cooked with one teaspoon cornstarch and ¼ teaspoon salt

Rich cream pie—it will be your husband's favorite dessert!

Cook in a double boiler 1 cup Libby's Milk, 1 cup water, ½ cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, and 2 tablespoons cornstarch until thick. Add yolks of 2 eggs beaten very light and cook 2 minutes. When cool, add 1 teaspoon vanilla and beat till light. Put the filling into a baked pie crust, frost with whites of eggs beaten stiff with 1 tablespoon sugar and brown in oven.

Try your morning coffee served with Libby's Milk—see what a delightful flavor it has!

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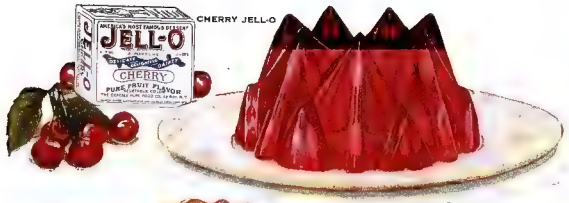


CHERRY JELL-O

ORANGE JELL-O

JELL-O

The beautiful dishes shown on this page are all made of Jell-O. Nothing just like them has ever been made of anything else.

First of all, then, it should be noted that Jell-O is always sold in packages like the one shown at the upper left corner with the Cherry Jell-O. It wouldn't be Jell-O if it came in any other kind of package.

The Orange Jell-O dessert could have been made without the fruit and whipped cream and still have been a perfect Orange dessert, for Jell-O has the true fruit flavor.

Lemon Jell-O (third from the top) is used for salads as much as for desserts, and the Spanish salad at the left is only one of dozens fully as good that are made of Lemon Jell-O.

All the year round Strawberry Jell-O is wonderfully popular—with fruit in it when plentiful and alone when fruit is scarce.

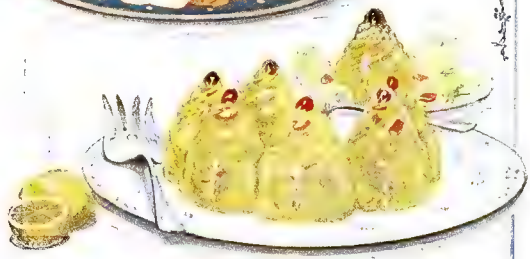
When you think of making a Chocolate pudding don't overlook the fact that the most perfect one can be made in the least time by using Chocolate Jell-O.

Such raspberry desserts as the one shown below, and dozens of others, are to be had regardless of season, for Raspberry Jell-O furnishes them in delicious flavor.

The Jell-O Book tells all about these things and many more that will interest every woman. If you have not received a copy and will send your name and address, one will be mailed to you promptly—free, of course.

Pure fruit flavors only are used in making Jell-O. All grocers carry the six different flavors in stock, and sell them two for 25 cents.

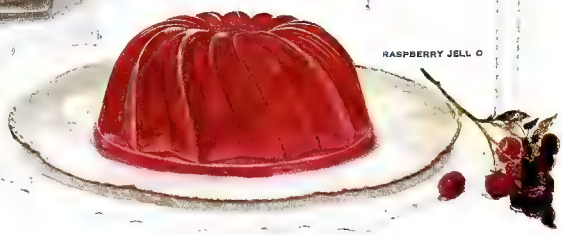
THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY,
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Ont.



LEMON JELL-O
SPANISH SALAD

STRAWBERRY JELL-O

CHOCOLATE JELL-O



RASPBERRY JELL-O

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THE HOUSEWIVES' FORUM

Drawing by Jessie Gillespie

Dressing Up the Spring Salads

Give Them an Important Place When You Are Planning Your Early Summer Menus

By IDA C. BAILEY ALLEN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MRS. ALLEN AND HAL ELLSWORTH COATES

PERHAPS the reason salads are not more widely used is because they are not understood. And now, with the price of olive-oil sky-high, those who know how are naturally loath to make them. But again, this is because they do not understand. For with the influx of many new vegetable oils, made of cotton-seed, corn, coconuts, and peanuts, the question of price takes care of itself, and that of nutriment, if computed in calories is the same. As to the salad proper, it should always have a background of one of those leaf vegetables which we are being urged to eat to further our resistance. This, together with the oil, the possible lemon-juice as a tonic—and when it is to be served as a main dish, a re-enforcement of some of the protein foods—makes the salad a suitable *plat de résistance* for the Spring luncheon or supper. And, besides, it offers the best possible vehicle for the utilization of all sorts of leftovers.

SOMETIMES it seems almost unnecessary to give specific recipes for salads, as their composition so often depends upon those odds and ends left in the ice-box. In putting them together, it will be a help to remember that all salads of meat, vegetables, or fish must have added to them something in the way of a crisp green so that they will not be "mushy." Celery, green peppers, the well-drained, diced flesh of cucumbers, finely shredded cabbage, sliced radishes or the shredded white hearts of lettuce are all suitable. It is often possible to combine two meats in a salad, as veal and ham, or chicken and ham, while almost any vegetables may be used together. It is a good plan to keep a cheese-cloth bag in the ice-box into which the various salad greens, stray radishes, extra tomatoes and the like may be put, cleaned of course, so that the dinner salad may be made up from them. In utilizing odds and ends of fruit, be sure that at least one firm, fresh fruit is added, lest the salad lack life.

AND of what should this dinner salad consist? In a full meal, that is, when meat, or the equivalent vegetables and so on are served, the dinner salad should be plain greens with French dressing. Heavy dressings, like mayonnaise, have no place on the dinner salad, as they are too heavy and will overbalance the meal. At luncheon or supper, however, when the salad may act as the main dish, the heavy dressings will help to make the meal substantial, and salads of fish or meat, or those containing nuts and cheese are suitable. The fruit salad, without mayonnaise, may act as dessert at dinner with a suitable accompaniment. It may serve as either the salad course, or dessert at luncheon or supper with or without mayonnaise.

If the meal is otherwise comparatively light, crackers with cheese are delicious with a fruit salad. Salty crackers may be put together sandwich-fashion with creamed Roquefort cheese, butter-thin crackers may be spread with pimienta cheese, or graham crackers may be covered with cream cheese and garnished with halved dates.

Tiny biscuits or rolls, either of the yeast or baking-powder variety, or strips of buttered toast, any one of them very hot, may be served with any salad, while thin sandwiches of Boston brown bread, put together with plain butter, or peanut butter, are always in good taste.

Plain Mayonnaise

1¼ Teaspoonful Powdered Sugar
1 Teaspoonful Salt
⅛ Teaspoonful Cayenne
½ Teaspoonful Mustard
2 Egg Yolks
1½ Cupful Salad-oil (any kind)
2 Tablespoonfuls Lemon-juice
1 Tablespoonful Vinegar
½ Teaspoonful Worcestershire Sauce

MIX together the first four ingredients in a deep, small, heavy bowl. Then stir in the egg yolks, and when thoroughly mixed, add the lemon-juice, Worcestershire sauce, and vinegar. Then, using a wheel egg-beater, beat in the oil, a teaspoonful at a time, until the dressing becomes thick.

Then the oil may be poured in slowly, care being taken to beat it in thoroughly. Then beat in a tablespoonful of boiling water to insure against separation. Store in a cool place in a covered glass jar.

Deviled Ham Salad Dressing

1 Cupful Mayonnaise or Boiled Salad Dressing
¼ Cupful Deviled Ham

BREAK up the deviled ham with a fork and gradually beat in the salad dressing. This is delicious as a sandwich filling as well as on potato, egg, or tomato salad.

Tomato Mayonnaise

TO a cupful of mayonnaise made as in the recipe given above, add one-third cupful of tomato catchup, and a clove of garlic; remove the garlic after five minutes. Use with lettuce, cress, young onions and lettuce, fish salad, any jellied vegetable salad, or plain egg salad.

Cream Cheese Salad Dressing

5 Tablespoonfuls Cottage or Cream Cheese
½ Teaspoonful Salt
2 Tablespoonfuls Salad-oil
4 Tablespoonfuls Vinegar from Sweet Pickles
8 Minced Pickled Onions
½ Teaspoonful Paprika

BEAT the cheese till soft with a fork, working in the seasonings and vinegar; then add the onions; beat in the oil and serve on lettuce or a mixture of salad greens, or on molded cooked cowslip, dandelion greens, or spinach. A cheese dressing of this kind adds to the food value of a salad.

French Dressing in Quantity

AS IT is a waste of time to make up French dressing whenever needed, a far better plan is to prepare it in quantity. To do this, measure into a pint jar a cupful of salad-oil, add two teaspoonfuls of salt, one-half teaspoonful of paprika, and one-third teaspoonful of pepper. Then measure in one-third cupful of good cider vinegar, or Italian vinegar. Put on the rubber ring and the top, shake till emulsified, and measure out the quantity needed. Store in a cool place. Always shake before using.

Chiffonade Dressing

2 Hard-cooked Eggs
1½ Tablespoonfuls Minced Parsley
2 Tablespoonfuls Chopped Pimientas
1½ Teaspoonful Minced Chives or Scraped Onion
½ Cupful (Scant) French Dressing

CHOP the eggs finely; add the other ingredients, and chill. Use on lettuce, beet, or any other plain vegetable salad.

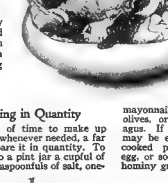
French Fruit Salad Dressing

MIX together in a glass jar one-fourth cupful of grape-juice (not very sweet), or juice from canned red cherries, two and one-half tablespoonfuls of salad-oil, one tablespoonful of lemon-juice, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and a few grains of paprika. Shake thoroughly and use with any fruit salad.

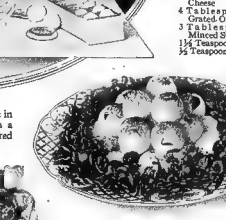
Left-over Fish Salad

ALMOST any kind of fish, except that which has been fried, may be used in salad. To a pint of flaked, left-over fish, add three-fourths cupful of shredded lettuce hearts, a minced pickled onion if convenient, with French dressing to moisten. Let stand a few moments to chill, and arrange in nests of lettuce leaves with a garnish of tomato

Make Up Mayonnaise in Quantity and Store in a Cool Place in a Covered Glass Jar



Chicken Salad, May Style (above), and Plain Egg Salad (on the right). Both Good Spring Dishes



Savory Cottage Cheese Salad Makes a Substantial Dish of High Food Value to Be Served for Luncheon

Brown Rice and Asparagus Salad

2 Cupfuls Boiled Brown Rice
1 Cupful Diced, Cooked Asparagus
¾ Cupful Shredded Lettuce
1 Teaspoonful Scraped Onion (Optional)
1 Tablespoonful Minced Pimienta or Canned Green Pepper
½ Cupful French Dressing
Lettuce or Cress
Chilli Sauce (Optional)

WITH a fork, mix the rice, lettuce, onion, peppers, and French dressing together; then lightly add the asparagus, arrange in a shallow bowl. Chill, garnish with the salad green, add a little chilli sauce and serve. Mayonnaise, or chiffonade dressing may replace the chilli sauce.

Asparagus Salad

ALLOW six asparagus tips to a person. (The lower tough ends of the stalks should be used for asparagus soup.) Arrange on individual plates, and garnish with lettuce leaves. Pour over chiffonade, or cream cheese salad dressing. Or for plain service use French dressing and a garnish of cream cheese balls, or sliced creamed cheese.

Chicken Salad, May Style

1½ Cupful Left-over Cooked Chicken (or Veal)
1 Cupful Diced Asparagus
French Dressing
½ Cupful Shredded Lettuce Hearts
Mayonnaise
Radish Roses
Lettuce and Asparagus Tips

FOR this salad, allow a medium-sized bunch of asparagus, cutting off the tips after cooking, to about an inch and a half for garnishing, and dicing the remaining tender portions to make the cupful. Mix together the chicken and asparagus with French dressing to moisten, add the shredded lettuce, and press into a medium-sized bowl. Let chill for a few moments, then unmold on the salad-platter, cover with mayonnaise and stand the asparagus tips upright about the base. Garnish further with leaves of lettuce and radish roses to which the tender edible green leaves are left attached.

Pineapple Salad

PARE a medium-sized pineapple and remove the eyes. Cut the pineapple crosswise into very thin slices, then cut them in halves to make three half-moon shape. Pour over the full recipe of French fruit salad dressing and let stand to chill for at least thirty minutes. Then arrange in a salad-bowl which has been lined with tender lettuce, and garnish with plain cream or cottage cheese balls, or with stoned canned red cherries, if cherry-juice has been used in the dressing.

Savory Cottage Cheese Salad

2 Cupfuls Cottage Cheese
4 Tablespoonfuls Grated Onion
3 Tablespoonfuls Minced Sweet Pickles
1½ Teaspoonful Salt
½ Teaspoonful Paprika
½ Teaspoonful Dry Mustard
Sweet, or Slightly Sour, Light Cream
Lettuce or Cress
French or Additional Dressing or Tomato Mayonnaise

COMBINE the cheese, onion, sweet pickles, salt, paprika, and mustard, and add cream to moisten. Make up into balls the size of an English walnut, chill, and serve, three to a person, in nests of lettuce or cress. Garnish with radishes if convenient, and pour over the dressing.

Egg and Potato Salad

3 Hard-cooked Eggs
2½ Cupfuls Diced, Warm Steamed Potatoes
1 Medium-sized Onion, Grated
½ Cupful Sliced Red Radishes
¼ Teaspoonful Pepper
5 Tablespoonfuls Salad-oil
2 Tablespoonfuls Vinegar
1 Teaspoonful Minced Parsley
Lettuce and Deviled Ham Salad Dressing
1¾ Teaspoonful Salt

ADD the oil, vinegar, and seasonings to the potato and let stand to become very cold. Then stir in lightly the onion, radishes, and eggs, chopped coarsely. Let stand half an hour and serve with deviled ham dressing in a bowl lined with lettuce.

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A Dish A Day

For a Month—15c

One-Tenth the Cost of Meat

Nature's supreme food, both in flavor and nutrition, is the oat.

A pound of Quaker Oats supplies 1810 calories of energy. A pound of round steak only 890.

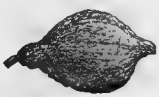
Thirty big dishes of Quaker Oats are served for 15c. That's a dish a day for a month. Note how little that 15c will buy in other necessary foods at this writing:

5 Cents
Per 1000 Calories

57 Cents
Per 1000 Calories

60 Cents
Per 1000 Calories

54 Cents
Per 1000 Calories



75 Cents
Per 1000 Calories

What 15c Buys—In Calories	
In Quaker Oats	3000 Cal.
In Round Steak	440 "
In Fish About	250 "
In Veal Cutlets	275 "
In Dried Beef	215 "
In Squash	200 "

Measure your foods by energy value—by calories. You will find that each dollar spent for Quaker Oats buys as much as $10 in meats.

You will find that Quaker Oats, in calory value, are six times as rich as potatoes.

You will find that Quaker Oats breakfasts will immensely reduce your food cost.

And they will supply you the greatest food that grows. The oat is almost the ideal food.

As a vim-food and a food for growth it has an age-old fame.

Yet the best oat food that was ever served costs only one-half cent per dish.

Quaker Oats

With Exquisite Flavor

This is rolled oats flaked from queen grains only—just the big, rich, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

This selection means delightful flavor, yet it costs you no extra price.

Prices Reduced to 12c and 30c a Package

Except in the Far West and South

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

(3051)

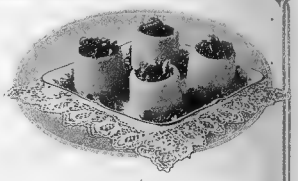
MILKS IN VARIED DISHES

By MARION HARRIS NEIL

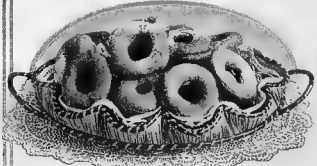
FROZEN FRUITED FAVORITE

PREPARE two cupfuls of any ripe, firm fruit, or canned fruit drained, such as apricots, peaches, cherries, etc. Rub the fruit through a strainer and sweeten and flavor to taste; then stir in four cupfuls of evaporated milk which has been whipped. Freeze and serve in dainty sherbet glasses decorated with strips of candied fruit-peel and a few blanched almonds.

DRIED MILK PUDDINGS



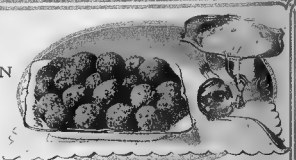
MIX two and one-fourth tablespoonfuls of gelatin with one cupful of water, then dissolve over the fire. Put three eggs into a saucepan, add two cupfuls of water, and stir over the fire for five minutes. Mix one and one-half cupful of dried milk with four tablespoonfuls of rice flour or corn-starch, two cupfuls of water, two tablespoonfuls of butter, and one-half cupful of sugar, and stir over the fire until thick, then add the egg mixture, gelatin, and the juice of one orange, and strain into individual wet molds. Stand in a cool place until firm. Turn out when set, and serve decorated with chopped raspberry or strawberry jelly.



SOUR MILK DOUGHNUTS

BEAT three eggs, add one and one-half cupful of sugar, beat for five minutes, then add four tablespoonfuls of melted butter-substitute, one cupful of sour milk, one teaspoonful of baking-soda, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of powdered nutmeg, and sufficient sifted flour to make a stiffish dough. Set in a cold place over night. In the morning set it in a warm place for two hours, then roll out on a floured baking-board, cut with a doughnut-cutter, and fry in plenty of smoking-hot fat.

GOLDEN BROWN RICE BALLS



COMBINE one-half cupful of condensed milk with two cupfuls of boiling water in the top of a double boiler. Then add three-fourths cupful of rice, which has been washed, the grated rind of one-half lemon, and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Steam until dry and tender. Then add two tablespoonfuls of butter or margarin. Cool the mixture a little and stir in one egg or two egg yolks, beaten. Cool and shape into balls. Roll in slightly beaten egg diluted with one-fourth cupful of water to each egg and then in fine dried bread-crumbs. Fry in deep fat. Serve hot with vanilla sauce, any fruit sauce, or melted jelly

BUTTERMILK BREAD

DISSOLVE one yeast-cake in one-fourth cupful of lukewarm water, add one cupful of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth cupful of sugar, and flour to make a batter; make up at noon and let stand until night. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter-substitute, another teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth cupful of sugar, three cupfuls of buttermilk and enough flour to make the batter as thick as for muffins. Beat well, add a pinch of baking-soda, work in flour to make a stiffish dough, knead well, make into loaves, allow to rise in greased bread-pans; brush over with hot milk and bake one hour.

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Armour
BEVERAGES
For Meal-Time and Between Meals

HOUSEHOLD beverages form another of the groups of foods that you can buy with assurance of highest quality under the Armour Oval Label.

Pictured here are: Cocoa, rich and satisfying; Coffee, delicious in aroma and flavor; Evaporated Milk from the choicest dairy regions; Grape Juice, pressed from the pick of the Concord and Catawba crops; Extract of Beef, the housewife's standby—all typical of the Armour purpose to bring you the best for your table prepared in the best way.

With the Armour Oval Label as a buying guide, you have the nation's choicest foods to select from; packaged soups, fish, meats, vegetables, condiments, fruits, cooking fats, spreads, dairy products and meat alternatives. So wide is the range and variety that these groups help you meet every meal emergency. Your buying is simplified; your cooking likewise; and an Armour shelf in your pantry is a great aid in solving the ever-perplexing "What-to-Serve" problem.

Look for the Oval Label in blue and yellow on store-fronts, windows and on the goods on dealers' shelves.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

2973

"The Business of Being a Housewife"

A copy of this book will be sent you free upon request. Gives many new and attractive ways of service. Address Department of Food Economics, Desk 73, Armour and Company, Chicago.

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CHARMING USES FOR KNITTING NEEDLES

FASCINATING NEW SWEATERS THAT ARE A JOY TO WEAR

Pictorial Review Knitting Directions No. 561, 15 cents. This unusually attractive knitted slip-over sweater is fashioned of ashes of violet knitting yarn. The upper portion is of plain knitting with 8 rows of knitting and purling for the lower part forming squares. A narrow leather, or yarn belt may be worn.

No. 562

No. 561

Pictorial Review Knitting Directions No. 562, 15 cents. Smart knitted sweater to be slipped on over the head, made of canary and white yarn. The pretty cowl collar and three-quarter length flowing sleeves are distinctly novel; as is the pocketed sash

Address The Pictorial Review Company, 274-226 West 39th Street, New York City, sending 15 cents for each set of directions and a stamped, self-addressed envelop.

No. 560

Pictorial Review Knitting Directions No. 560, 25 cents. Sleeveless knitted silk sweater of pink, apricot or peach-color. A band of white angora outlines the deep opening in front and the armholes.

No. 565

Pictorial Review Knitting Directions No. 565, 15 cents. Wisteria and gray knitting yarn are combined in this jaunty sports scarf. Knitting and purling used throughout.

No. 564

No. 563

Pictorial Review Knitting Directions No 563, 15 cents Biscuit color knitting yarn was selected for this slip-over sweater made of knit and purl throughout, combined in a charmingly unusual style.

Pictorial Review Knitting Directions No. 564, 15 cents. Knitted coat for the ten-year old of French blue knitting yarn in plain knitting. If desired the collar and cuffs could be trimmed with some contrasting yarn or angora.

No. 568

Pictorial Review Knitting Directions No. 566, 15 cents Plain knitting was used for this slip - over sweater of gray wool and black angora. The box-plaited effect is very becoming to the slim figure. The belt buttons in front.

No. 566

No. 567

Pictorial Review Knitting Directions No. 568, 25 cents. Pretty azure blue knitted breakfast jacket with edging of floss in the same shade. Two colors may be used if preferred.

Pictorial Review Knitting Directions No. 567, 15 cents. Shawl scarf of pale green and cream Shetland floss knitted in plain stitch.

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This year, why not do the blankets at home?

SUN-sweet, air-dried blankets, soft and fluffy as new, after their cleansing with Ivory Soap Flakes. What a pleasure to fold them away, all ready for use again next winter.

It's so easy, so safe and so economical to wash blankets with these delicate, snowlike flakes of pure Ivory Soap. Toss them into lukewarm water, and they bubble instantly into a thick, lasting, cleansing foam that loosens the dirt without injuring or shrinking the finest woolen fabric.

Do not rub. Just work this purifying lather through and through the material. Quick rinsing carries away suds and dirt, leaving the blankets full-sized and fleecy.

For forty years particular housekeepers have been washing their blankets with Ivory Soap. This high-grade soap, free from alkali and all harsh ingredients, has always given gratifying results.

In flake form, Ivory Soap makes fine laundering safer and easier than ever.

At your dealer's. 10c a package.

IVORY SOAP FLAKES

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MORRIS

Baked ham! It looks awfully good, doesn't it? But it's the taste that tells. Looks don't prove much about food: not even with experts.

That's why we cure these hams "just so." Only *one* cure passes our *Supreme* Test and gives the exquisite, mild flavor we mark Morris *Supreme*. When you've tasted this ham we think you'll agree we've named it right.

There are many other Morris foods that bear this same mark of *Supreme* goodness. Bacon, sausage, lard; meats, fruits and vegetables in cans. You'll like them all.

MORRIS & COMPANY
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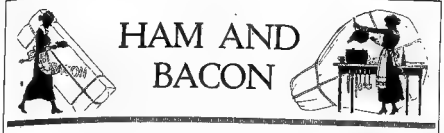

HAM AND BACON

Here Are Some of the Things I've Found Out about Selecting and Cooking Them

By GRACE VIALL GRAY

I FIND that many of the women I meet in my food work do not know how to select good hams and bacon, and a great many more have become careless or indifferent to the many ways of preparing and serving them. They buy good bacon and ruin it by popping it into a sizzling hot pan suitable for pan-broiling steak. They buy "ham to fry," and they fry it to a crisp, extracting all the delicious juices and flavor, or they buy "cooked ham" and stick it between two slices of bread and say, "Have a ham sandwich."

It will be well worth your while to really consider the numerous possibilities in that slab of bacon and that piece of ham. But before you can cook the ham or bacon properly you must know how to select it.

Women have formed a habit of going into a butcher shop and saying, "Give me a pound of bacon, give me a quarter's worth of cooked ham, or give me a slice of ham to fry," never seeming to realize that there are different kinds and varieties of bacon and hams. The woman who often buys her canned products with discretion, and who reads the labels on her bottled goods, never casts a thought toward the brand on ham and bacon. They all seem to think just as my college student did when she told me that "bacon is a meat, which is made by a very difficult process, in which pork is used as a foundation. It is made of fat and lean meat, which are pressed together by machinery." This girl had lived in the city all her life, had run to the grocery-store and meat-market many times for her mother, had bought many pounds of bacon and ham, and still she was ignorant of its origin.

Look for Firm, Juicy Meat

HAM should be firm, juicy, and tender; bright in color, tempting in odor. The surface should be smooth and free from blemish and the skin thin.

Good bacon has a peculiarly rich and appetizing odor as well as flavor. In choosing bacon, select that which has a thin rind, with firm fat which should be slightly tinged with pink by the curing; it should be well streaked with lean of a clear red color. When bacon is eaten with a due proportion of fresh vegetables, it is considered one of the most wholesome and digestible of foods. There must be a certain amount of fat, for this gives the desired flavor.

Learn to select hams and bacon. In the selection of a brand of ham and bacon that stands for quality, the housewife is receiving the benefits of the experience of experts in the selection and handling of these foods. There are brands and quality in bacon and ham just as in canned products and bottled goods.

When I buy my pound of bacon at the market I watch the butcher pick up the strip. He naturally grasps it at one end. If the bacon is of good quality, the piece remains rigid in his hand. If it is inferior bacon the strip will bend in his hand, and I tell him I do not want my bacon from that piece. You watch this performance next time you purchase some bacon. The butcher will be surprized to have you remark about it, as he has imposed upon women so many years without a single protest that he has become hardened. However, he will be glad to have you observing and will give you better attention the next time.

If your family is large, buy the bacon by the strip, but be sure you get a good firm strip and not a pliable, spongy one. It is a question whether it is wiser to purchase the bacon by the pound, having the butcher cut and slice it, or to buy the bacon by the box. It is cheaper to buy the product "loose," provided you know what you are buying, but it is more sanitary and cleaner to purchase the package in which the sliced bacon has been packed carefully, no hands touching it during the process.

However, all hams and bacon should be wrapped as a protection from dust and germs in handling before they reach the housewife. We can at least insist upon this.

All hams that have not purchase should have the U. S. Government inspection stamp. Government inspection is a tremendous factor in the production of meat. The breeder knows his hogs must undergo a most rigid examination by a number of Government inspectors. These experts are graduated veterinarians and have to pass a rigid civil service examination before they can be admitted to the Government Inspection Bureau. These men are on hand to detect any indication of unsound meat before, during, and after the slaughtering. Our greatest insurance against unwholesome meat is the stamp of the Government approval, and only meat which bears this guarantee should be purchased. The Government stamp then assures us that the meat is from healthy stock, but it can not go further and point out why one piece of bacon or one ham is finer than another. That each individual housewife must learn for herself.

While it is a question in my mind whether cleanliness and sanitation offset the price of box-bacon against the cheaper price of "loose bacon," I do know this as regards ham. It is much cheaper, decidedly cheaper, to purchase a large whole ham and cook it myself. I bake the butt, broil the center slices, and boil the shank. You may say, "But we are just a small family, what on earth would I do with a whole ham?" You try it once and you will see what you can do. You buy ham to broil, and you buy cooked ham for luncheon, for Summer evening suppers, and for picnics. What price do you pay a pound? A big price because some one had to do the work for you. You can do it cheaper and sometimes better than the commercial house. Almost all housewives in this day of efficiency own a fireless cooker, and that is where your ham can cook without you scarcely realizing it. Just a little evening-baking at the end of the process and there you are! A lovely big ham ready for hot days, for all emergencies, a safe guarantee against the high prices of the delicatessen or fancy market. You can make your ham just as attractive as the one you often see in the show-window of that delicatessen shop you pass every day.

I previously mentioned the necessity of careful cooking of bacon and ham. While there are scores of fanciful ways to use bacon, those who stick to the use of it properly fried or broiled make no mistake.

Broiling the Right Way

BROILING is the ideal way to cook bacon and ham. To do this, place thinly sliced bacon or slices of ham, from which the rind has been removed, close together in a fine wire broiler; place broiler over a dripping-pan and bake in a hot oven until crisp and a delicate brown, turning once or as needed. Drain on brown paper. Strain fat which has dripped from bacon or ham into pan and use for sautéing liver, eggs, etc. Bacon and ham may be broiled successfully in the broiling oven of the gas-range, if watched carefully. The wire broiler containing bacon or ham is placed over the broiler same distance from the flame and the cooking continued the same as in the bake oven. This method requires more careful attention, as the heat is greater and the process shorter.

Broiled bacon is the most easily digested, because the bacon is completely drained, and the most savory of all forms of cooked fat. That is why it is good for invalids and growing boys and girls as well as adults.

However, most of us fry or pan-broil our bacon and there is a "knack," so to speak, in doing that. Most women have the frying-pan hot and that is where they make their mistake. Fry or "pan-broil" the bacon as follows:

Put bacon in cold frying-pan, then put over not too hot a fire. Before turning the slices pour off the grease that has accumulated, then turn and turn again if necessary, pouring off the fat. When nicely browned—be careful not to burn—serve immediately, but if you want to have it exceptionally nice, take it up on brown, unglazed paper and put in a hot oven to dry. You can then eat the bacon with your fingers and not grease them. This is the right way and yet the world over you find women using the hot pan. Most meats are put into a hot pan, but remember that bacon is an exception and goes into a cold pan

I Use My Ham to the Greatest Advantage by Baking the Butt, Broiling the Center Slices, and Boiling the Shank

Prize-Winning Soups

Which American Scientists Bettered

Paris makes a fetish of fine soups. There are culinary contests in which connoisseurs award prizes to the best.

A famous chef from the Hotel Ritz in Paris brought the finest of these recipes to us. Some were prize-winning soups. He made them here—the choicest French creations—as the basis for Van Camp's.

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In these ways, all these famous French soups have been vastly bettered. And the chefs themselves conceded it.

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But the Van Camp kitchens are directed by scientific cooks. These are experts, college-trained in every detail of the culinary art.

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When all agreed that a soup was perfect, every detail of the making was recorded in a formula. There are pages of minute instructions. So every dish of that soup is exactly like the model.

Now the Parisian connoisseur gets lesser soups than you get. You get them perfected in Van Camp's—get them for a trifle, ready-cooked.

They cost you less than home-made soups. You choose from 18 kinds.

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VAN CAMP'S Soups 18 Kinds

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Van Camp's Pork and Beans

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You Can Order Your Ostermoor By Mail

WHEN you feel that you want the *best* mattress obtainable, you will naturally take steps to get an Ostermoor. Buy it from a dealer if convenient. If your home is a considerable distance from the nearest Ostermoor dealer, or if for any reason it is more convenient or quicker to order your Ostermoor by mail—by all means do so. We want you to have your Ostermoor and are willing to go to any length and take any means to put one in your home.

Our mail-order service is solely for *your convenience*—the price by mail is *exactly* the same low price as that at which Ostermoors are sold by retailers in towns and cities all over the country.

Of course you are absolutely safe in ordering your Ostermoor by mail—the risk is *all on our* part. You know that only upon the complete satisfaction of thousands of happy Ostermoor users could the Ostermoor today, in its fifty-seventh year, be recognized as the best mattress from every standpoint of health, service, comfort and economy.

30 Nights' Trial in Your Own Home

You can order your Ostermoor direct from this advertisement. Try it for thirty nights, submit it to every test you can think of, have the other members of the family sleep on it; get their opinion, then form your own. If at the end of thirty days you are not satisfied that the Ostermoor is the *best* mattress for you—send it back at our expense. We will refund at once all the money you have sent us. No question, no quibbling—your decision is final.

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For the "Rest of Life"

Beyond all doubt the Ostermoor is the best mattress obtainable. Here are the reasons: As you know, the building of the Ostermoor starts in the cotton field—nature furnishes the raw material. Pure cotton is selected and then submitted to several scientific processes of purification which expel all natural oils, rendering the product proof against germs, dust, moths, vermin and water.

Hand-laid Construction

It is then combed into light, airy, interlacing fibrous sheets of wonderful elasticity. Eight of these lacy sheets of billowy cotton are carefully laid one over the other in the open tick—five times as thick as the finished mattress. Gently and evenly they are compressed by hand, interlacing the whole billowy mass into one sheet of uniform thickness.

Built, Not Stuffed

The dust-proof tick is then carefully hand sewn across the ends and sides—tops evenly and closely tufted—and the Ostermoor is *built*, not stuffed. Then it's ready for you—absolutely clean and sanitary, permanently elastic. Cannot bag, sag or lump, because of its hand-laid construction.

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Never Needs Renovating

And remember, the first cost is the *last* cost. An Ostermoor never needs "renovating." An occasional sun bath or the washing of the tick is all that your Ostermoor will ever require—its shape is permanent. Many folks have used their Ostermoors continuously for 20 or 30 years.

Choice of Five Sizes

Below are listed the various widths, weights and prices of Ostermoor mattresses. If you decide to order by mail merely select the width you desire, fill out, clip and enclose the coupon in an envelope along with a post office or express money order, personal check, or cash if you register the letter.

Your Ostermoor will be shipped by prepaid express securely packed in leatherette and burlap the same day your order is received.

Widths and Prices of Ostermoors
All Ostermoors are 6ft. 3 in. long

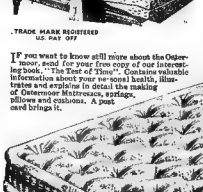
WIDTH	WEIGHT	PRICE
4 ft. 6 in.	45 lbs.	$31.00
4 ft.	40 lbs.	30.00
3 ft. 6 in.	35 lbs.	29.00
3 ft.	30 lbs.	28.00
2 ft. 6 in.	25 lbs.	27.00

Ostermoors made in two parts, $1.00 extra.
Express Prepaid

Best blue and white stripe ticking is used unless you wish the satin finish ticking, which is the most durable and most expensive ticking made. That costs $1.50 extra.

If you want to know still more about the Ostermoor, send for your free copy of our interesting book, "The Test of Time". Contains valuable information about your personal health, illustrates and explains in detail the making of Ostermoor Mattresses, springs, pillows and cushions. A post card brings it.

Order on the coupon



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Made of soft, absorbent, velvety Ostermoor fabric. Absorb as much as four times as much as ordinary diapers. Form perfect fit—small, medium, large. Six sizes. Sold for $1.50 each.

Send for free descriptive booklet, which also tells about Ostermoor sanitary waterproof mattress and sheeting.

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128 Elizabeth St., New York

Gentlemen: Please send me at once the Ostermoor specified below. It is understood if at the end of 30 days I am not completely satisfied I am to return the Ostermoor and you will return the full amount that I have sent you, at once and without question.

Width..... Price.....

Name.....

Town.....

Street or R. D. No.....State.....

THE THRIFTY HOUSEWIFE

Making the Blankets Wear

By ELIZABETH PRICE

GOOD blankets, nowadays, are valuable enough to deserve great care so that they may last long and wear well. The writer has two pairs which have been in use for thirty years and are still in a good state of preservation.

The first consideration is to keep them from needing laundering as long as possible, for it must be remembered that, having once been washed, they will need a repetition of the process at regular intervals. When in use they should always be protected by a sheet beneath and a spread above. In making the bed the sheet should be so placed that nine inches of its surplus length is left at head of the bed. After the blankets are adjusted, this surplus should be smoothly turned back over them, then the spread put on high enough to hold the fold in place. The blankets should be turned from time to time so that both ends and both surfaces may receive equal wear.

When at last laundering is needed, a hot, sunny day should be chosen. If stationary tubs are available, these are great helps, and a bathtub is next best, because the water may be drained from it without disturbing its contents.

A boiler full of hot water should be at hand and in the tub hot water in the tub enough good soap-flakes should be dissolved to make a strong lather. In this the unfolded blankets should be quickly submerged, then pounded and stirred about with a smooth stick—a baseball bat is excellent. All movements should be gentle enough to keep from dragging the heavy fabric out of shape.

If there are spots or stains, these should be carefully rubbed out between the hands as soon as the water cools sufficiently to be borne. Never use a wash-board for this purpose. Then draw out the stopper and let the water run out. Rinse twice in plenty of clear, very hot water, and in the third—and last—rinse water, dissolve a little of the soap-flakes and continue the stirring process till the water has cooled a little. It should still be quite hot. As soon as this is drained off lift the blankets into a clean clothes-basket and hang at once on clothesline in hot sunshine. Hang so the exact middle of blanket follows the line with all edges even, and if "props" are used, adjust them so as not to disturb shape of blanket. If it dries in scallops it is hard to get back in shape. Use a separate line for each double blanket, being careful not to crowd them. When partly dry, turn so under surface will be exposed. By sunset they should be dry enough to fold and carry indoors, but they should hang out at least another day, when they will be as soft and fluffy as new.

WHEN thoroughly dry, each pair of blankets should be folded and slipped into a strong cotton bag—the large flour bags answer a good purpose here—tied securely shut, and marked with lead pencil: "Yellow bordered blankets," or "pink" or "blue." There need be no fear of moths if this plan is followed, unless the bagging is delayed until moth flies have had access to the clean wool.

When the blankets are taken out, the slips can be washed and put away for future use. If quilts or cotton comfortables must be laundered the same process may be followed, except that lukewarm water is substituted for hot, and if there is danger of fading the cottons, dry in the shade or mild sunshine.

My Labor-Saving Servant

By MARY E. BRONSON

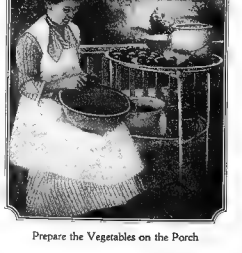
MY WHEELED tray has been my faithful servant for five years. The first time it "did" Mary's lamb, for everywhere that Mary goes, the tray is sure to go. It is just a plain white enameled tray with two shelves. We use it every meal, every day, 365 days in the year. Even tho made of iron, I sometimes think that it is worth its weight in gold.

As soon as the weather permits the preparation of all vegetables is done on the porch. There the peas potatoes to peel, two other kinds of vegetables to prepare, and generally fruit of some kind to be made ready for the table. With two shelves to the tray there is plenty of room for all vegetables and utensils needed.

While the vegetables are cooking in the fireless cooker, I take the tray and set the table. I place all the dishes on the tray in the kitchen, and set the table with one trip in place of the ten that many women make. When the dinner is cooked, I take it up on the wheeled tray, placing all the hot dishes on the top shelf, and all the cold dishes on the lower shelf, so I can serve the dinner by making but one trip from the kitchen, in place of the five or six which would have to be made if I did not use the tray. When we are ready for dessert, I clear the dishes from the table onto the tray, and one trip to the kitchen is all that is necessary. After the meal, the table can be quickly cleared with one trip, in place of perhaps five. Using the tray, I serve and clear away the dinner with only four trips to the kitchen in place of about twenty-eight which I would make if I did not use it.

If your kitchen sink does not have a drain-board on the right, stack your dishes ready for washing on the tray, and wheel it up to the sink. It serves almost as well as the other drain-board would.

Why not have Sunday evening supper on the porch, or in front of the fireplace if the evening is cool? Anything to have a little change. The children will be delighted. Supper for eight can be served with very little effort. Place all eatables, dishes, silver, and glasses, on the tray in the kitchen and wheel it in to the fireplace, or out on the porch.



Prepare the Vegetables on the Porch

Another use for the tray is in sewing. Wheel it up beside the machine and keep the sewing stacked on it, and put the scraps in a basket on the lower shelf. Your room will then be as neat as it is on any other day, and you need not fear for unexpected company. When you have finished stitching, and there is some handwork to do, take your wheeled tray with you, and sit in an easy chair while you complete the sewing.

In laundry work you will again find that you need your tray with you. These clean, white, non-rustable trays make splendid places on which to stack wet clothes, and when you want them again you do not have to lift them up from the floor. Try wringing clothes onto this tray in place of into a clothes basket. Stooping and lifting wet clothes is hard work, and we want to avoid it as much as possible.

Last but not least the wheeled tray finds its place in the nursery. Baby should have one of his very own. Put the little bath-tub on the top shelf of the tray and you will not have to bend over to give baby his bath. After you have finished washing him, remove the tub, spread a blanket over the tray, and use this as a dressing-table. All clothing is placed on the lower tray at the beginning of the bath, so it is ready at hand when needed.

No doubt you can think of many more uses for the wheeled tray in your home, but these are some of the things for which we use ours in trying to save time and strength.

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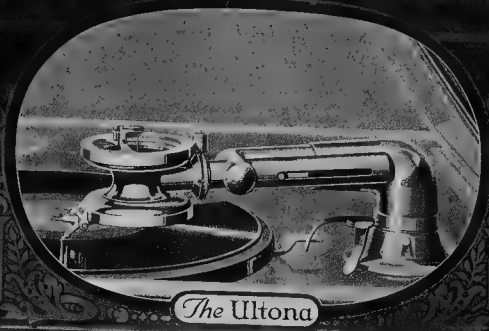
The BRUNSWICK
Method of Reproduction



Tones Hitherto Rare
Now Ever-Present

HERE are the secrets of The Brunswick Method of Reproduction. Learn how we gained that wonderfully pure tone which has given The Brunswick Phonograph such prestige.

Experts in acoustics have long agreed that superior reproduction depends chiefly upon the reproducer and the way in which tone is amplified.

Until the coming of The Brunswick, many experts thought it impossible to overcome "spotty" reproduction, that is, alternate good and bad tones. Yet all were striving to increase the good tones and decrease the bad.

What We Found

The fault, we found, after hundreds of tests, was largely due to the use of metal in the amplifier or sound chamber. Metal, having no elasticity, prevented the sound waves from expanding properly. Strident noises resulted.

So we chose wood, developing the now famous Brunswick Amplifier, built *entirely* of wood. We tested dozens of different woods, arranging them in numerous shapes. Finally we attained the proper acoustic values.

Brunswick tone is infinitely better, for tones considered rare a few years ago are ever-present in this super-instrument. No one can remain unappreciative of its fullness, richness and clarity. And all appreciate the banishment of metallic sounds. Once you hear The Brunswick, your own ear will confirm these statements.

Plays All Records

Another great feature of The Brunswick Method of Reproduction is the Ultona, our all-record reproducer. At a turn of the hand it presents to each type of record the proper needle and diaphragm. Each make of record can now be heard at its best, played exactly as it should be. Thus you are not limited in your selection of records to one make.

Before you buy, or even if you already have a phonograph, hear The Brunswick. Put it to any tone test you wish. Ask that the most difficult records be played. Make comparisons. Then let sheer merit decide.

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company

General Offices: CHICAGO and NEW YORK

Branch Houses in Principal Cities of United States, Mexico and Canada

Canadian Distributors, Musical Merchandise Sales Co., Excelsior Life Bldg., Toronto

(1407)

The Brunswick

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Insure Your Good Food Against Spoilage

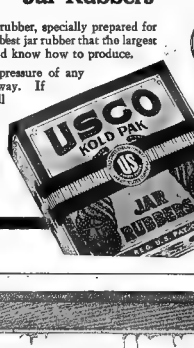
This year Uncle Sam urges you more than ever to help conserve food by home canning. This task calls for a considerable investment of money, time and labor, but will result in a decided economy if successful.

The greatest single element for success after using good products is to be sure of your jar rubbers.

USCO
Kold Pak Jar Rubbers

are made of a special quality of rubber, specially prepared for this one special purpose. It is the best jar rubber that the largest rubber manufacturers in the world know how to produce.

Neither the heat, steam, nor pressure of any processing affects them in any way. If your grocer hasn't them, it will pay you to look further.



United States Rubber Company

Mechanical Goods Division

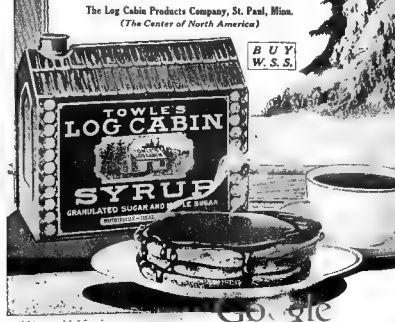
TOWLE'S
LOG CABIN
SYRUP
With the delicious flavor of pure maple

PANCAKES and Log Cabin Syrup! You'll never know how good pancakes can be 'till you eat 'em with Log Cabin Syrup. Its mellow maple flavor gives them a luxurious taste that no other syrup can add.

With a twangy grapefruit its taste is indescribable. Waffles? Log Cabin makes them melt in your mouth. It's good on cereals, corn muffins, French toast. It adds a luxurious flavor at luncheon to fried hominy or fried mush.

Treat the kiddies to Log Cabin spread on bread when they come in from school. Make plain ice cream into wonderful maple nut sundaes by adding Log Cabin and nuts.

The Log Cabin Products Company, St. Paul, Minn.
(The Center of North America)



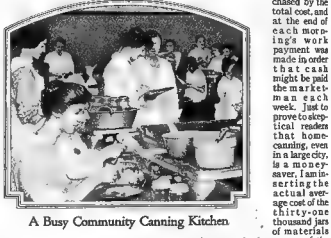
Does City Canning Pay?

By EDITH M. BARBER

IN FORTY different sections of New York City last Summer women met together in groups and canned over thirty-one thousand quarts of vegetables and fruits. And this in the city where the average price of food is higher than in any other place in the country! Yet, even under such conditions, the saving to the women was so great that they are all hoping that the same thing may be done this Summer.

The centers used for this work were school kitchens, which the Board of Education furnished with the fuel; the salaries of the teachers in charge were also paid by the Board, while the supervision of the work was under the trained emergency demonstrators of the Bureau of Conservation of the New York State Food Commission. It was a most interesting sight to visit these community centers which were putting to use the domestic science kitchens of the schools. Little was spent for additional equipment; in most cases the only purchases necessary were large wash-boilers and racks. The women felt at home in their own neighborhood, and often they were of much help to the teacher in charge from their knowledge of the school. At the same time they took pride in keeping the rooms and utensils in good order on account of their local interest. The community spirit was born in some places, and fostered in every place where women worked together preparing the vegetables and fruits as long as there were any, and made no effort to stop when their own jars were filled.

Of course one of the greatest problems to be faced in carrying out a plan of this sort was to find a means of purchasing and delivering vegetables at the centers at a reasonable price. Arrangements were made with a local dealer to buy in large quantities and re-



A Busy Community Canning Kitchen

sell to us at a profit of five per cent. Sometimes the prices seemed exorbitant, but the average cost per quart at the end of the season proved that the work of the women had effected an enormous saving in actual cash. Of course, with the comparatively small equipment in the kitchens, the women were not always able to do as many jars as they desired, but a happy average was maintained where the teacher in charge was tactful. We were usually able to find out beforehand through the wholesalers what products were likely to be—I almost said cheap—in season the next week, and the women signed for the number of jars of that particular vegetable they wished to do.

The Cold Pack Method

A LARGE part of the success of the community work in New York City was due to the simple method used in canning. That followed is known as the "Cold Pack" method, and is the one which has been used for the past few years in many parts of the country by government agents of the Department of Agriculture. Its great asset is the fact that the same process is used for all vegetables, and when a woman learns how to can beans, for instance, she learns at the same time how to can peas and carrots. For the first two weeks, to make sure that each woman understood the different steps thoroughly, the teachers began each morning's work with a demonstration of the particular vegetable furnished that day.

One woman who was a faithful attendant told me that she found herself saying in her sleep, "prepare, blanch, cold-dip, pack, sterilize." After a few days, as one humorous woman put it, everybody pitched in and prepared vegetables. The women grouped themselves into groups of three or four and planned their work in such a way that no time was wasted. While one prepared the vegetables, another sterilized the jars, saw that the water was boiling for blanching, and tested the rubbers. When the vegetables were ready one saw that they were "blanched" by means of a basket for the required time and then "cold-dipped." With the assistance of one of the others she then filled the jars with the vegetable and boiling water, put on the tested rubbers, adjusted the tops, fastened one pale on each jar, and put the jar as quickly as possible into the "sterilizer," which was merely a wash-boiler doing its bit for conservation. She then took her turn at paring and scraping, and another of the group was appointed "monitor" of the next "batch." While the method of preparation of all vegetables is almost the same, the time for sterilization in the "cold pack" differs and must be kept accurately, so this usually was a part of the work of one of the volunteer aids who did so much to make the work successful. These were usually women of the Food Council who had shown great interest in food conservation, and who had attended special classes with the State Food Demonstrator of their district to prepare them for this work. Their assistance was invaluable, as their oversight made certain that the careful and accurate methods were followed, upon which the success of the "cold pack" depends.

Saving on the Cost

WHEN all the baskets and crates were empty, the sterilizers full, and the kitchen in order, most of the workers went home. A few faithful stayed each day to take the jars out of the sterilizers, to fasten the second lids, or screw the cover tightly, and to test the jars by turning them upside down. The next day the jars were labeled and stored for a week to make sure that there was no leaking and consequent spoiling; then they were distributed to the respective owners.

The cost per jar was found by dividing the number of jars obtained from the material purchased by the total cost, and at the end of each morning's work payment was made in order that cash might be paid the marketman each week. Just to prove to skeptical readers that home-canning, even in large city, is a money-saver, I am inserting the actual average cost of the thirty-one thousand jars of materials which were the practical outcome of the Summer's work. This is the cost *per quart*, not *per can*.

Material Canned	No. of Qts.	Average Cost Per Qt
Tomatoes	6,748½	.13 plus
Beans	5,585½	.09 "
Beets	2,252½	.08 "
Peaches	5,341½	.19 "
Plums	6,013	.16 "
Carrots	607	.09 "
Chilli Sauce	120 plus	.20 "
Pears	544	.18 "
Peach Conserve	269 plus	.43 "
Carrot Marmalade	915 "	.19 "
Plum Jam	648 "	.48 "
Rhubarb Preserves	85	.20 "
Peas	206	.16 "
Corn	675	.17 plus
Swiss Chard	90 plus	—
Miscellaneous	1,011	—
Total	31,148 plus	

While the money saving is not to be ignored, the results of this community experiment can not be measured in such a material way. In the first place, many of the women who came to the centers had never canned vegetables before, and they learned in the best manner—by actual doing—a method which is sure and safe. Safe!

That's been amply proved, as, while doubtless there has been a little spoilage, not one complaint has ever reached the office of the Bureau of Conservation and, unless human nature is changing, we would have been the first to hear about it. In the months following the canning I visited many of the communities where there had been a center, and I heard nothing but praise of the products. Even where jars had to be packed in boxes and kept under the beds there was nothing but praise and gratitude for general information gained at the center.

One woman told me that she had used almost no vegetables on the table, but that they were now part of their daily diet. Even in those impossible busy days most of the teachers grasped every opportunity to help in any home problem which arose.

The women also learned much from their association with one another, neighbors became friends, and communities, neighborhoods. Is it being too optimistic to believe that the seed of community spirit was planted in some places and cultivated in other neighborhoods of the largest city of our country?

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Announcing WILSON'S *Certified* Ham *and* Bacon

THE development of the Wilson Institution means a steady betterment not only of methods of production but in the *quality* of the products wherever possible.

Now we announce Wilson's "*Certified*" Ham—the successor to our long popular "Majestic" Ham.

We also announce *Wilson's Certified Bacon*—a product which is on the same high plane of excellence as our Certified Ham.

"*Certified*" is more than a *name*. It embodies all the good faith and sincerity of our organization, as symbolized in the Wilson label itself. "*Certified*" means to us—and we want it to mean to *you*—our personal responsibility. "*Certified*" on ham or bacon means that that product is as good as it can be made.

Rigidly selected from plump, young, corn fed porkers that meet our precise *quality* standard, Certified hams are given our patient, old-fashioned cure, and slow smoking which imparts a newer and more delicious flavor to the tender, juicy meat.

Your own mother could not be more careful or more thoughtful than we are in the selection and preparation of Certified Ham. *Respect* governs every step—the respect that is due the foods which are to reach your table.

Wilson's Certified Ham and Bacon are now on sale all over the country. Ask your dealer for them. If he cannot supply you we can stock him at once as our distribution is national.

"The mark WILSON & CO. your guarantee"

CHICAGO

A partial list of Wilson's Certified Brand Products sold under our "money-back" guarantee

Sweet Corn
Green Peas
Tomatoes
String Beans
Beets
Pork and Beans
Leaf Spinach
Asparagus Tips
California Peaches
Hawaiian Pineapple
Cherries
Blue Berries
Raspberries
Strawberries
Catsup
Chili Sauce
Jellies Jams
Preserves
Peanut Butter
Mince Meat
Olives
Sardines
Salmon
Corned Beef Hash
Ox Tongue
Veal Loaf
Vienna Style Sausage
Oleomargarine

The Wilson Label Protects Your Table

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Kellogg's

TOASTED CORN FLAKES

"Won its favor through its flavor"

The sweetheart of the corn

NATURE puts sweetness in corn. Kelloggs keep it for you in these rich, crisp, gold-glinting flakes—the original and the favorite. It is the Kellogg's flavor—the secret excellence which cannot be duplicated.

Try Kellogg's now. You will enjoy their oven-freshness; our wax-tite package brings them to you so fresh and sweet that you almost detect the piping-hot aroma drifting from our oven doors. Ask your grocer for Kellogg's; you'll see this signature on the package—

W. K. Kellogg

KELLOGG TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO.
Battle Creek, Mich.

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Practical Curtains for Summer

By SARAH E. RUGGLES

IN THE rush of war work of the past two years many houses have been left to take care of themselves as far as any attempt at decoration has been concerned. But now with the resumption of more normal conditions, the woman's first thoughts turn to her home and to the reconstruction that is badly needed therein, renewing the shabby hangings and wall-coverings, as well as in the re-adjustment of the household work.

"What shall I do with my windows?" is the question many women are asking themselves as Summer approaches. At this season we turn from the heavy Winter hangings to those of sheer weave which will keep out the glare yet let in an abundance of fresh air and sunshine. All too frequently Summer has found windows stripped of every semblance of drapery, nothing being left but the roller-shades and very often those of light tone have been changed for others of a dark-green color, long used on account of their opaqueness. To add to the bare aspect which such windows give an interior, the furniture has been covered with glaring dust-like shrouds giving one more stroke of unattractive coldness to an interior which at other seasons was harmoniously and restfully furnished. Happily this condition has changed, and we go about the furnishing of an interior with the same seasonable interest with which we select our wardrobe.

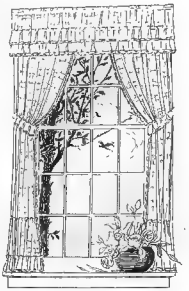
What a difference there is between the appearance of such a cheerless room and one where the windows are seasonably curtained with filmy nets, dimities, or lawns, and the slip-covers made from chints or cretonne, which comes in a wide range of designed colors. Cretonnes have their special niche in decorative schemes. They add that touch of color which in other seasons is supplied by the window overdraperies, the permanent upholstery fabrics, and various other accessories.

Nets Let in the Air

THE nets and open-mesh materials are perhaps the best from which to make selections for Summer curtains. Such sheer window-hangings have a definite decorative value and do not interfere with the ventilation. They soften the bare outline of the window-frame and supply a most effective screen through which the sun may filter, thus taking away the glare which comes when the sun's rays fall directly on the window-glass. The conventional over-draperies may be cast aside and the decoration of the windows left entirely to the adaptation of simple hangings.

When it is advantageous to leave the window without covering and simply to soften its outline, this can be done most effectively by the use of that type of hangings familarly known as the Dutch style—two side-curtains and a valance. The valance hanging between the curtains serves to cover the otherwise exposed rod and shade-roller, giving a soft, finished appearance to the upper part of the window and leaving the lower portion well exposed.

There are, however, some pleasing innovations in net and lace curtain-shades. Many of the designs are so wrought that the curtains form distinct panels for the windows. These are woven 2½ yards in length and add an interesting feature when extended to cover either one or both sashes. A less formal treatment is secured by using a straight curtain of heavy filet net showing the block-pattern designs. The charm of this treatment is enhanced by using a valance of cretonne or a plain soft fabric across the top. This serves to cover the roller but does not in any way exclude light and air.



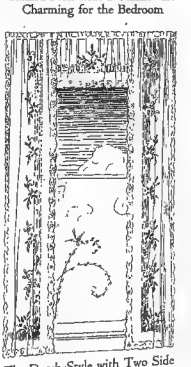
Ruffled Nets with a Valance are Charming for the Bedroom

Ruffled Curtains for Bedrooms

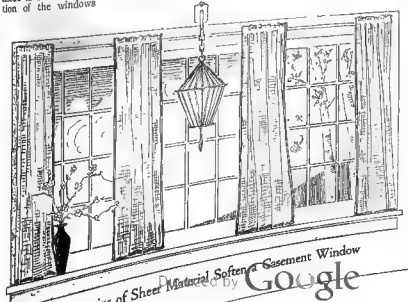
IT WOULD be difficult to find curtains more charming in sheer daintiness than those of the ruffled nets. These are, of course, particularly suited for bedrooms. Several rooms may be hung with this type of curtain and as many different effects obtained by varying the style of the valance and width of the net ruffles. A little patience and ingenuity expended here would be found well worth the effort, as most delightful draperies may be made from simple inexpensive materials.

Much of the value of sash curtains is lost by the use of improper shades. The selection of color should be one that will harmonize with the general scheme of decoration and form a pleasing background for the net. If a uniformity of color is desired from the outside, two-color shades may be found which show the same color from the exterior, while the reverse sides tone in with the decorations of the individual rooms.

We must always remember that aside from the need for ventilation, the object of having windows in our rooms is to allow the light to look in and the family to look out. A room is bound to seem larger if it includes some of the view. Curtains should always be selected and hung with this in mind.



The Dutch Style with Two Side Curtains and a Short Valance



Curtains of Sheer Material Soften a Casement Window

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HEINZ Vinegars

Every drop awakens flavor

YOU use so little vinegar on vegetables or in salads—just enough to bring out the flavor and to add a new taste—that it is certainly economical to make sure of the quality—for where good vinegar improves, poor or impure vinegar spoils and wastes good food.

The difference in cost between the best vinegar and the ordinary is too small to consider, because the food you use it on costs so much more.

Heinz Vinegar, guaranteed by the Heinz label, by the name that in all the well-known 57 Varieties means good things to eat, is fine of flavor, mellow and of a purity greater than any food law requires.

It is made of the finest materials and aged in wood until the aroma and flavor are fully developed.

Pints, quarts and half-gallons,

Malt, Cider, and White

In bottles filled and sealed in the Heinz establishment

Baked Beans
Spaghetti
Tomato Ketchup
India Relish

Some of the

57

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

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THE POSTMAN'S PAY

Crane's Linen Lawn

[THE CORRECT WRITING PAPER]

has beauty as well as style. A girl may be beautiful in any costume. She will be smart only when stylishly gowned.

The beauty of Crane's Linen Lawn is inherent in the paper. The style is the result of our knowledge of what is correct and appropriate in fine stationery.

At good stationery departments can show you the five new, smart envelope shapes—Whitley, Premier, Intervale, Geraldine and Copley—any one of which you can select with confidence. Also three new colors—Magnolette, Laurel and Forget-me-not—as well as white.

Usable samples sent on request for twenty-five cents

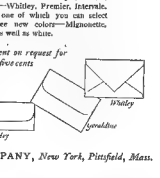
EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY, *New York, Pittsfield, Mass.*

TRED "Paraknit" Elastic Brassiere

MADE of Parakalis, a new kind of light weight, open work, elastic material, is ventilating, very, very flexible, extremely stylish, and healthful. Reinforced diaphragm strap at lower edge supports and reduces diaphragm without pressure, and is not antagonism. $2.00 and $2.50 at dealers, or write for illustrated booklet.

TRED COMPANY, INC
160-D Fifth Avenue, New York

Makers of Tred Elastic Girdle



Bring Out the Hidden Beauty

Beneath the pallid, discolored, faded or aged complexion, is one fair to look upon. Mercolized Wax gradually absorbs the devitalized surface skin, revealing the young, fresh, beautiful skin underneath. Used by refined women the world over. Full directions in every package. Have you tried it? Mercolized Wax 50c per ounce. Clean for use, sold by all druggists.

Sonora CLEAR AS A BELL

Semi-Permanent Silvered Needles

A—New ordinary steel Needle.

B—Ordinary steel needle after playing one record. Note worn point.

C—New Sonora Semi-Permanent Silvered Needle.

D—Sonora Needle after playing one record. Practically no wear.

E—Sonora Needle after playing over 50 records. Needle is worn down but is still in perfect playing condition.

replace steel needles and preserve phonograph records!

THESE remarkable new phonograph needles are used on ALL makes of steel needle records and play 50 to 100 times.

Sonora needles gives a mellower tone, are more convenient, save needle changing, are more economical than steel needles, and are invaluable in preserving your records.

Three Degrees—Loud, Medium, Soft
30c per card of 5 (35c in Canada)
Ask your dealer or write us direct.

Sonora Phonograph Sales Co., Inc.
George E. Brightson, President
279 Broadway, Dept. I, New York
Toronto: Eyrie Building

Sample needle FREE. Write for it

CAUTION! Beware of similarly constructed needles of inferior quality.

Your Community Needs You

By MAUD C. HESSLER

WHAT has come to you since the war ended? Have you lost your war job? Do your days, formerly overfull with zestful work, feel empty now and starved of the joy of unselfish service? Is the problem of unemployment your problem, or have you reorganized your energies on a peace basis? Have you found your peace-time service job—just as patriotic and as much needed by your country as the war-time one?

What has the home-town of each of us gained during this last year and a half?

It is a poor place if it hasn't shown at least five years' solid growth for each twelvemonth of time. The first asset it gained from the war was the community spirit. People crushed their personal interests and pulled together to save our country and to serve our boys. In each big patriotic campaign we pulled harder and better than in the one before it, for we were steadily acquiring the community spirit. The war fairly dynamited us out of our selfish individualism! Our second big gain was in leadership. Many new leaders developed among our men, and old ones purified their aims. Our gain in competent leaders among women who had never taken part in public work was one of the marvels of the war, and greatly impressed the men who were associated with them in war work.

Do you suppose all these devoted leaders are going to shrivel up like Japanese water-flowers and not expand into usefulness until they are submerged in another big crisis?

"I'm looking after my home and children better than ever before," said one of these new leaders recently. "For I've won a new perspective which enables me to understand my household problems better than I did when I was the cloistered, purely domestic woman I used to pride myself on being. But my home work doesn't fully satisfy me now. I'm looking about to see what I can do in the way of community work. I haven't found my place yet. Other women have already pre-empted all the useful work I know anything about, and I don't want to plunge into their midst recklessly and perhaps smash some of the things they have done well. But I don't want to lose my impetus and settle down again to the humdrum. How can I find something new to do?"

Get Acquainted with It

THE solution for this woman, and most of us who are in the same boat, is to set about making a sincere and thorough study of our community. Getting acquainted with it will take up the slack in our activities until we find our place once more, and it will help guide us toward our peace-time job. What are the good and bad points of our community—its strength and its weakness? What is the state of its physical health? What are its problems of pauperism? How about its moral health? Are its schools and other educational forces functioning properly? What provision is made for recreation? What sort of public building has it? Is it guiding its growth by a scientific plan? Are its problems of Americanization looked after? Every one of us needs to know the answer to these questions.

We'll find a multitude of things to ask about in the Health Department. If we go to it fresh from a book and magazine study of the subject, we'll be able to draw conclusions intelligently. What is done with the city's sewage? What is the source of the water supply? Is it ever contaminated? How often is it analyzed? What do experts say about it? What supervision is there of the milk supply? Is it safeguarded against tuberculosis, against preservatives, against dirt? (I may comment here that I have known, personally, of two milk-borne epidemics of typhoid fever. One was caused by a milkman who left milk-bottles at a house where there was typhoid fever. As he did not carefully sterilize the bottles when they were returned to him, they carried the fatal germs to other customers. No milkman should ever leave bottled milk at a house where there is any contagious disease, but should pour his milk from the bottle into the customer's own container.) How are epidemics controlled? Do local doctors faithfully report contagious diseases? Is there a State law or city ordinance to compel the regular disinfection of lavatories and toilets in hotels, railroad stations, and all public places? Is it enforced? Is the Health Department disseminating information concerning child health and feeding? Has the city a visiting or welfare nurse? Has the city or county a tuberculosis sanatorium?

We must be sure to ask, also, what the housing problems of our city are. Housing is not only a health problem but will be found inseparable from the problem of crime. The club-women of Indiana have done valuable work in remedying slum conditions in their State. If our Health Official is frank we may find that some of our community's wealthiest citizens have amassed fortunes from the renting of hovels unfit to shelter human beings and from the letting of rooms in crime-breeding tenements.

Does this seem like beating down our poor Health Commissioner? Don't worry! If he is progressive he will be glad to have us show the intelligent interest in civic health our questions indicate, and he will enlighten us on many matters we haven't touched on. If he is a misfit in his office, our questions may uncover that fact. Then it is our duty to work, if necessary, for a reorganization of a department of service on which the very lives of our community depend.

Study the Problem of Reform

NATURALLY we shrink from the complex problems of crime, yet we are culpably neglectful if we do not try to understand them and help find their remedy, or better, aid in their prevention. How are offenders treated in our courts? The only satisfactory way to find out is to visit them and see for ourselves. How are people charged with offenses kept in restraint before trial? What manner of jail receives them when convicted? Are they treated in such a way as to encourage them to reform, or are they mistreated and goaded into further viciousness? Is there a woman officer or jailer to look after women offenders?

Every city has its grist of luckless boys and girls who sooner or later pass through its courts boys who have committed small thefts, have destroyed property, or have indulged in the excitement of reckless joy-riding; girls who have pilfered, adventurous girls who have run away from stagnant homes, miserable "fallen" young girls, bedraggled, brazen, or dull-witedly phlegmatic. We must look carefully and constructively into the cases of these young offenders.

Our community must have a wise police matron, who will appear in court with accused women and children, who will study juvenile offenses and their remedy, who will help the courts to arrange for the remedial disposal, not only of unfortunate girls, but of children guiltless of crime but luckless in parentage. I well know such a woman at work recently, and admired her large-minded, big-hearted control of the problems I have just mentioned. She told me of the mental and spiritual confusion and despair she felt during the first few days of her work; then, as she kept a careful record of the girls, their history, and the history of their parents and grandparents, she came to see clearly the vicious circle of crime and pauperism, the unfit propagating more unfit, generation after generation.

"We've got to face conditions," said the police matron. "We mustn't say 'The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away,' blessed be the name of the Lord!' and then lie down on our job. We must face responsibility and be willing to apply the remedy. We need to do just two things: first, we must provide better parents for the next generation or we are lost; second, we must limit the product of the unfit." With this in view, she and others are working for a State law under which the colonies will be established to which the mentally unfit can be sent during the child-bearing period. The wonderful results after one generation of such a law would reduce pauperism and crime to a minimum.

The study first of health then of crime

CONTINUED ON PAGE 68

What Do You Know About Your Town?

WHAT is its physical and moral health? How does it look after its poor? Are the schools doing good work? Is there provision for recreation? What are the housing conditions? Are you familiar with your courts?

It is your duty to know these things. A community is what its individuals make it. What are you doing for yours?

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An Invitation to Canada

UNDER the stress of War, the Allies have learned many things, chief of which is that they have a common purpose, common ideals and a common humanity. War has made them better acquainted.

In the days of Peace this better acquaintance should continue, particularly between such near and good neighbors as Canada and the United States. It is for this reason that Canadians wish to emphasize that if any Americans decide to visit Canada this summer, they will be more welcome than ever in the past.

They will find a country of unique grandeur and beauty if they come, for instance, to the Canadian Rockies. They will travel in Canada over a railway, the service of which has not been impaired by War, to hotels of which the Canadian Pacific is justly proud. They will, moreover, find a standard of comfort which the experienced traveler appreciates.

But, most of all, Canadians desire Americans to know that they wish to get still better acquainted. They like to visit your country and would like you to come and see theirs.

In spite of the War the Canadian Pacific Railway has maintained its organization of offices and agencies in the United States and these are at your service for information and particulars.

Montreal, Easter, 1919

President
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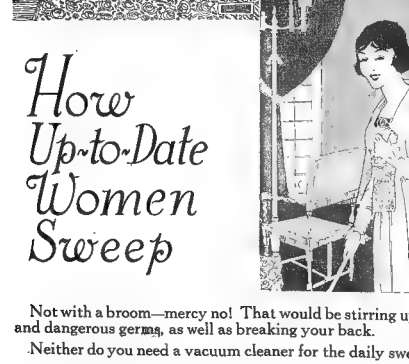

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Not with a broom—mercy no! That would be stirring up dust, and dangerous germs, as well as breaking your back.

Neither do you need a vacuum cleaner for the daily sweeping.

Up-to-date women use the Bissell Carpet Sweeper, the reliable efficient, convenient sweeper, that no well managed home can get along without.

Just run it over your rugs and carpets with the handle held at an easy slant. Be sure the dust-pan is empty, and that the brush is clean—not matted up with hairs, thread etc.

The Bissell, thus used, will take up all the surface dust and pick up all sorts and kinds of small litter with dispatch. There won't be a lot of dust in the room, and the work takes but a few minutes. There is no wasted effort, no weary arms, nor injury to carpets.

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Bissell's "Cyco" Ball-Bearing Carpet Sweepers are $4.25 to $7.50; Vacuum Sweepers, $8.00 to $14.50—depending upon style and locality.

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Your Community Needs You

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

are only the beginning of our civic studies. We have the complex problem of pauperism and the many charitable institutions built to cope with it; the myriad educational forces of our community, the schools, the public library, the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., community lecture and musical courses, and many other agencies that need to be investigated and understood. We'll want to study the problems of the physical aspect of our community, the City Beautiful and the City Efficient. What can we learn of our recreational forces? Can we name any beside the commercialized ones, such as theaters and dance-halls?

An abundance of recreational facilities of a desirable sort are certain to produce a high grade of civic morale; but uncensored commercialized amusements are nearly certain to have degrading elements in them.

For many years I have built up a mental "gallery" of the hundreds of communities, large and small, I have visited in woman's club or home demonstration work, a gallery which holds the picture of some one aspect of the community which especially impressed me. These pictures sometimes record conspicuous excellences, sometimes a scandalous defect. It seems to me as I review them that through the range of communities of widely different areas the same problems exist. In the village the health problem is made up of about the same elements as in the city. The village water supply needs as careful safeguarding as the one of the large city. If the household refuse daily to be contaminated the health of the village demands a safe community water system.

I recall one fortunate village which had a supply of pure and delicious water, conveyed in pipes, at trifling cost, from a spring on a nearby hillside. You may be sure I drank deeply there, but choked with thirst and escaped as fast as I could from another village where the well and outhouse of the one hotel were barely twenty feet apart!

This particular hotel was avoided by traveling men, but it had plenty of local boarders, several of whom were school-teachers. When typhoid germs finally enter that well as they are pretty sure to do in time, there will be a gay epidemic! Another village of five hundred people had absolutely no service. When the war emergency is over these women can be drafted off into other social work and will carry their valuable training along with them.

Did any one ever say the American people can't sing? That must have been in the Dark Ages, two or three years ago. To-day it is a fault of a hamlet or a corner of a city where people don't crowd joyfully together to make a loud and pleasant noise.

I don't believe that even the old singing schools could have been chummier or jollier than the modern community "sing." Singing together is making old and young alike want to play together, too.

Many wide-awake villages have a room down-town where lounging boys can gather to play games. This idea is expanding to include girls and men and women, when, behold we have the full-fledged community house, a most brilliant jewel in the crown of full-fledged democracy. Play-grounds for children are blossoming fast in numberless cities. Many of them are in school-yards. They are equipped with all sorts of frolicksome apparatus provided by Mothers' Clubs. I don't know how much wear and tear of small dresses and trousers they involve No more, I'm sure, than rampaging around back alleys and skinning over fences. Don't you think them much less damaging to morals than the gangs' pranks and fights which prevail where they are not?

These are not the only pictures on my gallery walls. One I dislike to look at is that of a large city of six thousand which has no library, reading-room, or social center. Are its women sound asleep? But there are several portraits as a compensation—portraits of happy rural communities that rejoice in consolidated schools, and one of a beautiful country schoolhouse built and equipped as a memorial to a beloved boy. It will carry his name down with blessings to generations.

No home town of any one of us is a complete and perfect structure. There is a sweeping amount of the most patriotic work to be done in every community. Is it too much to say that our country needs our services as greatly as it did in time of war and in positions of even weightier responsibility?

We who stayed at home and did our war work faithfully called ourselves "the army behind the lines." Now, with the coming of peace, unless we are slackers, we are still fighting; only our place is not behind the lines, but in the forefront of battle.

The Joy in Social Service

MANY of our best leaders are already hard at work in social charities and engrossed in repairing broken lives. They seem to have an artist's delight in taking a wretched little dirt-encrusted mortal and transforming him into a rosy child cherub. "That ain't my sister," whispered a girl who saw the result of such a prolonged and scientific process of child excavation. "My sister's hair wasn't red. It was black!" It was sister, nevertheless, minus her dirt-dye

The charity worker feels not only the joy of service but the thrill of drama as she works with the tragedies of real life which unfold before her. "I don't wonder I can't get you to go to the movies with me. You're living in dramas all the time," remarked a friend to one of the directors of a day nursery

An excellent type of social service is being performed by the Home Service Section of the Red Cross The Red Cross has shown its wisdom by giving its Home Service workers a course of thorough training in the spirit and mechanics of social service. When the war emergency is over these women can be drafted off into other social work and will carry their valuable training along with them.

Have a Well-Groomed City

WE USED to think that housing was a city problem only; the Home Demonstration Agent pointing out to the women she leads that there are slums even in hamlets and bad housing on tenant farms. We know it is true when we remember the evil shacks which squat in miasmatic, overflowed lands. The prematurely shrivelled woman who sits in the doorway of such a hovel, the skinny youngsters beside her, the ragged man lounging in the barn yard are the human specimens bred by an environment which rots bodies and morals alike. Chronic malaria leads a straight path to pauperism and shiftlessness leads to pauperism and crime.

My gallery contains the picture of many a little town which is its gateway by its railroad station. No people of self respect would abide such a den; its waiting-room disgustingly dirty, the close air reeking with the smell of spittle baking on the stove!

It is a greater pleasure to look at the pictures of well-groomed and prosperous little cities. We know that their people not only live their thrifty cleanliness indoors but outdoors as well, and realize that it is a good business asset. Once I had the thrill of seeing a town reform its ways.

It came about when the Village Board and the Woman's Club each appropriated ten dollars to spend in prizes—not for the cleanest and most attractive premises, but for the premises which showed the greatest improvement. Certain prizes were open to business concerns, others to householders. The whole town entered the competition and worked with spirit under the critical eyes of the committee of award. On the first of October every one turned out to hear the prizes announced. I felt sure from the good natured comments of the crowd that the prizes were justly bestowed, and I'm sure I never saw so profitable an investment as that twenty dollars!

A city of 40,000 people has diminished the cost and improved the quality of its philanthropic work by federating its charities into a Social Service Bureau. In its plan there is a Central Board of Directors and a paid secretary and helper. One financial campaign raises all its funds! Several charitable organizations and agents, such as the Welfare Home for Girls, the Day Nursery, the Free Clinic, and the Visiting Nurse, are financed through the Bureau, though some of them operate under their own Board of Directors. The Bureau even appropriates money to pay the fixed expenses of the local Salvation Army, in recognition of the value of its welfare work. Every one in the community is loud in praise of the frictionless efficiency of federated charities. I don't imagine I could find a knocker in town except, perhaps, some chronic beggar who remembers the good old days when clever acting and whining drew funds from several church societies to his ragged pockets.

He probably sighs, too, for the time when he reveled in a plethora of Christmas dinners. Nowadays the malingerer who groans convincingly is sent to a physician, perhaps to a hospital, to be cured of his disease or stripped of his camouflage.

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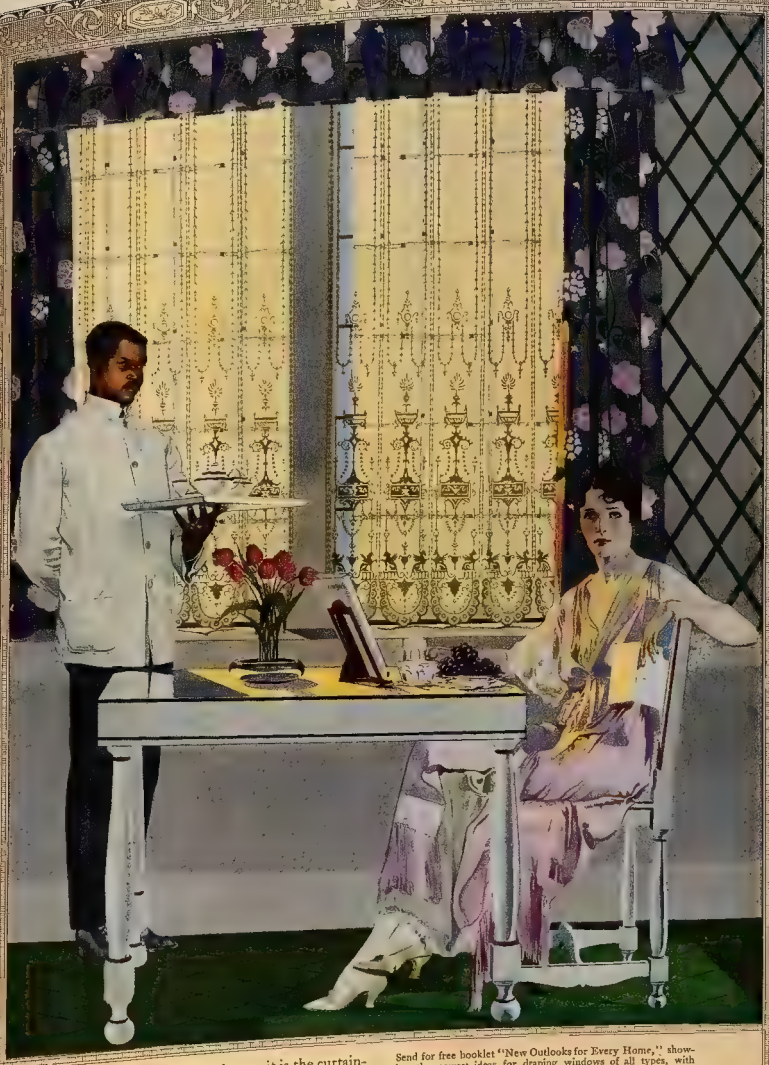

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Olives, olive relish, jellies, jams, preserves, Maraschino cherries, honey, prunes, raisins, salmon, tuna, and many other varieties.

A FAR SEARCH for FLAVOR

Fine flavor in fruits and vegetables is what "good breeding" is in people. One is just as much a matter of careful cultivation as the other. Both are developed only under the most favorable environment.

That explains why the 89 model establishments where DEL MONTE Canned Foods are packed—each one shown by a little red dot on this map—are situated in the most favored spots of Nature, every location having been selected for its special fitness to produce certain products of finer flavor and finer quality than can be obtained elsewhere.

It further explains why we own and operate thousands of acres of the most highly developed orchards and gardens in many of these favored sections—why our specialists have spent their lives in improving old varieties and propagating new ones to perfect DEL MONTE Quality—why, in short, they devote their most vigilant attention to every stage in the growth, harvest and preparation of DEL MONTE Products, from the planting of the seed until the perfectly flavored fruit or vegetable is ready to be served on your table.

Please do not confuse the delicious flavor of DEL MONTE Canned Fruits with some varieties of fresh California fruit, which are necessarily picked green and allowed to ripen on their long journey to market. For DEL MONTE Fruits are always matured and sun-ripened on the tree—they retain all the fine flavor and delicate bouquet that kindest Nature can impart, because they are "packed where they ripen the day they are picked."

That is why you will find DEL MONTE kitchens in the richest pineapple-growing sections of far-off Hawaii—in the fertile California delta lands of the Sacramento River where grows the world's finest asparagus—in Alaska, from whose cold, northern waters the choicest salmon are caught—in the famous peach orchards of the San Joaquin Valley. In fact, it is the same with pears, apricots, plums, prunes, beans, peas, tomatoes and all the other delicious varieties included in the DEL MONTE line. All are grown where they attain their finest flavors. In each is that delicious flavor preserved intact.

In these days when the menu is restricted by conservation needs and every woman is looking for foods that are appetizing as well as economical, the wide DEL MONTE line offers her unlimited variety in the service of more healthful—more delicious—yet truly patriotic foods. Ask your dealer for DEL MONTE—the Conservation Foods of Flavor. They will help you to serve appetizing foods that every one enjoys.

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"The Conservation Foods of Flavor"

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Why I Am Carrying On in Peace

By ANNE WALKER

ISN'T it odd how some insignificant event, perhaps no more than a chance remark, may change, in the twinkling of an eye, a woman's plans if not her entire scheme of living?

A few words in the harsh falsetto of Mary Deacon, our most popular dressmaker, has literally turned my little world upside down!

After the armistice was signed and business at my husband's store promised to become normal, my thoughts turned to clothes. Like all the women in our set, I had been resigned to war-time shabbiness. No one had dared to look smart. But with John talking better times, and the first Spring fashion hints popping up in the magazines, my soul yearned for "pretties." I decided to have a new dress, all new, not a single scrap of last-year, velvet, lace, or passementerie, but everything spick and span from drop-skirt to collar.

So I went down for a peep at Mary Deacon's new fashion books, and after we had talked colors, sleeves, and drapes, Mary said she might just as well take my measures to make sure there were no changes. And then it happened!

"My hand, I can't fit you decent until you get a new pair of corsets. These old ones are two sizes too large. They 'most fold over. What have you been doing to yourself?"

Of course I went right over to the Boston Store and had myself fitted to a new pair, with Miss Rasely, head of the department, exclaiming exactly as Mary Deacon had.

"You used to wear a 26, and this is only a 22. You've got the lines of a girl."

Now nothing pleases the woman past 35 like hearing that she looks thinner. For five years I had been taking on weight, especially around the waist, over the hips, across my back, and under the arms, in a way that makes a woman in evening dress look—well, *beefy*. I had taken exercises, and the phosphate of soda and lemon cure, and I had sent to New York for obesity tablets, but my weight had increased slowly but steadily.

And now every one said that I was thin! I fairly thrilled with pride.

When I slipped my old serge dress over the new corsets, we gasped. It hung in ripples over the hips, bagged ridiculously under the arms. In a few minutes, with Miss Rasely still in admiring attendance, I was being fitted to a marked-down crêpe meteor. I just couldn't wear that foolish-looking serge.

On my way home, I stopped to see a friend who was hanging a new picture. Slipping off my coat, I offered to help. But she stopped on the first step of the ladder and stared at me.

"Gracious, Anne, where did you get that dress? It gives you the lines of a young girl. I never saw you look so slender!"

"Slender!" A word to conjure with when addressing a woman!

And my hostess added, "What *have* you been doing to yourself?"

What Made Me Slender

NOT until the middle of the night when, mightily comfortable and pleased with myself, I lay recalling these comments, did I realize what I had done to achieve this envied slenderness. And I was so thrilled by the discovery, that I sat straight up in bed and hugged myself. I could scarcely refrain from waking John to tell him that I owed all my good luck to war-time methods of living.

To understand this, you must know that ours is a prosperous little manufacturing city, whose men take their wives to New York often enough to keep us women up-to-date. Before the war, we dressed a good deal, especially for evening affairs, gave nice dinners and dances at the Country Club and Tiffin House, the tea-room run on metropolitan ideas by the Ward Sisters. Most of us wives had our own electrics, and there was always the spirit of harmless rivalry in living and entertaining just a trifle better than our neighbors.

Naturally, when war was declared, we followed our big-city sisters into relief work of all sorts, conserving and economizing. When the L. & H. Corset Factory was turned into a munitions plant, absorbing all of our hired girls, a lot of us had to do our own work.

And this is how war rations and war activities gave me back my youthful figure.

On war rations, I had to cut out my chief indulgence, hot tea-biscuit made from wheat flour, served with honey from Grandmother Gorton's hives. For purely patriotic reasons, I no longer served bread with dinner if I had potatoes or rice. I could not eat much cake because I had no luck baking with substitute flours, and precious little time for baking. If I had gravy, sauce, or marmalade, I served no butter. Gradually I cut down our allowance of sugar, until I ate none on cereal and drank my coffee clear.

At Tiffin House, they served only war bread, buns, and cake, instead of the rich pastries, thickly iced and creamed, which had been so popular before the war. Candy and ice-cream had been favorite luxuries with both John and me, but when we figured that two ice-cream sodas cost as much as eggs for breakfast, we decided in favor of eggs. And when the cost of a pound of plain candy reached the cost of enough lamb chops for dinner, of course we said a sad farewell to candy.

All of this would have been a great cross if every one of my friends had not boasted of their economies when a year before no one had mentioned "saving" for fear of sounding "cheap."

So you see, the simple diet at our table, the lower ratio of fat, sugar, and starch, had done what obesity cures and rolling on the floor had never done.

Then war conditions brought into play muscles which I had not used in years. Our local patriotic society started volunteer conservation of gasoline. I drove the car less and walked more.

As I was trying to make a record in economy, I attacked the telephone problem. In our town we do not have unlimited service, and at the end of each year, we had to settle for the extra calls. To cut down these calls, I stopped ordering by 'phone, and marketed in person each morning. When I found that by paying cash and carrying home my packages I could save more money, I was willing to walk from store to store in search of bargains. All this meant exercise in the fresh air.

Simple Meals and More Exercise

WHEN my one servant went to the munitions plant, I tried to hire a day-worker, but the charge for washing and general kitchen work went up to $2.60 for an eight-hour day, and for cleaning to $3.00, so I decided to do as much as I possibly could. This meant simpler meals and more exercise, the John was mighty good at helping when he was around.

Another item which figured in this process of weight-reduction was the temperature of our home. We have a fine steam-heating plant and our furnace man kept the temperature at 72 to 74 degrees. When the Fuel Administrator called for conservation of coal, John had to take over the furnace in order to keep the temperature down to the proper 68 degrees. At first, I was chilly, but I put on light-weight cotton-and-wool union suits, instead of the Summer gauze I had been able to wear in our hot house, and brought out two old sweaters which did very well around the house over my work-dresses. The lower temperature made me feel like moving more briskly and my blood circulated faster, both factors in improving the health.

These changes came slowly, of course, for we have had two years of conservation in our home. But I know that I am not the only woman—or man for that matter—who is better for war-time living. My druggist tells me that the sale of laxatives, medicines for sluggish livers, and sick headache cures has fallen off fifty per cent. Our overfed bodies and slothful livers spelled profit to doctor and druggist.

And with each passing day, I realize that I have gained much beside slenderness. I have a certain sort of courage which I lacked in the pre-war days. I no longer tell delivery boys to keep the change when it is just a few pennies. I use those pennies to buy postal cards with which to save telephone calls.

I am no longer afraid to demand a cheaper grade of fabric or food, when a fawning clerk insists that I want the best and most expensive the market affords.

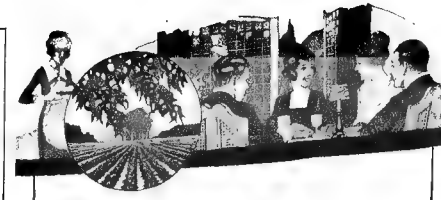
But the most valuable reward of war conditions is the most difficult to express. John and I have been re-united mentally and spiritually.

Without realizing it, we had drifted pretty far apart. John had had to work mighty hard at the store to satisfy my demands for a social life in which he was not particularly interested. Details of his business bored me, just as my chatter of teas, receptions, social rivalries, and jealousies bored him.

But while we did the evening dishes together or worked in the garden, we came to talk of mutual interests—up-to-date methods of drawing trade to a hardware store, investments local and national, war relief work, why we were sending the flower of our young manhood overseas.

To-day John has a bigger job at the store than earning enough money to keep his wife in the social swim, and I have learned that it is more fun to pique the interest of your own husband than to rouse the envy of your neighbors.

We have been married fourteen years and until now we have never felt the urge to buy a home. But if you could follow us on our Sunday afternoon walks, when we look at building sites, or if you could hear us discuss how many shingles can be bought for the price of two admissions to the movie theater, you would understand why I have determined to carry on in time of peace.



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J.C.

What They Brought Out of France

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

woman had said with impatient surprise, "Why, we *won*. We defeated Germany."

She turned to Conrad. "What was it, then?"

"Why this—this new—*feeling* that we have about—things. I don't know whether I can tell it so you'll see what I mean. But before the war, you know—well, say, in France, for instance. They weren't on the earth as far as we were concerned. They were they—we were we. Both of us satisfied with it that way. Their country was a place to travel through if you ever had that much money. It simply didn't concern us. But, Mother," there was that slip in his voice which pitched his words from the deep well of some inner responsibility, "when you've battled half a day for a strip of road—when you've shoved crazy, fighting devils at the point of your bayonet, inch by inch, yard by yard, slow mile by slow mile, across a field, I tell you *that road and that field concern you*. They'll always concern you! A part of you stays there on it, and guards it. It concerns us whether they were able to patch up the road, and if the crops grew again in the field. And if they've started remodeling that cathedral, and if old man Dumont ever found his wife. There's not the slightest thing about France and Belgium that isn't *ours* to us. We staked our last die upon it, and we won it! The French are like children, Mother, sweet children. And the English, fine to the core, the last boy of 'em. And the Belgians—crushed and beaten and exiled, and absolutely invincible! Why—we'd called 'em foreigners! And they're not. They're fellows—darned good ones. They're us as much as we are!"

She caught the spirit of his meaning—and her hand on his arm tightened. After an interval she ventured a question. "And this new neighborliness, this love of nation for nation—was the gaining of it worth to you your own personal loss?"

"As far as that goes, I don't suppose I'd have stepped out and said, 'Strike off my right arm for democracy.' But the war happened. England — France — Italy — United States — standing shoulder to shoulder, shoving against a wrong that threatened the life of the world. And my shoulders touched theirs—*helped shove*. We took our risks together. The very fact of our doing it gives us an—an absolutely new view of everything. It's showed us the meaning of life—what the world is getting at." He swung about sharply. "Why, suppose I hadn't gone! I saw a boy to-day who didn't. Who could have, I mean, and used his money to keep out. He was leaning against a post, watching us march by. He'd had his chance to help—the biggest chance ever offered anybody, and he'd . . . *turned it down*. Why, suppose that *I*——"

"Ah, yes. That would be worse! I see it all now. I understand! Thank God you went, Connie!"

The clock on the city hall rang out eleven clear strokes. Connie cocked his head to one side, smiling reminiscently, as if he were minded of other evenings the old clock had sounded, and where they had found him.

"It's time you were in bed," said Alice softly.

They rose. For a moment he stood outlined against the white night, his face lifted. A thousand times she had seen him stand in that same spot and stretch both strong young arms up and touch his fingers to the porch ceiling, as if to measure his manhood.

Connie's cigar made a curved arch through the air. He reached his left arm up and touched the top of the porch with his fingers.

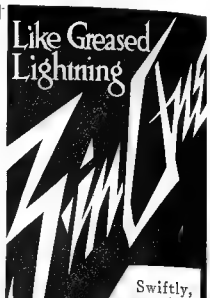
"I bet I can sleep a week, Muddie," he said lightly.

LATER, after she had kissed him good night, and had seen with a lump in her throat his childish joy at crisp, white sheets, and sweet-scented coverings, Alice came again to the moonlit porch. In the spot where Connie had stood so many times to measure his manhood, she made her peace. With conditions, with changing standards, with life in its building and progressing.

She was caught up and swept away by this new feeling of world unity, which means brotherliness. They had brought it home across the Atlantic, these boys had, and through the land in every home where one of these returned, his glowing heart went singing. Out of sacrifice they had evolved it, and through its conception the world entered a higher plane.

And in place of her old boy with his fine bodily perfection, and his devil-may-care glance, and his vivid ties, she accepted this new boy with the shadow of Flanders in his eyes, and his new, glorious creed—and his empty sleeve. She saw him standing out against the moonlight, his young face lifted without a murk of regret, utterly unconscious of what he represented. And she heard a voice say:

"This is my body which is broken for you."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Our Co-operative Nursery

By GRACE VIALL GRAY

THERE is a little building down the street about two blocks from my house where a very unique thing is happening every day. It is called the "Co-operative Nursery and Playhouse of the University of Chicago." Can you imagine such a thing as a nursery full of active, noisy, happy children housed on the same campus with dignified staid buildings and still more dignified classrooms. But such is the case at our big University.

In my college days this little building that now houses the Faculty babies and children was our gymnasium, shower-rooms and dressing-rooms. But after we were blessed with a wonderful new Woman's Building, this empty gymnasium with its adjoining rooms lent itself very well to the youngsters of the community.

The gymnasium is used for the most active, energetic activities we want to be constantly flying around on wheels, roller-skates, and what-not. There is also apparatus for the development of growing muscles. Things that boys, and some girls for that matter, love to climb on, hang from, jump from, and slide down. A smaller room has been converted into a tool-shop where small boys' fingers can whittle, shave, and construct many things from wood. Of course the tools are selected with care and no sharp things are allowed. A place for the girls, who like to be quiet, to sew, to paint, or to read, has been provided for. Another little room off by itself in a balcony has been provided with two little white cribs, where the youngest members of the group can have their usual daily naps without disturbance.

But you are saying, "How is it run?" "Who superintends it?" "Who takes care of the children?" "How much does it cost?" These and numberless other questions pop into every mother's head. Down in every woman's heart at some time or other has been the longing for just such a place to send Billy and Susie during the active day hours or particularly after school is out. Many women sacrifice themselves to their children, renounce pleasures of many kinds that they long for just because they have no one to leave Susie with, and they can not allow Billy to run the streets.

Somewhere to Go after School

OUR Co-operative Nursery at the University of Chicago solves just these problems. It takes care of the small child under school age, leaving the mother free to do her shopping, her marketing, her housework-ing, and her cooking without having a tired youngster clinging to her skirts at every step and begging, "Let's go home," or "I'm so tired, Mother," or whimpering to be taken out of the hot kitchen where mother is preparing lunch for the home-coming members of the family. Besides caring for these smaller children, the Nursery reaches out and gathers in the children after school, giving them a place to go when mother is attending the Ladies' Aid Meeting, the Concert, or a Sewing Bee.

In these maidless days when it is almost impossible to get help of any kind in the home, this Nursery has been a "life-saver" to the busy mothers of this community. They do not love their children less when they send them to a place of this kind—they simply love them more They know that they themselves are better mothers for having their own individual freedom to do things they enjoy doing, and they know it is well for children to learn to play together.

I think if for any reason this one co-operative plant were removed from the University campus, it would be the greatest catastrophe that could happen to the mothers of the community. The Nursery is managed primarily by the Faculty mothers, altho there is a membership committee that votes on "outsiders' names." There are many mothers in the community who are in no way connected with the University, but who have children they are desirous of entering the Nursery.

The group which is organized as a "Mothers' Club," meets every so often to discuss ways and means of running the Nursery, to talk over needed improvements and to suggest new plans for all their children. What impresses an outsider immediately is that every woman mothers all the children, not alone her own little family, but reaches out and includes her neighbors' children. She says, "What is good for your children will probably be good for mine," or, "If you have found that is good for your child, I shall try it on mine."

Everywhere is this helpful spirit of mothering. This is no rich establishment where the parents come and dump down their babies and pay trained nurses to do the rest. The parents bring the children, stay with the children, play with the children, and mother the children.

Of course with a co-operative scheme of this kind every one must do her part and do her part on schedule time. A time-table is arranged whereby Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Brown are responsible for Monday morning, and Mrs. White and Mrs. Jones for Monday afternoon The women serve only a half day, thereby having the remainder of the week to themselves. If for any reason one of the women can not keep her day, she may call on some one else to take her place, but she is *absolutely* responsible for that time and must either be there herself or have a substitute there. The substitute must be a mother of the Organization.

A Capable Woman in Charge

IN ADDITION to the two mothers who help, there is a paid attendant, Miss Wedon, who bears the responsibility of the Nursery. With any movement of this kind there must always be one person who is paid to look after all the many details of such an adventure, who is always there ahead of time, and who knows the children and their failings. The constant shifting of mothers demands this one person in constant attendance, and then there are very few mothers who want the responsibility of twenty or thirty children on their shoulders, particularly the young mothers who have only one small child they have been accustomed to caring for; so having this splendid capable woman at the head who works right with the mothers, has made for the success of the undertaking

There are three grades of dues for the mothers. Regular dues are fifty cents a week; there are half memberships at twenty-five cents a week, and those desiring may take double memberships at one dollar a week. The privileges of all types of membership are the same. The three grades are arranged solely to allow members to share as they are able in carrying the responsibility of the Nursery. There is a Mother Treasurer who receives the money which is payable monthly in advance. The mothers hold office in the club for a short time only so that the different responsibilities rotate rapidly.

There are some mothers who seldom let their children play with other children, who dread the time when kindergarten will appeal to the child, because they say, "As soon as he goes to kindergarten he will be getting measles, whooping-cough, and chicken-pox." It is rather an interesting fact about this Day Nursery that the mothers all agree that their children never "caught" anything there to their knowledge. The children's diseases, of course, but there were many other sources of contagion, so each mother felt in every case the Nursery was never to blame.

AS ONE mother said, "The greatest recommendation I can give the Nursery is this: I took my children out of the Nursery during the influenza epidemic, thinking I would do everything possible in my power to prevent any possible chance of contagion and, as you all know, my children were the only ones who got the influenza. The other children who stayed here did not catch it."

At present the mothers leave the matter of health entirely to each individual mother, pledging her to put herself on honor not to send any child to the Nursery who has a cold or any indication of a "coming on disease," or if there is contagious disease among other members of the family. They are hoping for medical inspection in the near future and there is no doubt but that they will procure this as they have other things. This, of course, is the ideal arrangement, as a physician may foresee a coming attack when an inexperienced mother might not. They do everything in their power to safeguard the health not only of their own individual children, but of all the children, and so these fortunate children have not only one mother who is vitally interested in them, but many

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

Add Cocoanut to Your Puddings

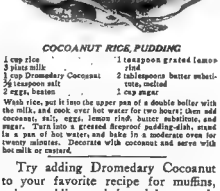
Improves the flavor and adds greatly to the food value

COCOANUT CORN-MEAL PUDDING

1 cup corn-meal
1 cup barley flour
1 cup wheat flour
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon soda
½ cup sugar
2 tablespoons shortening
1 pint sour milk
1 cup Dromedary Cocoanut
½ cup Dromedary Dates

Mix meal and flour with salt and soda. Add sugar, shortening, milk, cocoanut, and dates (cut in halves). Pour into greased molds, cover with a greased paper, and steam steadily for four hours. Turn out and serve with hot milk or any preferred sweet sauce.

PUDDINGS containing Dromedary Cocoanut are a wonderful improvement over the old-fashioned kind. It transforms them into delicious new dishes.



COCOANUT RICE PUDDING

1 cup rice
3 pints milk
1 cup Dromedary Cocoanut
½ teaspoon salt
2 eggs, beaten
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
2 tablespoons butter substitute, melted
1 cup sugar

Wash rice, put it into the upper pan of a double boiler with the milk, and cook over hot water for two hours; then add cocoanut, salt, eggs, lemon rind, butter substitute, and sugar. Turn into a greased fireproof pudding-dish, stand in a pan of hot water, and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. Decorate with cocoanut and serve with hot milk or custard.

Try adding Dromedary Cocoanut to your favorite recipe for muffins, cakes, puddings, salads and desserts. It lends variety and a delicate nutty flavor to the plainest dish.

COCOANUT BREAD PUDDING

1 cup Dromedary Cocoanut
1 pint bread crumbs
1 quart milk
2 eggs, beaten
½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter substitute, melted
½ teaspoon nutmeg

Into a bowl put cocoanut, bread crumbs, and milk; and allow to soak fifteen minutes. Add eggs, sugar, salt, butter substitute, and nutmeg; pour into a greased fireproof dish, and bake in a slow oven for one hour. Decorate with Dromedary Cocoanut and serve with hot milk or any preferred sweet sauce.

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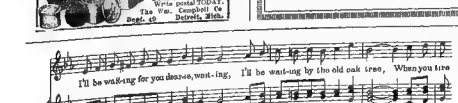

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Our Co-Operative Nursery

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

mothers. Two physicians have offered their services for any emergency that might arise.

The hours of the Nursery and Playhouse are from nine in the morning until five at night. Most of the children go home for lunch and return in the afternoon at one-thirty, but arrangements can be made to have them stay to lunch if the mother wishes to be gone all day. The Woman's Building, which is only a block from the Nursery, sends over the menu-card for the day. The mother who wishes her child to lunch at the Nursery picks from this card the things she wishes her child to eat. The food is brought over in thermos containers hot. There is also a little kitchen at the Nursery where things can be reheated if necessary. Every morning the children have a luncheon of crackers or some other little thing.

THE Nursery is open every day but Sunday. On certain days, such as Concert days, when the mothers can not arrive at five to get their children, a special arrangement is made whereby Miss Wedon keeps each child overtime at the rate of ten cents a child. So you see there is system in this scheme as there must be system in anything worth while.

Some mothers prefer to take a large group of children walking once a week. Miss Wedon in charge at the Nursery. The younger mothers who feel this too much of a responsibility stay at the Nursery with those who do not go out while Miss Wedon takes the others for a walk. The mother is the one who says whether her child shall go out or remain in. There may be some reason why she prefers that Jane stay in, in which case she sends word as to her preference, if she does not bring the child herself.

The children are kept out-of-doors just as much as possible. Fortunately, there is a beautiful walled-in yard opening off the gymnasium where they can romp and play in dry fair weather.

I was interested to know the details of how this venture first got foot in the community and received enough encouragement to grow, for usually every new thing, and particularly a scheme of this sort, has many cold-water dashers and skeptical discouragers. What the president of the Mothers' Club told me of how the Nursery was started ought to be of profit to every mother anxious to start such a movement in her community.

"The experiment in the co-operative care of children is a new one, and our successful experiment may give far-reaching encouragement to other groups of American mothers. We have been successful because we have had the interest and co-operation of every one concerned.

"A few of us mothers who keenly felt the need of just such an organization went to the University authorities and asked if we might have the use of this empty building. We succeeded in getting our petition granted. We are most fortunate in having the building with light, heat, and janitor furnished us. But in almost any community there is some available empty store or unused building that could be donated to such a worthy cause It didn't take us long to get other mothers interested. Of course, we had difficulties and some opposition, as you would naturally expect in such a unique movement. But we feel we can consider ours an experiment no longer, as it has been running for a year and a half now, eleven months out of the year. The month of September is vacation month for the entire University so we disband that month.

"One interesting thing that we have discovered is that we mothers have gained as much from the Nursery and Playhouse as the children have. We call it a Playhouse, too, because the older children resent the word Nursery. The mothers have learned a little from this mother, a little from that mother. Mothers who have talents have been discovered. One mother comes and sings with the children, another mother comes and paints with the children; another mother supervises the dramatic talent of the older girls. We were fortunate in having a University course so Miss Wedon gives the smaller children little nursery rhythms.

"We try to make this Playhouse the most interesting place in the world, so our children love to go there. You know the city is made for grown-ups. There isn't a single tree in our beautiful parks that a boy is allowed to climb The city's back yard is the same as the front—not meant for children.

"Here at the Nursery we try to find outlets for boy and girl energies. We let them dig in the ground. In the Spring we let them make gardens. They are not always beautiful, but they have given the children a chance to dig in earth, something all children must do.

"We also found that the children wanted animals, so last year the University gave us guinea-pigs. The children fed and played constantly with these little guinea-pigs. We have found that a sand-box, a slide, some "kiddie-cars," blocks, a space for a garden, and a place for animals, all the equipment necessary, although we have had many toys donated by the mothers.

"If you will make the environment interesting, you will find the child will amuse himself and will not want to be entertained. We let them play for we have found a child learns much through his or her play and particularly through play with others."

ALL you mothers who have read this are sighing and wishing you too could have such a "child haven" in your community. You can have it, but you will not get it by sighing and sitting still. Get up, rouse yourself, and rouse your neighbors on this side of you and that side of you. What has been accomplished among these mothers at the University of Chicago can be accomplished among any group of mothers who are so anxious to have the thing that they are willing to work hard enough to get it. You know if you think hard enough about a thing and work hard enough for it, you usually get it.

The American Woman's Foundation

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

work out their own salvation. They want a chance for woman's initiative to take hold of and grapple with the great, world-wide problems that must be solved, separate and distinct from men's problems, and on the solution of which depend the safety and happiness and wholesome development of the new civilization

A great deal of energy is about to be released. The remarkably efficient organizations, that have made equal suffrage as sure as death and taxes, may well turn on their power for another great forward movement. The Red-haired Woman has come.

Ideals have been rescued by woman's skill and woman's strength. We have been told that women are going to ride in our canoes of State. Now let us make our own navigation charts.

TO CHART the sea of the future, with woman guiding the bark in which rests the hope of the race, is not a task for an individual nor for a group of individuals. It is a task that challenges the best that every woman's brain, and every woman's soul has to give. It is not a task for a day or a month. It is a task for years.

Would not the creation of an AMERICAN WOMAN'S FOUNDATION, initiated and operated for and by women, offer opportunity for the formulation of a plan that master brains might evolve and that master hands might work out. With a fund sufficient to inaugurate the plan and to operate it for five years, opportunity could be offered for placing it on a self-supporting basis.

Beginning with a nation wide project for training women in health, economics, and psychology, the program could be expanded to include the drama and everything that touches life at its vitals and in which women have a controlling influence.

WOMEN of means would thus have opportunity to invest in bonds that would mean the liberty of women, and through them the liberty of the race—that would mean freedom from shackles that keep bound to senseless traditions and world-old fallacies. Women's clubs and women's organizations of every kind could find a new outlet for their energies and new opportunities for their influence.

But the privilege should not be given to the few. Every woman in America should have a share in this great undertaking, which is to benefit her and her children and their children. Surely there are in America one million women who would gladly invest one dollar every year for five years to put in operation a great, thrilling plan to take the university—not the segregated, expensive university as we know it, but a great, new democratic people's university—to the very door and to the very heart of every woman in our great, new awakening America.

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Youth of the Skin

As Spring is the youth of flowers, OlivilO is youth of the skin.

A Perfect Toilet Soap

Its absolute purity and rare cleansing properties protect the skin against the winds of Winter that linger into Spring.

An unobtrusively fragrant toilet requisite for

Complexion, Bath and Hair

"Couldn't Be Better if It Cost a Dollar a Cake"

ALLEN B. WRISLEY CO.
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Wrisley's San-Toy Talcum

As soft and sweet as full-blown Springtime.

Wrisley's Toilet Waters

Fragrant as early wild-flowers that line the woodsy trails.

Superstitions of Nations

Generations ago, in Alsace-Lorraine, the Bluebird was woven into folklore as significant of Happiness.

Immortalized by Maeterlinck, the Bluebird is universally accepted as a symbol of GOOD LUCK.

And now once again the Bluebird—Happiness—spreads its wings over the reborn child of France—Alsace-Lorraine.

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MORE HEAT—LESS CARE

NO matter how early you begin your day, your Florence Oil Stove is ready to begin it with you. Just turn a lever to "Light," lift the chimney, and touch a match to the asbestos kindler. A clear blue flame is started and your stove is ready for its work. This simple operation replaces all the back-breaking drudgery of cleaning clogged grates, taking up ashes, bringing in coal and wood.

Lever control adapts this ready heat to whatever your cooking or baking task. By turning the lever you can get any necessary degree of heat—the powerful, intense heat for boiling or roasting, the medium heat for baking, or the slow steady heat for simmering. There is no stove task, big or little, which your FLORENCE OIL STOVE will not accomplish with ease and comfort. Your kitchen is always cool and comfortable, for the heat goes directly into the cooking.

The Florence Oil Stove is easy to use and easy to keep clean. The supply of kerosene may be noted through the glass bull's-eye in the supply tank. This supply can be easily and quickly replenished at any time. There are no wicks to trim, no valves to leak. Complete directions accompany each stove, and any woman can easily fix any part of her stove and keep it always ready for instant use.

The Florence Portable Oven has a glass-panelled door through which you can watch the progress of your baking without risking the draft of an opened door. The Florence Tank Water Heater, burning kerosene, will supply you with ample hot water for kitchen and bathroom.

Call at your dealer's today and ask him to show you this Florence kitchen equipment and how easily it operates.

Send for the Home Canning and Drying edition of the "Household Helper," which tells you how to can by the cold-packed method and how to dry fruits and vegetables, using a Florence Oil Stove equipment. It is gladly mailed free upon request.

CENTRAL OIL & GAS STOVE COMPANY, 195 School St., Gardner, Mass.

Manufacturers of Florence Oil Cook Stoves, Florence Tank Water Heaters, Florence Portable Baking Ovens, and Florence Oil Heaters

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Into Debt and Out Again

Contributed by J. E. G.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This article was sent in unsolicited to the editor by an energetic little American housewife, after she had read an article by Helen Christine Bennett, called "How Do You Spend Your Money?" which appeared in the October issue of Pictorial Review. It is the actual experience of a woman who runs her home not on theory alone, but on theory tested out by actual experience.

WE WERE married in 1913 and started out on what was to us an uncharted sea of housekeeping. We knew that we would not be able to keep up the social status of pre-marriage days, as our income of $20 a week would not permit, so in order to put ourselves out of reach of former associates we leased a small cottage some distance from our former homes. The rental was $21 a month. Elaborate wedding-gifts of cut glass, silver, and some furniture were a strong temptation to buy equally elaborate house-furnishings, but we resisted and, taking a gift of $240 we spent exactly that and no more. But, before the bill for furniture arrived, we had purchased coal, cleaning materials, kitchen equipment, and an initial stock of groceries, the total cost of which, owing to our inexperience, was a complete surprise. Before we got settled we were in debt. With our $20 a week and a home incompletely furnished, we had already a handicap of bills as follows:

Furniture	$166.00
Dentist	25.00
Coal	36.38
Fire insurance	5.00
Total	$230.38

But a handicap even worse than this list was our total lack of experience of running a house on an economical basis. We went on, as most young couples do, continuing to buy little things which it seemed to us we must have, using up the ready cash on hand.

We did want to own a home. And fortunately we had located in a neighborhood where property was rising rapidly in value. Altho we had no reserve we had courage, and we had every reason to believe that the twenty-dollar-a-week income would be increased in reason, from year to year. With these assets and no cash I began looking for a house that would suit us as a home and would prove a good investment as well. Finally, after some seeking, I found a neighbor who was willing to sell his six-room bungalow on a main street not far from the bathing-beach and yacht-club. What he had installed in the house in the way of lumber and building materials, plumbing fixtures, etc., had been the best, but the cost had far exceeded his anticipations. He had finished the house with a poor quality of wall-board instead of plaster, and this board had already warped. He was disgusted with the whole proposition and agreed to transfer his interest in the house to us for $300 cash. We borrowed the $300 from friends on personal notes at 5 per cent. interest, assumed the two mortgages on the property, which amounted to $2,340, making the total cost of the house $2,640.

I WISH that fastidious brides could have seen this house as it looked when we bought it. The walls and ceilings were covered with warped, ugly brown wall-board, the nails showing in uneven rows. The woodwork and floors were soiled and weather-beaten from hard usage for two years without varnish or cleaning. The front lawn was a mass of tall weeds, and the back of the house was far below the street level and was filled up to the present level with rubbish and ashes deposited by the city. Many doors were without knobs. But we had determined that even with brighter prospects ahead we could not assume a debt of more than $3,000 for a house, and in all my seeking I had found for that amount only very old, or cheaply constructed, small models. This house had been begun well, and my husband felt confident that he could do much in the way of the labor needed to make the place attractive. We moved into the house in August, 1914.

Our debts now ran as follows:

Furniture	$116.00
Dentist	10.00
Grocers	19.21
Paint, etc.	5.00
Ice	1.87
Personal notes	300.00
Total	$452.08

Our assets were courage, financial credit among friends, and an income now of $23 a week. From September to January, 1915, when our son was born, we worked and scrubbed and sandpapered and painted every available minute and to the last atom of our strength and endurance. After the baby came we stopped to take care of him. Our expenses increased altho we dispensed with the telephone and undertook the family washing.

Spring found the place so much improved it was hardly recognizable. My husband had painted the house on the outside and had trimmed the lawn and walk. We talked with the representative of a co-operative bank of our method of purchasing the house and of the efforts we were making to complete it. He told us that we were paying altogether too high a rate of interest. He examined the property and advised us to apply to his bank for money to finish the house. Lathing lath and plaster, as his bank would not lend money on a house finished in wall-board. The difference of one and a half per cent. he could make in the interest would lessen the ultimate cost of the house considerably. We began to figure on this proposition. And we figured all Summer long without getting any farther ahead.

AT THE beginning of our third year of married life, in the early Fall, I was offered a position by the firm with which I had been associated before my marriage at a salary of $20 a week and an increase of $5 in six months. Our list of debts had $420.02. There seemed to be no way of reducing this amount. I was tired out with housekeeping, and the office with which I was familiar promised a haven of rest, a chance to sit down almost all day, and no housework! I returned to the business world. After two brief experiments in house-help I secured a neighbor to do my housework, a woman who had two children of her own and who could care for my baby. She was a trained and economical housekeeper, an advanced thinker, tactful and pleasant, a rare treasure. And she loved the baby, who flourished under her care.

But even with my $20 a week our financial condition did not improve. Out of my earnings I spent:

Mrs. H——, rent	$7.00
Washerwoman	2.12
My car-fare	1.00
My lunches	2.00
Total	$12.12

The remaining eight dollars barely covered the additional cost of clothing, as I had to dress well and did not have the time to do sewing for any of us. My evenings, week-ends, and holidays I spent working at home doing the odds and ends that only a wife and mother can do. My housekeeper had her time off at week-ends, but I had no time for recreation or leisure, and only a few dollars net additional income. After four months I decided that the gain was too small to be worth the effort on my part and I returned home.

Meanwhile, we had succeeded in getting the money for the finishing. The bank had loaned us $2,400 which covered the mortgage and left us $200 toward the plastering. We got a second mortgage of $200 at 7 per cent. on which we promised to pay $4 a month and interest, and this with the payment on our assets—furniture, interest, taxes, water, etc., made our monthly payment on the house about $32. We had our plans well made and the bank had covered every point. We were to move out two weeks while the plaster was put on and dried. We stayed out of our home just three months before the work was done and the place fit to live in. Our list of debts noreased because of this extra expense.

In the Spring of 1916 we got out pencil and paper and determined to establish a system of living and stick to it. We decided to keep a strict cash account and tabulate it monthly, so we bought a small cash-book. On the last page we made a list of our debts, intending to use the book from back to front for our debt account, making a new list on a fresh page every month. Our assets were what was in the house so we did not have to even list them. We began with our purchases in the front of the book, trying to attempt to classify and leaving a blank page between each month. My husband's salary represented our total income except for gifts, and these were so few that one page in the middle sufficed for all of them. On April 1, 1916, we owed $3,021.85. As the value of our house was at least $3,500, we were not only out of debt but ahead; however, we had immediate problems. We had urgent, long overdue accounts amounting to $262.49, and all our living expenses to pay out of an income of $1,200. We studied our account

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

Given away!

One pound can Old English Wax to purchasers of Old English Waxer and Polisher—the new device that makes the polishing of floors as simple and easy as dusting them with a mop.

If not obtainable at your paint, hardware, drug, house-furnishing or department store, remit to us; we will supply you both Polisher and Wax, parcel post prepaid. Price, east of Denver, $3.00; Denver and west, $3.50

Why have dull floors

—when you can have beautiful floors so easily?

No matter how dull and lustreless your floors have become, you can easily bring back their natural beauty.

All you need is a can of Old English Wax and a soft cloth—or the Waxer and Polisher shown above. Old English Wax covers the floor's surface with a thin, tough, transparent *film* that produces a beautifully soft, mellow lustre and brings out all the natural beauty in the grain.

One polishing will keep your floors lovely for months. This wax *film* is so tough that hot water, heel marks, and hard knocks of children will not break through.

Buy a can of Old English Wax today. See how easily and cheaply you *can* have beautiful floors—even though they are not made of the finest hard woods.

For sale by hardware, paint, drug, house-furnishing and department stores in the United States and Canada.

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Write for free book

Contains expert advice based on 25 years' experience. Tells the most satisfactory and economical way to care for

Hardwood floors	**Table Tops**
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How to *clean* your floors

OLD ENGLISH BRIGHTENER cleans, polishes, brightens and protects floors against wear. Will not remove wax. Makes one waxing last twice as long.

Address THE A. S. BOYLE CO.
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Write a Song—Love, Mother, home, childhood, patriotic or any subject. I compose music and guarantee publication. Send words today. THOMAS MERLIN, 255 Reaper Block, Chicago

COLLEGE MEN: We have openings for a limited number of ambitious men for spending work. Applicants will please state briefly age, college activities and references. Address Alexander Lamont, THE PICTORIAL REVIEW CO., 214-216 W. 39th Street, N. Y.

Be Well without drugs

IT is easier to be well than to be sick when you learn how. When you learn to daily build your vitality, disease germs, grippe and cold have little effect upon you. Be free from nagging ailments! Weigh what you *should* weigh! Have a good figure! Be happy! *Enjoy* life! Be a source of inspiration to your friends. In other words, LIVE. *As sure as sunrise*

You can weigh exactly what you should

by following a few simple, healthful directions at home. I KNOW it, for what I have done for 87,000 women I can do for you. Are you too fleshy? Are you too thin? Does your figure displease you? Let me help you **I want to help you to realize that your health lies almost entirely in your own hands and that you can reach your ideal in figure and poise.**

My work has grown in favor because results are quick, natural and permanent, and because it appeals to COMMON SENSE.

No Drugs—No Medicines

You can free yourself from such nagging ailments as

Excess Flesh in any part of body	Incorrect Walking	Indigestion	Headache
	Poor Complexion	Dizziness	Sleeplessness
Thin Bust, Chest, Neck or Arms	Lack of Reserve	Rheumatism	Torpid Liver
	Nervousness	Colds	Malassimilation
Round Shoulders	Irritability	Poor Circulation	Auto-Intoxication
Incorrect Standing	Constipation	Lame Back	

Our Soldiers Have Done So—Why Not You?

If you are in Chicago, come to see me, but sit down and write me NOW. Don't wait—you may forget it. I will send FREE my illustrated booklet showing you how to stand and walk correctly and giving many health hints.

Susanna Cocroft, Dept. 74, 624 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Miss Cocroft has surely been living valuable war work. She is nationally recognized authority on conditioning women for war training camps have conditioned our men.

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"I used to have 'bad luck' baking"

"But it was the fault of the solid door oven I was using. It was more or less guess-work."

With the Boss Glass Door Oven, you can always see what you're doing, how fast the things are baking, the exact time to take them out—all without opening the door. This puts an end to uncertain, unsuccessful baking.

The Boss is more economical. You can keep the flame of your Oil, Gas or Gasoline Stove lower than with the ordinary oven. It heats up in a few minutes. All the heat passes directly into the oven and is evenly distributed by the patented heat deflector. Convenient to handle, and durable.

Now is the time to get one. Don't put it off because you *have* an oven. You need a Boss, the oven that will make your baking easier and more economical. The glass in Boss ovens is guaranteed not to break from the heat. If it should be broken by accident, any glass dealer can replace it. Ask your dealer. Remember the name, BOSS.

The Boss Oven and Boss Oil-Air Stove make a wonderful cooking combination.

If you are still carrying coal or wood and emptying dusty ashes, it's high time you bought a Boss Oil-Air Stove. It means more comfortable cooking in hot weather—better and more economical cooking in any weather. No fires to build. Just strike a match.

The Boss Stove is equipped with the patented Oil-Air Burner, which burns a thousand times as much air as oil. The intense blue flame plays right against the pots and pans, it cooks quickly, saves fuel and does not heat up the kitchen. Made with two to five burners. See the new models on rollers at your dealer's.

The Huenefeld Company
57 Grove Ave.
Cincinnati, Ohio

Into Debt and Out Again

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

book. Our first month's figures showed a disproportionate amount, $8 13, spent for home equipment. We determined to get along with what we had and reduce this item, for our expense that month just equaled our income, and we could not hope to catch up without saving somewhere. We kept that book for a year, tabulated expenses every month, and so learned how to save penny by penny. At the end of a year, in April, 1917, we were but $123.25 in debt, thanks to keeping accounts, and studying them.

My husband's salary was increased to $25, but the cost of living was rising steadily and there seemed little prospect of ever getting wholly out of debt, especially as I fell ill and we had to employ a maid. The house was a drag and we thought of selling it. We got an offer to rent it furnished for three months, accepted it, and the boy and I went to board in the country. My husband joined us for his vacation, and during that three months we learned that there is no place like home, that drifting about is expensive and unsatisfactory, and that we wanted our house. We returned with renewed courage to economize and save as best we could. But we had got far behind. Taxes and payments were in arrears. Again we studied our account books. Without them we should have known little about them, but they proved to us that we were still solvent, able to live on our income, and to save something. We had too much money invested in the house. If we could withdraw some of it, get on our feet once more, we could make a fresh start. Here are the figures we sent to the bank:

DEAR SIR

Your bank granted a mortgage of $2,400 on our home property in the December, 1915, issue of shares. We respectfully inquire if you would consider giving a new loan for $2,400. At present, in addition to the monthly payment to your bank, we are expected to pay $4 on second mortgage of $200 with 7 per cent. interest on same, taxes, and water rates. Thus makes the monthly cost excessive. Because of this and the high cost of living we have got behind, and desire to get a re-loan to cancel our present indebtedness and get a new start at a lower monthly cost. This loan if granted would release approximately $300 with which we could pay off the second mortgage, using the balance to pay taxes, etc. To sum up we would use all the money on the property as follows

First Mortgage to Your Bank, approximately	$2,100.00
Second Mortgage to Your Bank	150.00
Taxes and Water Rates	152.94
Total	$2,402.94

Up to the present time our house should have cost us per $36.63 monthly, but has actually cost us more because of fines, extra interest, repairs, additions, etc. If granted a fresh start we would have only the monthly payments of $23 to make and eight months to save for the taxes which fall due in November, 1918. We see our way clear easily to keep in good standing with your bank, and thus ultimately pay off the mortgage

Very truly yours,

WE GOT the new mortgage. We had only two promissory notes of $100 with interest since August 15, 1916, to pay before the taxes fell due, and these we have paid. And we have in addition bought a hen-house and hens, have preserves and potatoes from the garden, have bought in advance our Winter's coal supply, and my husband has received a substantial increase in salary.

We have our affairs well in hand. Our house is now valued at $4,500. We have a definite system of household expenses and do not contemplate any change in it for some time to come. We have also worked out a system of paying household accounts. As our income is received weekly, we deposit the bulk of it, about $25, in the bank, buy one week's supply of butter, eggs, coffee, etc. I have a weekly menu made out, and I buy all supplies for it for the week, retaining enough money for fresh meats, etc.

The first week of every month we figure on paying as follows: Laundry, $0.13 (including payment on washing-machine), Gas, $1.25; Electricity, $2 00; Milk, $8 00; Fruit, $5.00. Total, $22.38.

The second week we pay the bank $22.50. The third week we pay doctor's and dentist's bills, buy what clothing we have to have, and from what is left of the third and fourth weeks' budget we pay on Liberty Bonds, and figure to have an accumulation for the payment of our only yearly expense of a little over $100 for taxes.

ONLY those who have had their mail composed of bills hopelessly overdue and letters urging payment of the same can realize our satisfaction with our present financial condition. We have but one debt, the mortgage, which is not a real debt since the house is worth far more. We are slowly but surely paying this off. Our budget is based on experience. We plan to spend several hundred dollars less than our actual income, for we know that emergencies will arise to use up the balance.

From the tabulation of two years' accounts we have compiled our budget for 1918-1919, having in mind such anticipated expenses as $5.03 for an electric washing-machine, dental services long neglected, Liberty Bonds bought on a weekly payment basis, etc. I have made two groups, the first of which represents absolute necessities, and the second those expenses which are variable and if essential can be transferred to the first list.

As I look over my estimated expenses for the coming months it seems to me that some items need explanation. The estimate of doctor's and dentist's bills seems enormous when compared with previous years. But two of us have had influenza and all of us need a great deal of dental work. My upkeep is so little because I am economical. For instance, I never dry dishes, and as a result my dish-towels last two years. My husband learned to solder so our tins last three times as long. The clothes item is so small because we had a good stock to begin with and I can sew. I buy, for instance, every year a suit of good material that is out-of-date and remodel it myself so as to make it fashionable. I get such suits at a great reduction because women will not buy suits that are not fashionable. My husband buys an extra pair of trousers with a suit. He keeps an old coat at the office and changes his clothes the minute he comes home. A suit lasts three years.

Economy such as this is not easy, but it is worth while when there is an end in view, and we feel amply repaid when we look at our own home!

THIS IS OUR BUDGET

Absolute Necessities	1916-1917		1917-1918		Estimated for 1918-19.9	
	Month	Year	Month	Year	Month	Year
Groceries	$29 48	$353 74	$31.09	$373 16	$30.00	$360.00
Laundry (Washing-machine)	2 08	24 94	3.31	39 71	6 13	73 56
Gas	1 15	6 25	.77	9 24	1.25	15.00
Electricity	1.30	15 62	1 41	16 95	2.00	24.00
Ice	.30	3 65	.14	1 60	.30	3 60
House Rent	22 24	266 93	30 09	361 14	32 00	384 00
Heat	5 58	42 95	6.99	83 90	6 00	72 00
Doctor and Dent st	.33	4 00	1 99	23 85	11.00	132 00
Medicine	.40	4 85	.51	6 10	1 00	12 00
Clothes—Father	3 23	38 75	2.34	28 09	10.00	120.00
Mother	3 10	37 17	5 26	63.10		
Boy	1 65	19.76	2.80	33.59		
Variable Expenses						
Insurance	4 22	50 62	3 54	42 49	3 75	45 00
Tools			2.53	30 29	1 00	12 00
Reading Matter	.16	13 96	1 40	16 79	2 00	24 00
Church and Charity	17	2 22	.76	9 45	2 00	24 00
Presents	.97	23 15	1 47	17 60	2 00	24.00
House Equipment	3 83	45 90	3 51	42 07	1 00	12 00
Telephone	17	2 10			2 50	30.00
Incidentals	.58	6.90	2 57	30.85	2.00	24.00
Old accounts	9 33	111 98	2.56	30 75	8.00	96.00
Liberty Loan					12 00	144.00
Recreation	5 64	67 68	9.32	111.85	5 00	60.00
Misc					4.00	48.00
	$96.11	$1,153.77	$114.38	$1,372.56	$144 93	$1,739 16
Income		$1,339.00		$1,678 00		$2,002.00
Estimated income for year based on present salary						

Two Years' Accounts and the 1918-1919 Budget

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B&B

TIME WAS when Hygiene was but little known, and practiced less. Today it is the handmaid of daily affairs.

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THE PRODUCTS symbolized by the letters B & B have become models in medical practice. They manifest what science and skill can accomplish, ingenuity invent or vigilance create, to safeguard and conserve health.

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Douglas Oil

Early Tomatoes With Mayonnaise

Made As We Tell You How

Here is the greatest treat of Springtime—early tomatoes, young and tender, served with mayonnaise made as we tell you here.

You must use Douglas Oil, and the recipe given in this advertisement. The special quality of the oil and the perfected recipe are a prize-winning combination.

You will find it is easy to make mayonnaise with Douglas Oil. It comes right up smooth and beautifully stiff, because Douglas Oil blends so perfectly with the egg.

Also Douglas Oil lacks the positive flavor which many people don't like in salad oil. It is a very fine, almost neutral oil which carries the flavor of the other ingredients.

Douglas Mayonnaise brings out the delicate tomato taste and the crisp sweetness of lettuce. It is oil de luxe — America's choice for salads.

For Douglas Oil is real native American oil, made from the heart of corn alone. This attractive origin gives valuable nutritive qualities while increasing the pleasure of its use. Who doesn't love foods made from corn?

Douglas Oil is so mild, so fine and pure, that it makes an extra fine shortening, giving the same result as butter. Fry some delicate fritters or croquettes in a kettle of Douglas Oil and you give a new meaning to fancy cooking.

Order Douglas Oil From Your Dealer

Your grocer has Douglas Oil in stock or can order it for you. If you cannot secure it, write us, giving his name and address and we will see that you are supplied.

Send for the Free Douglas Book of Recipes

This is a special recipe book published to sell for 50 cents, but free for a limited time to users of Douglas Oil. It gives special recipes for salad dressings, compiled by experts, and explains the value of Douglas Oil in cooking. It also gives you some delicate desserts made with Douglas Corn Starch, the super-quality brand which is preferred by housewives. Free on request if you will kindly mention your dealer's name.

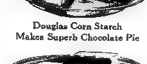
DOUGLAS COMPANY
Manufacturers of Corn Products
General Offices: Cedar Rapids, Iowa

New York, 15 Park Row
Philadelphia, 10 Chestnut St.
Boston, 50 Congress St.
Chicago, 363 W. Ontario St.
(172)

Douglas Corn Starch
Makes Dainty Desserts

Douglas Strawberry Cream Pudding
The Season's Delight

Douglas Corn Starch
Makes Superb Chocolate Pie



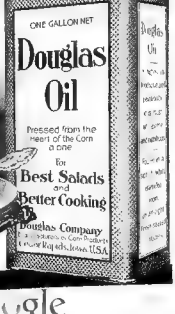
Douglas Corn Starch
Makes Chocolate Sauce Smoother

Douglas Mayonnaise

1 teaspoon mustard
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon sugar
Paprika to taste
2 egg yolks
Juice one lemon
1 tablespoon vinegar
1 pint Douglas Oil

Combine mustard, salt, sugar and paprika; add to egg yolks. Beat well. Add 3 teaspoons of Douglas Oil, drop by drop, beating constantly, then add remainder of oil, one tablespoon at a time until all the oil is used, beating constantly. Thin occasionally with the lemon juice and vinegar.

When ready for use, thin with whipped cream to the consistency desired. If a mildly-seasoned dressing is wanted omit mustard and sugar



The Country Woman Gets into Line

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

operative store that in two months made an appreciable saving in their bills and brought in supplies otherwise unavailable in a small town in a mining district. From August 6, 1918, to November 16, 1918, this store sold for $6,876.50 goods which would have cost its members $11,133.14, saving them $6,257.66.

SUCH community enterprise existed before H.D.A.'s. But country women all know how difficult and how long a process it is to get a neighborhood into action mainly because there is no one who has time for the details of organization. The H.D.A. has time, and so where she goes community enterprise follows quickly, and all over the land country organization during the last two years has proceeded at a rate never before known.

Just what can be done where there is such organization, is evidenced by the results of the cottage cheese campaign conducted last Summer. You know something of our milk shortage. The experts who analyze such a situation for us said that the country was wasting its supply principally by throwing away daily millions of quarts of skim milk which made good human food. The Department of Agriculture decided to make a drive for the use of cottage cheese in both cities and country. I am going to report now only on the country drive.

The Department sent out a call to the State colleges of agriculture, their boys' and girls' club leaders, their county agents, and last but not least to their Home Demonstration Agents. Every one was to lend a hand. The Department got all the publicity it could through movies, through the newspapers, and through pamphlets. But even so, how long do you suppose it would have taken to get that message into country homes without organization? As it was, every farm bureau, every housekeeper's club, every boys' and girls' club carried the news. And in two months twenty-five millions of pounds of cottage cheese were reported made and how much more—unrecorded—who can tell? There were country homes which made cheese where no cheese had ever been made—think of it, but there were—and there were other homes where "they had somehow gotten out of the way of making it," and there were still other homes where cheese was made but not nearly as much as the family could eat and like. And because of this, the precious milk had been wasted.

Twenty-five millions of pounds of cottage cheese in a few months to prevent milk waste—that is stupendous enough to be a national matter, is it not? It matters little whether the women who were organized to give such quick results were reached through lists or wanting to see real money for eggs; they were in touch, ready to answer the call.

When I was in Washington visiting with the H.D.A. State leaders from all over the country, there came to talk to us a Frenchman, a Count de Wirsbicki, member of the French High Commission. One thing that he said I will never forget.

"THE patriotism of France is not like that of this country," he said. "In America you think of your country as a great and wise man; in France our country is our child, we are its mother and must care for and protect it. Your national attitude is different."

I do not know about France, but I do know he was right about America. That is just how we do feel. And when I, as a country woman, far away from that "wise and all-powerful man," Uncle Sam, find that I can go to my telephone and ask my H.D.A. almost anything, I feel as if it were I who need the protection, not the country, and I have a curious personal pride in realizing that I have the right to ask, and to get, anything within reason.

A Fair Field in Sex

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

Here between the lines it would be written that through all the darkest ages of the slavery of women, there were always women and free—to be wantons.

The indictment would show, further, that the canons of ideal womanhood built up through those ages, with poets atwitter-ing, were not ethical at all, but sexual.

Emotional loyalty—to everything but herself. Childish compliance—with male standards. The supreme duty of "pleasing." The servile mind. Such was the "eternal feminine" in which women were pickled.

AND between the lines it could be written that a woman might lie and backbite and be base and malice and envy and still call herself "virtuous" so long as she conformed to a sex standard fixed for women only—the supreme humiliation to the spirit of women.

It could be shown that the very clothes of women have made for sex pickle. They must dress like a Hurrah for sex purposes, but they must not look dressed.

The first difficulty in unpickling women from sex is that a very considerable number of them like being pickled. They like the spices and flattery and all the other bacteria of the pickle. They like holding their husbands by the arts of the underworld. They do not want to be liberated.

If the Great War had not shown us that conditions may arise which stimulate very rapid changes in the world of women, I should fear it might take two or three generations to persuade that sort of woman out of that sort of pickle.

In any case, before we are done with it, we shall have to kill off many thousands of romantic novelists and sex fiddlers and —which should be a very joyous exercise.

When I declare that if women are to attain a Fair Field in Sex they must take the lead in changing sex aspects, I do not forget the earnest efforts of many women in the past to establish a single standard of sex morality for men and women. But the point is, such a standard is impossible till we develop a single standard of sex thought. The rest will follow inevitably.

A single standard of sex thought will assert the equal dignity of the masculine and feminine personalities. It will make it a part of our racial understanding that personal relations between men and women must be entered into on terms of full equality—which means getting rid, not of sex deference, we need more of that in America, but of the sex arrogance of men and the sex subserviency of women.

It will mean understanding that, were it not for the pickle, sex would be merely an incident with women as it is now with men. That a woman, too, should be able to contribute to affairs of sex with one hand while keeping her other hand free for her other affairs.

It will mean the conversion of much sex energy into greatly needed social energy.

It will bring a development sufficiently great to mean a new step in social evolution and higher human achievements.

YOU will observe, Friendly Reader, that I have never once said that men should "give" women a Fair Field in Sex. I have shown that women must "take" it.

It isn't the things that are given us, it is the things we reach out and take, that make us what we are.

Except in the matter of the vote, where our statutes make the giving necessary, equality can not be "given" to women, either in sex or in anything else. To become "equal" we must rise by qualities that develop in our own souls.

KEEPING BABY WELL

By ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

THIS is the title of a simple, helpful booklet by Anna Steese Richardson. It is written in a practical, common-sense way, and solves the many knotty points in Mother and Baby problems. Price, thirty-five cents. Address, Mother and Baby Department, Pictorial Review, 214-226 West 39th Street, New York.

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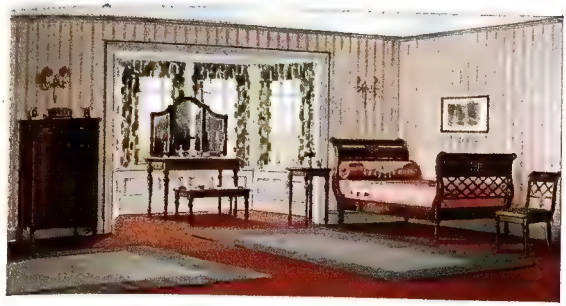

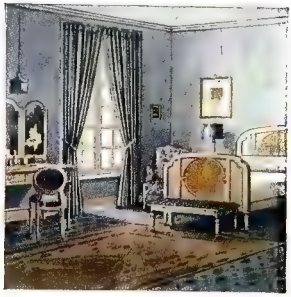

Armstrong Bureau of Interior Decoration

This Bureau is in charge of a thoroughly trained decorator, who is prepared to give personal suggestions about the selection of Armstrong's Linoleum to suit any scheme of interior decoration. There is no fee for this service. All inquiries will receive courteous attention. Address: Bureau of Interior Decoration.

Armstrong's Linoleum

For every room in the house

DO you realize how far superior modern linoleum designs are to those of ten years ago? Look at these bedrooms. Each is distinguished by fresh, dainty coloring, excellent arrangement, inviting charm and an assured atmosphere of good taste. And in each room, the linoleum floor is a perfect match for everything else.

The large bedroom has rose-colored Armstrong's Plain Linoleum. In the lower room, the yellow tones of the walls and the brown tones of the furnishings are admirably set off by the rich, warm, brown Armstrong's Jaspé Linoleum. The blue room and the room with the delicate green touches have Armstrong's Carpet Inlaid Linoleum of suitable design—with the colors running clear through to the burlap back.

Armstrong's Linoleum is a practical floor choice because it is durable, economical, comfortable and easy to keep clean. Many European homes have linoleum throughout the house.

Spend a profitable morning in some merchant's store looking over the Armstrong designs for every room. Have your linoleum laid right by the store expert. The ideal way is to cement it down firmly over a layer of heavy felt paper.

"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration"

By Frank Alvah Parsons

This new book by the President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art, shows how to apply the modern principles of home furnishing and decoration so as to bring out the most attractive and livable qualities of every room in the house. Additional chapters cover every phase of linoleum selection, laying and care. Sent, together with de luxe color plates of fine home interiors, prepared under Mr. Parsons' direction, on receipt of twenty cents.

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For Every Room (A) in the House

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The Best Cuts
Cooked in Their Own Juices

WE offer American families — used to wholesome home cooking—new-way home cooked meats from kitchens where only home methods are employed.

They are ready to eat cold, or can be served hot in many appetizing ways. Each, when served, would make you proud if it came from your home oven.

These fine meats are the best cuts cooked in their own juices. All their full flavor and nutrition are retained.

Every package is all meat, appetizing to the last morsel. There is no bone, surplus fat or gristle, such as you pay for in the butcher shop, which must be thrown away.

There is no chance for contamination and no danger of spoiling. Delicia Meats wait on your pantry shelf until you are ready to use them.

Cooked in Enlarged Home Kitchens

These fine meats are prepared and cooked in the famous Baker Kitchens where the fine art of meat cooking is the sole specialty. These kitchens are simply enlargements of the one you know at home and our methods in no way differ from the good old home ways.

No substitutes are permitted, no camouflage of any sort or kind. We even buy whole spices and grind them to assure true flavor and purity.

These home cooked meats are packed under the name Delicia. They come in an attractive blue and white striped package with a prominent red triangle. And be sure you see the name Delicia.

Try Delicia Roast Beef both cold and made into one of the recipes given in this advertisement. Or make your choice from the 16 Delicia meats listed above. There is one for every meal and every occasion, cooked as you, yourself, would cook it—a home-made treat without effort.

Send for Free Delicia Menu Book

This little book of menu suggestions helps the housewife provide wholesome meat dishes, old favorites and new.

It helps you set the daily table, gives savory combinations of meat and vegetables, and suggests how to serve them, as in the recipes given on this page.

This book was prepared by Domestic Science Experts. Each recipe has been approved and tested. It will be sent free if you will kindly mention your dealer's name.

United States Food Administration License G-07944

BAKER FOOD PRODUCTS COMPANY, Chicago

Delicia Beef in Casserole

1 can Delicia Roast Beef
2 onions
1 teaspoon chopped parsley
⅛ cup celery in small pieces
2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
1 cup potatoes diced
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon paprika
3 cans canned tomatoes
1 cup peas

Put potatoes, chopped onion, parsley, celery, Worcestershire sauce and seasoning in a casserole. Pour over the tomatoes. Cook 1 hour. Add peas and meat. Cook 15 minutes and serve

Delicia Baked Beef Loaf

1 can Delicia Roast Beef
1 tablespoon onion
1 tablespoon parsley
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon paprika
½ cup brown stock
1 egg
½ cup bread crumbs
2 sl ces bacon

Chop meat; add chopped onion and parsley and seasoning. Add ½ of the bread crumbs. Let stand 15 minutes. Add to meat, then add egg slightly beaten. Mold into a loaf. Put strips of bacon across the loaf. Pour the rest of the stock over this. Bake 30 minutes. Serve with mushroom sauce.

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Some Economies Pay—and Some Don't

By AGNES ATHOL

THE other day my youngest boy suddenly spoke up in the midst of a roomful of guests.

"We had a conver—conser—conservation lesson," he remarked quite irrelevantly, "and I told my teacher how you made my new suit out of Uncle Don's old one!" Beaming with pride, both in his mother's achievement and his own contribution to the school thrift talk, Junior subsided into silence. Imagine my astonishment to find several members of the family frowning, in ill-concealed annoyance! Economies were something to be hushed up and never alluded to. The scholars, teacher, and the world in general must be led to believe that we *always* bought new clothes, and plenty of them. But why? I confess I was just as proud as Junior of that suit. It was a triumph of making over. The set of the collar was questionable, but the belt and pockets were works of art. The suit was warm, and Junior looked well in it. What in the world was there to be ashamed of? Here was *fear*—stupid, contemptible *fear* of what some one might think, stalking openly in the bosom of my family.

One of my guests tactfully broke the awkward silence that followed.

"What do you consider your most successful economy?" she asked. "Sewing or food, doing your own work, or what?" The conversation had miraculously shifted around to a place where thrift might be bragged about instead of covered up. I could see the sensitive members of my household resigning themselves to the indelicacy of the rest of us.

"Labor," I decided. "Altho in some ways that's an enforced saving, because I can't get any help. My last cook didn't leave to go into a munitions factory, as all the war-articles used to assume; she is running an elevator. But in addition to her $30 a month wages, her food, light, and breakage—perhaps $15 more—I save astonishing amounts by better management. No food scraps are thrown away—nothing leaves the house in a basket—only just enough is served—and we have really better meals, because my mind has to be concentrated more closely on choosing and buying." Every one agreed heartily with my estimate of the cost of domestic service, and pressed me to go on.

"Putting down eggs in waterglass is the largest single economy I can think of. John may not know it, but he didn't have a fresh egg for six months—from September to March. I bought three crates of eggs—90 dozen—at forty cents a dozen, in June, from a man who guaranteed each crate to be day-old eggs; and not over eight or nine, after careful candling or tapping together, turned out bad. We used them when eggs ranged from seventy cents to a dollar a dozen." John was staring at me with a queer new look of mingled incredulity and respect.

My Sinking Fund Grows

"WILL you please tell me how you financed the buying of 90 dozen eggs last June without asking me for extra money?"

"Certainly," I smiled. "When I preserved the eggs the year before—and whenever I can anything—or anybody gives me anything that saves a contemplated, legitimate expense—or my week's allowance shows a surplus—*the savings bank gets the benefit* and my 'sinking fund' grows for future economies, especially bulk purchases. *I always buy back from myself* the eggs I use and the products I can, at the current market rate. Just what I would have to pay out if I never put up a thing. The food budget is made to cover the cost of everything as if bought from day to day—the only accurate way to estimate.

"For instance, a fresh green vegetable every day averages about twenty cents; so when I use one of my cans of beans or tomatoes, which cost me perhaps ten cents, I put the *store price* into the savings, to replace my cost and increase the balance by my profit. My eggs cost me this year $35.00; and I've put back what other people would have had to pay for eggs, $60.60, or almost double the cost. So I'm always ahead of my budget."

Everybody seemed really interested. "Tell us some more good economies," they asked.

"Well, naturally, the chief economy in any department of the home consists in buying right in the first place. It would be hard to specify. Quantity buying whenever possible, and the 'cash-and-carry' system, are always good rules."

Women often don't know current prices or good value," remarked the food worker. Or they don't like to be seen carrying packages, so they trade at a store which delivers and adds to the cost. Or they want to look different from other people, or advertise their husband's apparent income."

"Another reason for buying less often is the loss of time," I said. "The time taken up going to the store every day could be spent to much better advantage than standing around a market waiting to be served. Also when your shelves are well stocked with staples all the time, one always has the 'making' of a good dish from an unexpected leftover.

The talk turned on budgets and the economies possible when the income has been definitely apportioned for each household purpose. We all agreed that with the uncertainties of present prices one could hardly hope to stick rigidly to a budget estimated in advance; but at least the limit set by each allotment would serve as a check on impulsive buying, and when special savings had been accomplished—as in cutting down the man's suit for the boy—there would be the satisfaction of knowing what sum was diverted from spending to saving. Having allowed ten dollars for Junior's school suit, it would be clear that by the work of making my brother's suit over, I saved the ten dollars.

"But don't you just spend it for something else?" John wanted to know.

"Into the bank with it, every time!" I laughed, "That's the only safe rule Don't you wish you knew what I've tucked away?" Later on, alone together, I told him. He talked about his worry over pulling through the hard year with everything so high. He was *afraid* all the time—afraid somebody would think he wasn't making good if he didn't talk and act and look very prosperous. A lot of men have that theory—that they advance faster if nobody thinks they or their families have to be economical. It's a curious idea, isn't it? And yet big business men, and big bankers always insist that the man who has a savings account is the one they will push ahead.

All Sorts of Thrift

ONCE started, we talked over all sorts of thrift that afternoon. One woman confessed that she could not bear to throw away a piece of flannel or good woolen material; that she saved her pieces and patched them on a backing of printed lawn, like a crazy quilt—covered the top with more lawn—and for the cost of ten yards of cotton material, had a good blanket.

"When my blankets get thin, I do them that way, too," she said. "I darn them down firmly, and stitch a design on the outside to hold the three layers together."

Some one told of saving all clean cotton scraps, especially bias cuttings, to crochet into bedroom mats or weave into rag rugs.

"But don't you women honestly think," asked John, "that a great deal of time and energy is often wasted making old things into something else that either won't wear or isn't good for anything? My wife spent a lot of time making over some of my shirts for me, and they all split down the back because the material was worn out. I call that waste, not economy."

"Only two pairs," I hastened to assure him. "The ones that had always been done at home lasted beautifully all Summer, and only cost me time to make—with tennis collar and short sleeves."

"Men and women always disagree on what constitutes economy at home and work," some one said. "Men are like our American engineers when they got to France. They couldn't see why the little old-fashioned locomotives and cars should still be in use, carefully repaired and preserved. They would have junked them, and ordered nice, big, new rolling stock—the latest model—as being more efficient in service. Women would have more sympathy with the French idea of making everything do as long as possable. Probably real economy lies somewhere between these opposite ideas, and involves the question of *time* value and *labor* value more than we realize."

"I always loved the story of the muleteer of Peru," another guest said. "When the railroad was being constructed over the mountain, one of the Americans pointed out to Juan that he could accomplish on the train in one day the journey that took three, traveling with mules."

"*Si, señor*," answered Juan, 'and what would the señor have me do with the other two days?' Don't you think lots of women used to be like that before the war—they hadn't any specially interesting use for the time they saved, so they got into the habit of busying themselves over all sorts of little puttering useless jobs under the impression they were being economical? Nowadays we have to choose sharply between essential and non-essential use of our time, because there is a real market value for any woman's time if she wishes to go out and sell her services."

PURITAN

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Reversible Glass Oil Reservoir

Every housewife will appreciate the convenience and cleanliness of this reversible glass reservoir. It's a clean, quick way to handle the ideal cooking fuel —kerosene oil.

Make Good Every Time

WHATEVER the occasion may be, the Puritan Oil Cook Stove does its work on time, promptly—and in addition gives you the comforts of a clean, cool kitchen.

It gives you confidence to prepare a big meal for the family, or a party dish for the little folk—for the Puritan satisfies all cooking purposes with a cleaner, hotter flame, *and* without the muss of coal or wood.

You set your utensil in a clean, hot flame that comes up through the grate—like gas. Turn the indicator on the burner—low, medium or high—and the flame stays set at that point, without watching. At full heat the indicator's automatic wick stop prevents smoking.

The Puritan gives long service because the burners—the vital parts—are made of brass.

Puritan stoves are sold by reliable dealers everywhere.

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See your dealer or write for free Puritan booklet No. 24

HOUSEHOLD PRODUCTS

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The History of a Foot

Don't let this happen to your boys and girls

Millions of people are handicapped for life by wrong-shaped shoes in childhood. Consider the thousands rejected by U. S. Army Surgeons because of flat feet, broken down arches, and distorted foot bones.

Parents can easily prevent defective feet. It's their solemn duty. For each foot has 26 pliable bones, and wrong-built shoes can quickly distort them.

The Safe Course—the Simple One

From the first step in childhood to the time of full-grown feet, be sure that your boys and girls wear Selz Liberty Bell Shoes. They are the scientific Nature-shape, such as high authorities advocate.

Selz Liberty Bell Shoes embody 48 years' study. Every part is built to support some growing structure. To train the toes, heel, arch and instep. Also to protect the growing muscles, veins, ligaments, nerves and tissues.

When science gives parents Selz Liberty Bell Shoes, is it not shameful to ruin children's feet?

No Others Like Them

Selz Liberty Bell Shoes are not costly, and this notwithstanding that they're made of all-leather. Many shoes of leather substitutes, and wrong in shape, are higher priced. But Selz builds shoes for millions and our quantity production lessens cost in many ways.

Prices $3.00 to $6.00 according to size and style. Let no one convince you that other shoes are like them. Ask stores for Selz Liberty Bell. Write us for dealers' names.

For Boys, Girls and High School Misses

Selz Liberty Bell Wonder Oxford

—chocolate brown leather, broad nature toe; heel and spring heel; highest quality flexible sole. $2.50 to $4.50 according to size.

SELZ

CHICAGO and PITTSBURGH

Boy's Liberty Bell Army Shoe

—a duplicate of the official army shoe worn by over 3,000,000 U. S. Soldiers; black or tan Russia, heavy over-weight soles, unbeatable durability. $4.50.

Drawing by Jessie Gillotte

Daughters of the Golden Treasure

They Make Money—So Can You

WHO would ever have believed that a wife earning money could create a serious problem in her home? Usually it is the other way about. Only too frequently we hear of a wife's extravagance causing a chill in the domestic atmosphere. It is not often indeed that we hear that a wife's *earning* capacity brings trouble in its train. But here is the exception that proves the rule. I recently received a letter from a young married woman in Georgia. At the time she wrote to me she was not a member of The Daughters of the Golden Treasure. Today she is, and a very happy one, too. Her letter discloses a situation that is becoming more and more acute every day and I consider it of such importance that I am going to reprint her entire letter. Read it for yourself.

DEAR MRS. (or is it MISS) SCOTT:

A friend of mine Miss —— is one of your Daughters and it is on her advice I am writing this letter for I want your help as I never wanted help in the world before. To begin with, my husband went overseas with the ——th Regiment just a year ago. I was proud to have him go, altho it meant a sacrifice in more ways than one for we were by no means well off. A former employer of mine offered to take me back in my old position to help out while my husband was away. I gladly took advantage of this and have been working in his office ever since my husband sailed. I quickly got into the old way again, and without conceit I think I may say I "made good." I received two increases of salary during the year and was able to pay a nurse-maid for attending to my little baby during the day. I enjoyed the work tremendously.

Nearly three weeks ago my husband returned safe and sound, thank Heaven, from France. You can imagine how happy I was to see him. Proudly I told him of the work I had been doing and of the money I had been earning during his absence. Of course, I had written to him about it long ago, but you know, writing is never like talking to a person face to face, is it?

To my surprise my husband said to me, "Now that I have come back, you don't need to work any more. You will give up your job and stay home." I was very upset to have him say this, for I had grown to love my work, and I tried to point out to him that the money I was earning, together with his salary, would help us out nicely. But he would not let me have my own way, and the consequence is that I have been forced to give up my good position, and am no longer earning any money.

Please advise me what to do. Miss —— tells me that you may be able to help me to keep on earning an income and yet be able to take care of my home duties. This sounds to me too good to be true, but if it is possible, please, please let me hear.

G. M. C——

What do you think of that, my Daughters? Quite a problem, isn't it? And not entirely one-sided either, I see, or think I see the husband's view-point very clearly and it *is* not something to be dismissed without decided deliberation. Needless to say, Mrs. G. M. C——'s position excited my immediate sympathy and I wrote her at length explaining all about our Club, telling her it was *not* too good to be true. I informed her that she *could* continue to earn money and yet fulfil all her domestic duties.

I am happy to say that she is now doing so in the same manner that two thousands of my other Daughters are doing.

A New Era

THIS question of both husband and wife earning money is something that is increasing everywhere—particularly in large cities. In the "good old days," as they are called, the words "independence" and "woman" very seldom went together. A woman was always dependent on some one. From babyhood up through girlhood to wifehood, motherhood, and even grandmotherhood she was always compelled to lean financially on some man or other. The idea of her stepping forth into the world and *actually earning money for herself* was considered an awful possibility and something to be avoided until the direst necessity arose. And what have been the consequences, to women, of this attitude of dependence? Development of initiative? Courage? Enterprise? No, indeed! Quite the reverse.

To-day, however, things are different. So different, that each year brings changes and developments so rapid and inspiring as to take one's breath away. To-day there is hardly a position in the commercial, industrial, artistic, and social fields in which women are not holding their own. Of course, we must not lose sight of the fact that a woman's biggest work in this old world of ours is still, and always will be, her work as a home-maker, as a wife, as a mother. There is no greater task to perform than the duties inherent in motherhood and all that that wonderful word implies.

The trouble with the world has been that a mother's duties have been taken for granted too readily and too little regard for what she gets out of life has been accorded the mother. Men in particular, whether sons, husbands, or fathers always expect a woman to be *there* when they call. But, on the other hand, when a woman requires money for some trifle not directly connected with a man's comfort, then there's trouble. And why? Because in the last analysis the woman is dependent on the man for money.

The Road to Independence

THAT is the one outstanding joyful fact about all the Daughters of the Golden Treasure—they are independent. They make money for themselves. They can spend it as they wish. No one can ask you to account for what you spend what it is your own. No one has the right. Independence develops character. Character promotes true happiness. And there is really no greater joy than the feeling that you are the sole deciding (human) factor of your fate. Learn to earn. It is the greatest education you can gain. And I tell you as I told Mrs. G. M. C—— that you do not have to give up your home, or whatever duties you may have, to join our Club and share our Treasure. Schoolgirls are members. Society girls are members. Young wives are members. Mothers of families are members and also many grandmothers. Young or old makes no difference. All my Daughters are united in one common purpose—to make money. Here is an extract from a Daughter in Montana.

DEAR PEGGY:

If I hadn't seen my name on the check you sent I wouldn't have believed it was mine. How do you do it? I am in a dream, but oh! I hope I don't wake.

L. S——

You who read that letter may wonder how it came to be written, but if you sit down and ask me to send you the information you'll soon find yourself writing one like it. Read what this dear Daughter of mine says:

DEAR PEGGY KEY SCOTT:

The prize-check came to-day and I can't tell you what it meant. I've never been so happy since joining the Club. The money I make buys all sorts of things, but really, if you can understand what I mean by it, I get far more than money out of the Club.

J. K. F——, Oregon.

I could quote and quote letters like these until you would grow tired reading them. But let me say this about them: they are written by girls who saw my column in PICTORIAL REVIEW and then sat down and wrote to me to know how to make money. They had the initiative to accept my invitation to write me. You can surely do that.

Just think of having it within yourself to decide whether you will make money or not. Isn't it wonderful? And you have this power. All you have to do is to decide to write me. That is all. Now sit down when you have got this far. Think to yourself whether sending a two-cent postal card is too much trouble or not. It isn't, is it? Make up your mind. Do it now while it is fresh in your thoughts. Out with your pen. Just say "I want to make money, dear Peggy," and send it on its way to

Peggy Key Scott

President, Daughters of the Golden Treasure,
THE PICTORIAL REVIEW BUILDING,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

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A Double-Barreled Friendship

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

"It was late that night when Jim Knight came ridin' slow into camp. It'seemed like all the ambition had oozed out of him. He just slid out of the saddle and came in and sat down, kind of dazed like, on the bunk.

"'Red, I guess we counted our chickens before they was laid,' he said. 'Old man Shafter has gone and thrown me down. Says he won't give me but fifty cents an acre, and that won't more than pay my debts.

"'He knowe he's got me. There ain't nobody else would buy this land right in the middle of this pasture. I got to sell to the Long Cañon. It would leave me shorter than when I started three years ago. And this last three years has sure been mighty hard.'

"WELL, I thought that Red would go clean crazy, the way he cussed and carried on. This was one time Jim's honesty had come home to roost. Shafter had been promisin' him a dollar and a quarter all the time, but Jim, believin' that everybody else was honest, never had got it put in writin'.

"'You big sod-buster,' yells Red, 'are you goin' to let that crook put a raw deal like that over on you?'

"'Not so, I hain't,' says old Jim, mighty solemn. 'I've thought it all out. I'm too old to get another start. This is my last chance and he ain't goin' to get away with it. It's downright dishonest. I never thought I'd be thinkin' of killin' a man, but that's what I made up my mind to do.'

"'Would have done it to-day, but I heard somethin' that made me hold up a little. To-morrow's the real owner of the Long Cañon is comin' to Tondo. He's some big millionaire back East and only gets out here once a year or so. Ain't never met him, but, by Gollad, I'll meet him to-morrow.

"'I'm goin' in to-morrow, and I'm goin' fixed. I'll tell him the whole story, and then I'll say, "Now, are you runnin' with this Shafter? Are you goin' to rob me of all my work?" If he says "yes," son, I'm goin' to bust him wide open. If I has time I'll get Shafter, too. Then I don't give a whoop in Arkansaw what they does to me.'

"Now, I've noticed that when one of these mild, good-natured men does go on the war-patch, they're worse than a locoed steer. You have to kill them to stop them.

"Tried to talk him out of it, but I seen he wasn't even listenin'. Just got out his old forty-five and oiled her up and sat lookin' into the fire with a hard look in his eyes. I don't want old soft-hearted Jim Knight to come at me with that look in his eyes.

"Takin' it by and large, that wasn't a very happy evenin'. The next mornin' Jim set out to town with his gun stuck in his waistband. There weren't nothin' I could do to stop him. All the signs were set right for a little minor hell in Tondo City that day.

"After he'd gone I went down and looked at my horse and fed and watered for a spell. When I came back to the shack, I found that there Chicago Red had went too. Didn't think nothin' of it at the time. Thought he'd walked out in the hills to cool off. When sundown came and nobody came back I was right puzzled. Cooked up a bite of dinner and just set around uneasy all day.

"Long about dusk here he comes, ridin' that little saddle mule of his. He was all-tuckered out, hangin' on to the horn of the saddle as if he had a load of mescal. Just slid off that mule coughin' like a dipped sheep, and smashed down in the doorway. Asked him what was loose, but he wouldn't answer me; just sat there coughin' and lookin' like he was all bogged down.

"It wasn't more than a pair of minutes when I heard old Jim comin'. He was ridin' down the hill trail and he was actually singin'. His horse was all drawed and ganted and you could see Jim had kept him runnin' ahead of his dust all the way from town. He loped up to the shack and yells out,

"'Good news, pardner. Got a little surprise for you. There's some square men left in the world yet.'

"Then he eased himself around in the saddle and told his story.

"Did just like I said I would. Got this banker fellow and Shafter together, backed up in a corner in the store, and put the play right up to him. "Now," says I, "are you goin' to deal honest with me, or are you goin' to be a thief like your manager?"

"'Do you know what he said, son? Listen, this will knock your eye out. "The amount involved doesn't seem worth havin' hard feelin's over," says he. "Any man that lives three years on this school land is deserving a reward. I won't give you a dollar and a quarter an acre, Mr. Knight, but if you come around in the mornin' with your papers I'll give you a dollar and a half."

"'Son, wouldn't that frock your pistol? You and I both win. It'll all be fixed in the mornin.'

"While Jim was tellin' his story, the kid just stood with his head hangin' down, never lettin' a bleat out of him. When Jim finished, Red looked up and I never did see such a miserable face. White as a new shirt and his eyes looked like holes burnt in a blanket.

"'You say he was on the square, and he'd have fixed it all right with you?' he asks, kind of mournful.

"'Yes, son, it's all right,' says Jim. 'We get our money in the mornin'.'

"'My God, Jim,' says the kid, startin' to whimper. 'I thought I was savin' you from gettin' into trouble. I killed him myself this afternoon.'

"Then that hobo ran back into the shack and flopped down on the bunk, blubberin' like a woman. Old Jim slid out of his saddle and followed him in, standin' twistin' his hat in his hand, lookin' kind of puzzled.

"'Your right sure you killed him, son?' he asks.

"'Yes,' wails the kid. 'Shot him right between the eyes. God! I thought I was savin' you, Jim, and now I've went and spilled the beans.'

"Jim stood there for a minute gazin' out through the door at them bleak hills he'd fought so hard to hold. Then he heaved a big sigh of his chest and stepped up, layin' his hand on the kid's shoulder.

"'Well, son, it's done now and it can't be helped,' he says. 'You meant well, and I appreciate the kindness you meant when you shot this fellow. Guess it spoils our plans some, but never mind. You're in serious trouble now and I'm goin' to stand by you.'

"That's the kind of a man Jim Knight was. When he was a friend he was a friend all the way, even when friendship backfired. You could see that he'd just as soon it was him the kid shot, but he never let on. Just pottered around cookin' a little meat for supper.

"While we was puttin' the stuff on the table, Slim Henderson, a hand from the Long Cañon outfit, rode in and lit. Naturally, we asked him to dip in on the grub. When he said he'd just come from town we sat there unsure like, waitin' for him to say somethin' about the shootin'.

"Heard a lot of talk about you sellin' out to the Long Cañon,' he says, after he'd smoothed the sharp edges off his appetite.

"'Did think of it some,' admitted Jim, waitin' for Slim to lay down his hand.

"Just saw that fellow from back East what owns the outfit,' Slim goes on between bites. 'Passed me in a buckboard back on the road a piece, goin' to headquarters.'

"'What's that? You just passed him?' says Jim, gettin' excited. The kid reared up on the bunk with both ears stuck straight up, lookin' like a pointer pup. Then Jim curbs himself, tries to look innocent, and asks,

"'Anything else goin' on in town. No trouble or anything like that?'

"'No, everything disgustin' quiet,' Slim answered. 'Come to think of it, there was a little minor excitement this afternoon. You know that serious-minded preacher that come out here last week for his health. Been livin' next to round the town sinners in the Lord's brandin'-pen. Well, to-day some dad-blamed humorist took a shot at him just for fun and knocked his hat off.

"Made him red-eyed. Had a bunch of the boys backed up against the fence givin' them fire and brimstone when I left. Naturally nobody knows who did it.'

"Did you happen to notice if this here soul-puncher looked like this banker man from the East?' Jim inquires

"'Well, they both wore stand-up collars and hard hats, but this banker seems to be a regular hand in spite of that,' Slim answers. 'He enjoyed the joke on the sin-killer as much as anybody.'

"FOR a minute things was mighty silent. Not a sound except the noise of Slim feedin'. Then Jim turned and looked at the kid. Never did see such a pair of grins in my life. They just sat there gazin' at each other as if they was seein' the fourth ace comin' out of the draw. Then Jim turns to Slim, slaps him on the back and says,

"'Have some more beans, you old shorthorn. Have the whole darn pot.'

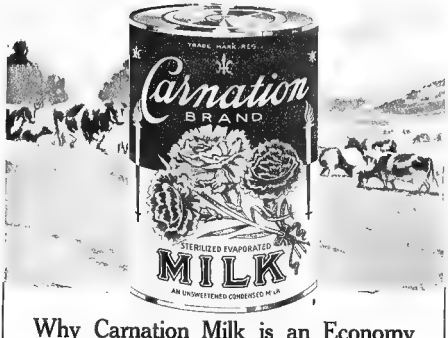
"So that's the way Jim Knight won out in this land game.'

"But, my dad, it was climate that enabled Mr. Knight to win in his struggle," politely protested the transient visitor, who had listened patiently to the tale.

"Sure it was," declared the Old Cattle Buyer. "This here preacher was down here for his health, wasn't he? If hadn't been for the climate he wouldn't have been here for Red to miss instead of this banker snoozer, would he?"

"I never thought of that," admitted the transient visitor.

"From Contented Cows"



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CARNATION MILK saves money for the housewife because it is the wasteless milk supply. It will keep until opened, and for several days longer than ordinary milk—when kept in a cool, dry place. It is rich milk—with consistency of cream; it contains almost double the quantity of butter-fat (cream) and milk solids found in an equal amount of raw milk.

It is just clean, sweet cow's milk, brought to the consistency of cream by evaporation, and hermetically sealed, nothing is added —not even sugar. It is then sterilized to preserve its freshness and wholesomeness. Carnation is absolutely safe in summer and winter.

It goes farther than raw milk, because you reduce its richness for cooking purposes by adding an equal or greater amount of pure water (according to richness called for in particular recipe). Quality is uniform in every can and directions on label. It saves the cost of expensive cream because you use it undiluted as cream in coffee with fruits and cereals.

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Booklet of recipes free

Our special booklet of information regarding Carnation Milk, with 100 tested recipes is yours on request. Address 551 Consumers Bldg., Chicago.

Clip these recipes, try them and paste in favorite cook book

Cream of Tomato Soup

1 can tomatoes (2 pounds), 2 small onions, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1 teaspoonful sugar, 1-2 teaspoonful soda, 1-4 teaspoonful pepper, dash of cayenne pepper. Small sprig of celery, or dash of celery salt, 1 cup of Carnation Milk diluted with equal amount of water. Boil all but the Carnation Milk together for twenty minutes. Strain through a colander. Add the milk, which has first been warmed, and then let the mixture come to a boiling point. Serve at once.

Thin White Sauce for Meat Dishes

Melt 2 tablespoonfuls of butter in sauce pan; when bubbling add 2 tablespoonful of flour, and stir until well blended. Pour in, very gradually, 1-2 cup of Carnation Milk mixed with 1-2 cup of water. Add 1-4 teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper. Beat until smooth and creamy.

No Egg Mayonnaise Dressing

2 tablespoonfuls Carnation Milk, 1-2 teaspoonful salt, 1-8 teaspoonful paprika, 1-2 cup olive oil, 1 tablespoonful vinegar or lemon juice. Put salt and paprika in bowl; add Carnation Milk and mix thoroughly; add oil slowly, stirring constantly. Then add vinegar or lemon juice. If too thick, thin with more Carnation Milk.

Carnation Baked Custard

2 eggs, beaten light, 3 tablespoonfuls sugar, grated nutmeg, 1 cup of Carnation Milk diluted with same amount of water. Mix together and pour into buttered pan and grate nutmeg over the top. Set in a larger pan of boiling water, and bake in a moderate oven. Insert a clean knife blade, and when it comes out clean the custard is done. Watch it closely to avoid cooking too much.

Remember—Your Grocer has Carnation

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For EVERY CHILD

THEY WON'T RIP

WHEN you dress the kids up in SLIPOVA play-clothes and turn them loose to play, your mind can be at rest so far as their clothes are concerned.

These real-play proof clothes, with their double seams, standard fabric and full size, mean an end to rips, lost buttons, and frazzled tempers. No more mending for the mother who believes in SLIPOVA play-clothes.

They slip off and on in a minute, and they are guaranteed fast color. SLIPOVA garments are made in a wide variety of styles and fabrics. For brother and sister, too. In full sizes from 2 to 8 years.

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Look for the SLIPOVA label in the pocket. Note carefully the strong double seams

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TO DEALERS: —Our garments are sold exclusively through the jobbing trade. Consult the nearest jobber.

BUTTONS!

They've no terrors for Mothers whose sons wear

DUBBELBILT Suits

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"Carenette" Finished

For the buttons on DUBBELBILT are *mechanically sewn to stay.* Play or work as hard as Johnny may, he *just can't* rip them off!

And that's but one of 20 distinct *features of strength and service* that put DUBBELBILT in a class by itself.

The Spring models, brightly patterned, youthfully styled, and beautifully tailored, are truly exceptional in worth and satisfaction.

Priced $15.75 and $19.75

Also the special Economy Grade at $12.75

In sizes 6 to 18 years

Ask your local clothier for DUBBELBILT — mention particularly No. 7180—our famous all-wool blue serge suit. Price $15.75.

If he hasn't it, send us money order and tell us size needed. We'll forward suit to you direct or through your local clothier. Write for beautiful Folder, with styles, patterns and full explanation of DUBBELBILT'S points of supremacy.

DUBBELBILT BOYS' CLOTHES, Inc.

Broadway at 11th St. Dept. P New York City

Look for the trademarked DUBBELBILT label in every suit.

Merchants: *We have prepared a few sample shipments of Spring DUBBELBILT Suits. Perhaps we can send you a test assortment on approval. Write us at once.*

Dangerous Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

"I don't know why I care so. I'm nothing to you."

"That's not so."

"If you cared, you'd have come up the other night. You left me alone in that lonesome hole. It's hell, that place. All smells and whispering and dirt."

"Now listen to me, Anna. You're tired, or you wouldn't say that. You know I'm fond of you. But I've got you into trouble enough. I'm not—for God's sake don't tempt me, Anna."

She looked at him half scornfully

"Tempt you!" Then she gave a little scream. Graham following her eyes looked through the window near them.

"Rudolph!" she whimpered. And began to weep out of pure terror.

But Graham saw nobody. To soothe her, however, he went outside and looked about. There were half a dozen cars, a group of chauffeurs, but no Rudolph. He went back to her, to find her sitting, pale and tense, her hands clenched together.

"They'll pay you out some way," she said. "I know them. They'll never believe the truth. That was Rudolph, all right. He'll think we're living together. He'd never believe anything else."

"Do you think he followed you the other day?"

"I gave him the shake, in the crowd."

"Then I don't see why you're worrying. We're just where we were before, aren't we?"

"You don't know them. I do. They'll be up to something." She was excited and anxious, and with the cocktail he ordered for her she grew reckless.

"I'm just hung around your neck like a stone," she lamented. "You don't care a rap for me, I know it. You're just sorry for me."

Her eyes filled again, and Graham rose. "Let's get out of this," he said roughly. "The whole place is staring at you."

But on the road the fact that she had been weeping for him made him relent. He put an arm around her and drew her to him

"Don't cry, honey," he said. "It makes me unhappy to see you miserable."

He kissed her. And they clung together, finding a little comfort in the contact of warm young bodies.

He went up to her room that night. He was more anxious as to Rudolph than he cared to admit, but he went up, treading softly on stairs that creaked with every step. He had no coherent thoughts. He wanted companionship rather than love. He was hungry for what she gave him, the touch of her hands about his neck, the sense of his manhood that shone from her faithful eyes, the admiration and unstinting love she offered him.

But alone in the little room he had a reaction, not the less keen because it was his fastidious rather than his moral sense that revolted. The room was untidy, close, sordid. Even Anna's youth did not redeem it. He had the sense, when he had closed the door, of being caught in a dirty trap. When she had taken off her hat, and held up her face to be kissed, he knew he would not stay.

"It's awful, isn't it?" she asked, following his eyes.

"It doesn't look like you. That's sure."

"I hurried out. It's not so bad when it's tidy."

He threw up the window, and stood there a moment. The Spring air was cool and clean, and there was a sound of tramping feet below. He looked down. The railway station was near-by, and marching toward it, with the long swing of regulars, a company of soldiers was moving rapidly. The night, the absence of drums or music, the businesslike rapidity of their progress, held him there, looking down. He turned around. Anna had slipped off her coat, and had opened the collar of her blouse. Her neck gleamed white and young. She smiled at him.

"I guess I'll be going," he stammered

"Going!"

"I only wanted to see how you are fixed." His eyes evaded hers. "I'll see you again in a day or two."

He could not tell her the thoughts that were surging in him. The country was at war. Those fellows below there were already in it, of it. And here in this sordid room, he had meant to take her, not because he loved her, but because she offered herself. It was cheap. It was terrible. It was—dirty

"Good night," he said, and tried to kiss her. But she turned her face away. She stood listening to his steps on the stairs as he went down, steps that mingled and were lost in the steady tramp of the soldiers' feet in the street below.

WITH his many new problems following the declaration of war, Clayton Spencer found a certain peace. It was good to work hard. It was good to fill every working hour, and to drop into sleep at night too weary for consecutive thought

Yet had he been frank with himself he would have acknowledged that Audrey was never really out of his mind. Back of his every decision lay his desire for her approval. He did not make them with her consciously in his mind, but he wanted her to know and understand. In his decision, for instance, to offer his shells to the government at a nominal profit, there was no desire to win her approbation.

It was rather that he felt her behind him in the decision

He shrunk from telling Natalie. Indeed, until he had returned from Washington, he did not broach the subject. And then he was tired and rather disconcerted, and as a result almost brutally abrupt.

Coming on top of a hard fight with the new directorate, a fight which he had finally won, Washington was disheartening. Planning enormously for the future, it seemed to have no vision for the things of the present. He was met vaguely, put off, questioned. He waited hours, as patiently as he could, to find that no man seemed to have power to act, or to know what powers he had.

He found something else, too—a suspicion of him, of his motives. Who offered something for nothing must be actuated by some deep and hidden motive. He found his plain proposition probed and searched for some ulterior purpose behind it.

It's the old distrust, Mr. Spencer," said Hutchinson, who had gone with him to furnish figures and various data. "The Democrats are opposed to capital. They're afraid of it. And the army thinks all civilians are on the make—which is pretty nearly true.

He saw the Secretary of War, finally, and came away feeling better. He had found there an understanding that a man may—even should—make sacrifices for his country during war. But, altho he carried away with him the conviction that his offer would ultimately be accepted, there was nothing actually accomplished. He sent Hutchinson back, and waited for a day or two, convinced that his very sincerity must bring a concrete result, and soon.

THEN, lunching alone one day in the Shoreham, he saw Audrey Valentine at another table. He had not seen her for weeks, and he had an odd moment of breathlessness when his eyes fell on her. She was pale and thin. And her eyes looked very tired. His first impulse was to go to her. The second on which he acted, was to watch her for a little, to fill his eyes for the long months of emptiness ahead.

She was with a man in uniform, a young man, gay and smiling. He was paying her evident court, in a debonair fashion, bending toward her across the table. Suddenly Clayton was jealous, fiercely jealous.

The jealousy of the young is sad enough, but it is an ephemeral thing. Life calls from many directions. There is always the future, and the things of the future. And behind it there is the buoyancy and easy forgetfulness of youth. But the jealousy of later years knows no such relief. It sees time flying and happiness evading it. It has not the easy self-confidence of the twenties. It has learned, too, that happiness is a rare elusive thing, to be held and nursed and clung to, and that even love must be won and held.

It has learned that love must be free, but its instinct is to hold it with chains.

He suffered acutely, and was ashamed of his suffering. For all Audrey was still young. Life had not been kind to her, and she should be allowed to have such happiness as she could. He could offer her nothing

He would give her up. He had already given her up. She knew it.

Then she saw him, and his determination died under the light that came in her eyes. Give her up? How could he give her up, when she was everything he had in the world? With a shock, he recognized in the thought Natalie's constant regret as to Graham. So he had come to that!

He felt Audrey's eyes on him, but he did not go to her. He signed his check, and went out. He fully meant to go away without seeing her. But outside he hesitated. That would hurt her, and it was cowardly. When, a few moments later, she came out, followed by the officer, it was to find him there, obviously waiting

"I wondered if you would care to run away!" she said. "This is Captain Sloane, Clay, and he knows a lot about you."

Closer inspection showed Sloane handsome, bronzed, and with a soft Southern voice, somewhat like Audrey's. And it developed that he came from her home, and was on his way to one of the early camps. He obviously intended to hold on to Audrey, and Clayton left them there with the feeling that Audrey's eyes were following him wistful and full of trouble. He had not even asked her where she was stopping.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

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"Since I Started Housekeeping—

nothing has been used on my floors, woodwork and furniture except Johnson's Prepared Wax. It has kept them beautiful through the years.

Johnson's Prepared Wax is not only a polish but a wonderful preservative—it forms a thin, protecting film over the finish, similar to the service rendered by a piece of plate glass over a desk, table or dresser-top.

Johnson's Prepared Wax gives perfect results over any finish —varnish, shellac or oil. It imparts a hard, dry, velvety polish which is impervious to water, dust, scratches, heel-marks, finger-prints, etc. The finish obtained is sanitary, durable and disinfecting.

JOHNSON'S
Liquid and Paste
PREPARED WAX

Simply apply Johnson's Prepared Wax with a cloth—you don't need brushes, sprays or mops of any kind. Very little rubbing is required to produce an exquisite, lustrous polish of great beauty and durability.

Johnson's Prepared Wax contains no oil—consequently it cannot discolor the wood or catch dust and dirt. It is made in *Paste, Liquid* and *Powdered* form.

JOHNSON'S PASTE WAX For polishing floors of all kinds—wood, linoleum, tile, etc.

JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX For polishing furniture, pianos, woodwork and automobiles.

JOHNSON'S POWDERED WAX Sprinkled over any floor will immediately give a perfect dancing surface.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wis.

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Modern women, equally fastidious, also are lavish in the daily use of these great natural cleansers.

Their combination in famous Palmolive produces the most popular toilet soap measured by sales volume.

Palmolive Soap is sold by dealers everywhere and supplied by popular hotels in guest-room size.

Send 25 cents in stamps for travelette case containing eight miniature packages of favorite Palmolive specialties.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
Milwaukee, U. S. A.

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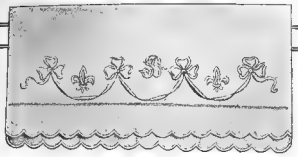
Embroideries for Towels



12021—Dainty Ribbon and Fleur de lis Design for Towel

Pictorial Review Transfer No. 12021, blue, 15 cents. An attractive ribbon and fleur de lis design for a hemstitched huckaback towel. Two transfers of the design with scallops for both ends of a 22-inch towel are provided. The initial is not included.

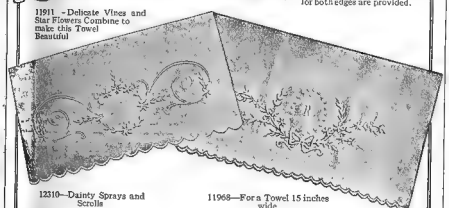
Pictorial Review Transfer No. 11913, blue, 15 cents. Shown below is quite an elaborate embroidery design for a handsome damask towel 24 inches wide. This should be worked entirely in white in raised satin stitch with the scalloped edges finished in buttonhole stitch.

11915—Conventional Spray Design 24 inches wide

Pictorial Review Transfer No. 11915, blue, 15 cents. Illustrating a good-looking spray design for 24-inch towel. Perforated initial pattern, 15 cents.

11913—An Elaborate Towel Design

Pictorial Review Transfer No. 11913, blue, 15 cents. At left is an attractive towel design combining tiny trailing vines and star flowers with buttonholed scalloped edges. The design is for a 24-inch towel and scallops for both edges are provided.



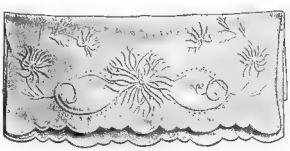
11911—Delicate Vines and Star Flowers Combine to make this Towel Beautiful

12310—Dainty Sprays and Scrolls

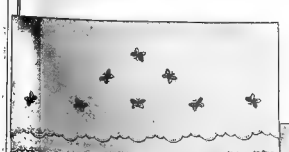
11968—For a Towel 15 inches wide

Pictorial Review Transfer No. 12310, blue, 15 cents. A dainty scroll and spray design is illustrated above at the left of the page, designed so that an initial or monogram may be inserted. Two towel designs given. Above at the right is Pictorial Review Transfer No. 11968, blue, 15 cents. Two transfers of this good-looking design are included in the pattern, with scallops for both ends of a towel 15 inches wide.

Pictorial Review Transfer No. 11910, blue, 15 cents. Illustrated at the right is a handsome chrysanthemum design suitable for a towel 24 inches wide. The embroidery would be equally attractive on the ends of a serving table or buffet scarf. Outlining the stems with eyelets gives a particularly effective touch. The chrysanthemums must be heavily padded, or they will look like fat leaf motifs.



11910—Handsome Towel End of Chrysanthemum Embroidery



Pictorial Review Transfer No. 12045, blue, 15 cents. Illustrated below is a most unusual embroidery design suitable not alone for a towel but equally well adapted to embroider a table or buffet scarf. Design for two ends provided

12045—Darning Stitch for Towel Ends shown below

12304—Butterfly Embroidery for Guest Towels

Pictorial Review Transfer No. 12304, blue, 15 cents. Dainty butterfly design for a guest towel, and another design in Lazy back-stitch of flowers is provided. Both transfers included.

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Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

Dangerous Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

He took a long walk that afternoon, and re-made his noon-hour resolution. He would keep away from her. It might hurt her at first, but she was young. She would forget. And he must not stand in her way. Having done which, he returned to the Shoreham and spent an hour in a telephone booth, calling hotels systematically and inquiring for her.

WHEN he finally located her his voice over the wire startled her.

"Good heavens, Clay," she said. "Are you angry about anything?"

"Of course not. I just wanted to—I am leaving to-night, and I'm saying good-by. That's all."

"Oh," she waited.

"Have you had a pleasant afternoon?"

"Aren't you going to see me before you go?"

"I don't think so."

"Don't you want to know what I am doing in Washington?"

"That's fairly clear, isn't it."

"You are being rather cruel, Clay."

He hesitated. He was amazed at his own attitude. Then, "Will you dine with me to-night?"

"I kept this evening for you."

But he was not moved. His sense of discomfort only increased. Their dining together was natural enough. It was not even faintly clandestine. But the new restraint he put on himself made him reserved and unhappy. He could not act a part. And after a time Audrey left off acting, too, and he found her watching him. On the surface he talked, but underneath it he saw her unhappiness, and her understanding of his.

"I'm going back, too," she said. "I came down to see what I can do, but there is nothing for the untrained woman. She's a cumberer of the earth. I'll go home and knit. I daresay I ought to be able to learn to do that well, anyhow."

"Have you forgiven me for this afternoon?"

"I wasn't angry. I understood."

THAT was it, in a nutshell. Audrey understood. She was that sort. She never held small resentments. He rather thought she never felt them.

"Don't talk about me," she said. "Tell me about you and why you are here. It's war, of course."

So, rather reluctantly, he told her. He shrank from seeming to want her approval, but at the same time he wanted it. His faith in himself had been shaken. He needed it restored. And some of the explanation which had led him to make his proffer to the government came back when he saw how she flushed over it.

"It's very big," she said, softly. "It's like you, Clay. And that's the best thing I can say. I am very proud of you."

"I would rather have you proud of me than anything in the world," he said unsteadily.

They drifted, somehow, to talking of happiness. And, always, carefully veiled, it was their own happiness that they discussed.

"I don't think," she said, looking away from him, "that one finds it by looking for it. That is selfish, and the selfish are never happy. It comes—oh, in queer ways. When you're trying to give it to somebody else, mostly."

"There is happiness, of a sort, in work."

Their eyes met. That was what they had to face, she dedicated to service, he to labor.

"It's never found by making other people unhappy, Clay."

"No. And yet, if the other people are already unhappy——"

"Never!" she said. And the answer was to the unspoken question in both their hearts.

IT WAS not until they were in the taxicab that Clayton forced the personal note, and then it came as a cry, out of the very depths of him. She had slipped her hand into his, and the comfort of even that small touch broke down the barriers he had so carefully erected.

"I need you so!" he said. And he held her hand to his face. She made no movement to withdraw it.

"I need you, too," she replied. "I never get over needing you. But we are going to play the game, Clay. We may have our weak hours—and this one of them—but, always, please God, we'll play the game."

The curious humility he felt with her was in his voice.

"I'll need your help, even in that."

And that touch of boyishness almost broke down her reserve of strength. She wanted to draw his head down on her shoulder, and comfort him. She wanted to smooth back his heavy hair, and put her arms around him, and hold him. There was a great tenderness in her for him. There were times when she would have given the world to have gone into his arms and let him hold her there, protected and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

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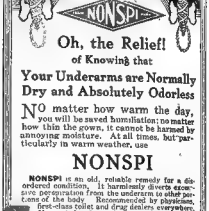

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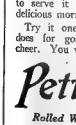

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Dangerous Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

shielded. But that night she was the stronger, and she knew it.

"I love you, Audrey. I love you terribly."

And that was the word for it. It was terrible. She knew it.

"To have gone through all the world," he said, brokenly, "and then to find the woman, when it is too late. Forever too late."

He turned toward her. "You know it, don't you? That you are my woman?"

"I know it," she answered, steadily.

"But I know, too——"

"Let me say it just once. Then never again. I'll bury it, but you will know it is there. You are my woman. I would go through all of life alone, to find you at the end. And if I could look forward, dear, to going through the rest of it with you beside me, so I could touch you, like this——"

"I know."

"If I could only protect you, and shield you—oh, how tenderly I could care for you my dear, my dear!"

The strength passed to him, then Audrey had a clear picture of what life with him might mean, of his protection, his tenderness. She had never known it. Suddenly every bit of her called out for his care, his quiet strength.

"Don't make me sorry for myself." There were tears in her eyes. "Will you kiss me, Clay? We might have that to remember."

But they were not to have even that, for the taxicab drew up before her hotel. It was one of the absurd anti-climaxes of life that they should part with a hand-clasp and her formal "Thank you for a lovely evening."

Audrey was the better actor of the two. She went in as casually as tho she had not put the only happiness of her life away from her. But Clayton Spencer stood on the pavement, watching her in, and all the tragedy of the empty years ahead was in his eyes.

LEFT alone in her untidy room after Graham's abrupt departure, Anna Klein was dazed. She stood where he left her, staring ahead. What had happened meant only one thing to her, that Graham no longer cared about her, and, if that was true, she did not care to live.

It never occurred to her that he had done rather a fine thing, or that he had protected her against herself. She felt no particular shame, save the shame of rejection. In her small world of the hill, if a man give a girl valuable gifts or money there was generally a *quid pro quo*. If the girl was unwilling, she did not accept such gifts. If the man wanted nothing, he did not make them. And men who made love to girls wanted to marry them or desired some other relationship with them.

She listened to his retreating footsteps, and then began, automatically to unbutton her thin white blouse. But with the sound of the engine of his car below she ran to the window. She leaned out, thrown on the sill, and watched him go, without a look up at her window.

So that was the end of that!

Then, all at once, she was fiercely angry. He had got her into this scrape, and now he had left her. He had pretended to love her, and all the time he had meant to do just this, to let her offer herself so he might reject her.

He had been playing with her. She had lost her home because of him, had been beaten almost insensible, had been ill for weeks, and now he had driven away, without even looking back

She jerked her clothes off, still standing by the window, and when the sleeve caught on her watch, she jerked that off too. She stood for a moment in it in her bare hands, her face twisted with a shame and anger. Then recklessly and furiously she flung it through the open window.

IN THE stillness of the street far below she heard it strike and rebound on the pavement.

"That for him!" she muttered.

Almost immediately she wanted it again. He had given it to her. It was all she had left now, and in a curious way it had, through his long wearing, come to mean Graham to her. She leaned out of the window. She thought she saw it gleaming in the gutter, and stepped, protected by the crash, a man was crossing the street to where it lay

"You let that alone," she called down desperately. The figure was already stooping over it. Entirely reckless now, she ran, bare-armed and bare-bosomed, down the stairs and out into the street. She had thought to see its finder escaping, but he was still standing where he had picked it up.

"It's mine," she began. "I dropped it out of the window. I——"

"You *threw* it out of the window. I saw you."

It was Rudolph.

"You——," he snarled, and stood with

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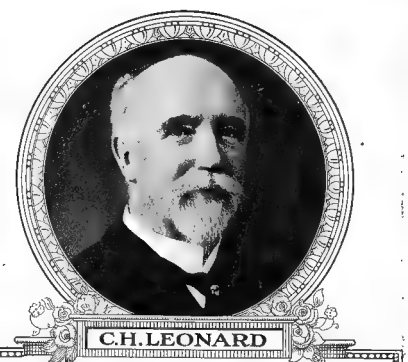

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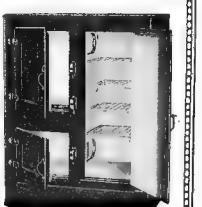

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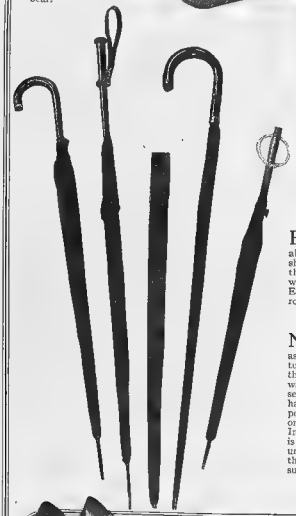
This hand-bag of water-proof patent leather is useful.

GLOVES like the pair shown above are guaranteed not to spot. They can be washed, and the strap is very effective.



HAPPY indeed is the possessor of the rubberized silk cape shown above. The epaulets over the shoulders are very becoming and there are slashes in the side through which the hands may be slipped. Every woman will like the trim rolling collar.

NOVELTY umbrellas which are suited to the feminine as well as to the masculine taste are pictured at the left. The second from the left has a new kind of a cover with a steel tip which helps to preserve the ferule. The bracelet-handled umbrella shown is very popular with women, as well as the one with the leather-strap handle. In the center is a leather case which is indestructible and will fit any umbrella. A man will appreciate this, while silk covers are more suitable for women.

A PATENT leather sailor is good for the woman who likes walking in the rain without an umbrella. It has the advantage of imparting a well-groomed look to the wearer.

HERE are rubbers for the entire family. Two kinds are shown for the head of the house on the end at the left, and sandals and storm-rubbers both are pictured for feminine selection. White rubbers are adorable for children and are quite dressy

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Dangerous Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91

his menacing eyes fixed on her bare neck.

"Rudolph!"

'Get into the house," he said roughly. "You're half-naked."

"Give me my watch."

"I'll give it to you, all right. What's left of it. When we get in."

He followed her into the hall, but when she turned there and held out her hand, he only snarled.

'We'll talk up-stairs."

"I can't take you up. The landlady don't allow it."

"She don't, eh? You had that Spencer skunk up there."

HIS face frightened her, and she hed vehemently.

"That's not so, and you know it, Rudolph Klein. He came inside, just like this, and we stood and talked. Then he went away He wasn't inside ten minutes" Her voice rose hysterically, but Rudolph caught her by the arm and pushing her ahead of him, forced her up the stairs.

"We're going to have this out," he muttered, viciously.

Half way up she stopped.

"You're hurting my arm."

"You be glad I'm not breaking it for you"

He climbed in a mounting fury. He almost threw her into her room, and closing the door, he turned the key in it. His face reminded her of her father's the night he had beaten her, and her instinct of self-preservation made her put the little table between them.

"You lay a hand on me," she panted and I'll yell out the window. The police would be glad enough to have something on you, Rudolph Klein, and you know it."

"They arrest women like you, too," he retorted malignantly.

"Don't you dare say that" And as he took a step or two toward her she retreated to the window. "You stay there, or I'll jump out of the window."

She looked desperate enough to do it, and Rudolph hesitated.

"He was up here. I saw him at the window. I've been trailing you all evening. Keep off that window-sill, you little fool! I'm not going to kill you. But I'm going to get him all right, and don't you forget it."

His milder tone and the threat frightened her more than ever. He would get Graham; he was like that. Get him in some cruel, helpless way; that was the German blood in him.

She began to play for time, with instinctive cunning.

"Listen, Rudolph," she said. "I'll tell you all about it He did come up, but he left right away. We quarreled. He threw me over, Rudolph. That's what he did."

Her own words reminded her of her humiliation, and tears came into her eyes.

"He threw me over! Honest to God he did That's why I threw his watch out of the window. That's straight, Rudolph. That's straight goods. I'm not lying now."

"God!" said Rudolph "The dirty pup. The—then you're through with him, eh?"

"I'm through, all right."

Her tone carried conviction. Rudolph's face relaxed, and seeing that, she remembered her half-dressed condition.

"Throw me that waist," she said

"Come around and get it."

"Aw, Rudolph, throw it. Please!"

"Getting modest, all at once," he jeered. But he picked it up and advanced to the table with it. As she held out her hand for it he caught her and drew her forward toward him, across the table.

"You little devil!" he said, and kissed her.

SHE submitted, because she must, but she shivered. If she was to save Graham she must play the game. And so far she was winning She was feminine enough to know that already the thing he thought she had done was to be forgiven her. More than that, she saw a half-reluctant admiration in Rudolph's eyes, as tho she had gained value, if she had lost virtue, by the fact that young Spencer had fancied her. And Rudolph's morals were the morals of many of his kind. He admired chastity in a girl, but he did not expect it.

But she was watchful for the next move he might make. That it was not what she expected did not make it the less terrifying.

"You get your hat and coat on."

"I'll not do anything of the kind."

"D'you think I'm going to leave you here, where he can come back whenever he wants to? You think again!"

"Where are you going to take me?"

"I'm going to take you home."

When pleading made no impression on him, and when he refused to move without her, she threw her small wardrobe into the suitcase, and put her hat and coat on. She was past thinking, quite hopeless. She would go back, and her father would kill her, which would be the best thing anyhow, she didn't care to live

Rudolph had relapsed into moody silence.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

Raspberry Napoleon

Soak half an envelope of Knox's Sparkling Gelatine in half a cupful of cold water till soft; chill and whip two cupfuls of cream and put on ice. Heat one cupful of milk, one cupful of raspberry juice and pulp and half a cupful of orange juice in a double boiler; stir constantly, add the soaked gelatine, cool on ice, when it begins to harden whip till light, add the whipped cream and pour into mold. When ready to serve, turn out of mold and decorate the top with plain raspberry gelatine, molded in small molds.

This recipe makes over a pint mold or seven to eight individual servings and uses only one-quarter of a package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine.

Prune Jelly

STEAM half a pound of prunes. Then stone them, add a little sugar, place in a deep dish, pour over them two cupfuls of water, cover and cook slowly for two hours. Then add a cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, and a tablespoonful of gelatine dissolved in a little cold water. Mold and serve with whipped cream

Delmonico

Marshmallow Dessert

Soak gelatine one and one-half hours in cold water, one and one-half cupfuls; add two cups fine granulated sugar, a few grains salt, one teaspoon vanilla. Soak gelatine in remaining water five minutes. Put remaining water five minutes. Put remaining water five minutes. Put

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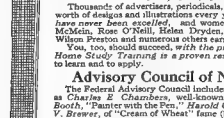

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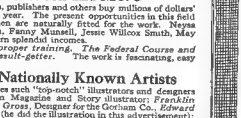

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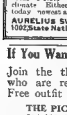

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TEN HOURS OF LIGHT FOR 1¢

Dangerous Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93

Down the stairs, and on the street he preceded her, contemptuously letting her trail behind.

He carried her little suitcase, however, and, once, being insecurely fastened, it opened and bits of untidy apparel littered the pavement. He dropped the suitcase and stood by while she filled it again. The softness of that moment, when, lured by her bare arms he had kissed her, was gone.

THE night car jolted and swayed. After a time he dozed, and Anna watching him, made an attempt at flight. He caught her on the rear platform, however, with a clutch that sickened her. The conductor eyed them with the scant curiosity of two o'clock in the morning, when all the waking world is awry.

At last they were climbing the hill to the cottage, while behind and below them the Spencer furnaces burned like orange and violet flames, and the roar of the blast sounded like the coming of a mighty wind.

The cottage was dark. Rudolph put down the suitcase, and called Herman softly through his hands. Above they could hear him moving, and his angry voice came through the open window.

"What you want?"

"Come down. It's Rudolph."

But when he turned Anna was lying in a dead faint on the ground. He trampled little heap of blissful forgetfulness. When Herman came down, it was to find Rudolph standing over her, the suitcase still in his hand, and an ugly scowl on his face.

"Well, I got her," he said. "She's scared, that's all." He prodded her with his foot, but she did not move, and Herman bent down with his candle.

He straightened.

"Bring her in," he said, and led the way into the house. When Rudolph staggered in, with Anna in his arms, he found Herman waiting and fingering the leather strap.

AUDREY had found something to do at last. It was Captain Sloane who had given her the idea.

"You would make a great hit, Audrey," he had said. "It's your voice, you know. There's something about it—well, you know the effect it always has on me. No? All right, I'll be good."

But she had carried the idea home with her, and had proceeded, with her customary decision, to act on it.

Then, one day in May, she was surprized by a visit from Delight Haverford. She had come home, tired and rather depressed, to find the Haverford car at the door, and Delight waiting for her in her sitting-room.

Audrey's acquaintance with Delight had been rather fragmentary, but it had covered a long stretch of time. So, if she was surprized, it was not greatly, when Delight suddenly kissed her. She saw then that the girl had brought her some Spring flowers, and she frilled with pleasure.

"What a nice child you are!" she said, and standing before the mirror proceeded to take off her hat. Never before could see the reflection of Delight's face, and her own tired, slightly haggard eyes.

"And how young and pretty she is!" she added, smiling.

"You are too lovely for words, Mrs. Valentine."

Audrey patted her hair into order, and continued her smiling inspection of the girl's face.

"And now we have exchanged compliments," she said, "we will have some tea, and then you shall tell me what you are so excited about."

"*I am* excited; I——"

"Let's have the tea first."

Audrey's housekeeper was still rather casual. Tidiness of Natalie's meticulous order would always be beyond her, but after certain frantic searches for what was needed, she made some delicious tea.

"Order was left out of me, somehow," she complained. "Or else things move about when I'm away. I'm sure it is that, because I certainly *never* put the sugar behind my best hat. Now—let's have it."

DELIGHT was only playing with her tea. She flushed delicately, and put the cup down.

"I was in the crowd this morning," she said

"In the crowd? Oh, *my* crowd!"

"Yes."

"I see," said Audrey, thoughtfully. "I make a dreadful speech, you know."

"I thought you were wonderful. And, when those men promised to enlist, I cried. I was horribly ashamed. But you were splendid.'

"I wonder!" said Audrey, growing grave. Delight was astonished to see that there were tears in her eyes. "I do it because it is all I can do, and of course they must go. But sometimes, at night—you see, my dear, some of them are going to be killed. I am urging them to go, but the better the day I have had, the less I sleep at night."

There was a little pause. Delight was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

Any Woman May Now Be Beautiful

THE slow, tedious methods now commonly employed in trying to acquire beauty should all be forgotten and in their place these few formules should be used faithfully for results which you have so long sought.

For Promoting Hair Growth

The open secret of really forcing hair to grow is the proper stimulation, not merely of the scalp, but of the hair roots. This is done scientifically, and in a really wonderful way, too, by a mixture which you can easily make up yourself at home, consisting of one ounce of betaquinol, costing not more than fifty cents at the drug store, a half pint of bay rum and a half pint of water. This makes a pint of the best hair-grower it is possible to make, and costs less than a dollar.

To Have a Spotless Complexion

You will find that the sallowness, red spots, freckles and other blemishes of the face, arms, hands, neck and shoulders will promptly disappear, and in its place you may have an exquisite a complexion as you could ever hope for, by simply mixing together one ounce of sinkrot, costing about fifty cents at the drug store, two tablespoonfuls of glycerine and a pint of water. Apply frequently and liberally as a cream.

You May Look Years Younger

Remarkable results have been obtained in removing crows' feet, deep and shallow wrinkles, lines of age and sagging cheeks by the use of the following formula. It makes the skin more vigorous and plump and the change to youthfulness is striking. Simply mix two ounces of eptol, which will cost about fifty cents at your druggist's, with half pint of water and two tablespoonfuls of glycerine.

Splendid Shampoo

Never forget that the scalp must be kept clean of scurf and dandruff to insure healthful hair. A shampoo extraordinary for its cleansing properties is a mixture of a teaspoonful of eggol and half a cup of water. You can get at any drug store a package of eggol, enough to give you at least twelve splendid shampoos, for twenty-five cents. This shampoo outclasses more soap and water, and leaves the hair easier to do up, glossy and full of life.

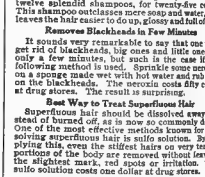
Removes Blackheads in Few Minutes

It sounds very remarkable to say that one may get rid of blackheads, big ones and little ones, in only a few minutes, but such is the case if the following method is used. Sprinkle some nemrom on a sponge made wet with hot water and rub this on the blackheads. The nemrom costs fifty cents at drug stores. The result is surprising.

Best Way to Treat Superfluous Hair

Superfluous hair should be dissolved away, instead of burned off, as is now so commonly done. One of the most effective methods known for dissolving superfluous hair is sulfo solution. By applying this, even the stiffest hairs on very tender portions of the body are removed without leaving the slightest mark, red spots or irritation. The sulfo solution costs one dollar at drug stores.

Any druggist will supply you with the articles mentioned. If not, you can get them by mail if you will send the price to Cooper Pharmacal Co., 542 Thompson Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



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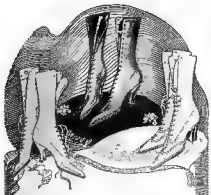

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The Style Committee endorses and recommends smart shoes made of "F B & C" White Washable Glazed Kid "No. 21" for spring and summer. Though every woman cannot afford this high class leather, it will be worn altogether by those who observe the niceties of fashion. It is the only leather which "Fits on the Foot like a Glove on the Hand" and requires no mussy dressing.

Other smart shoes for this season of the year are made of "F B & C" Kid Color No. 24 and "F B & C" Kid Color No. 88.

NOTE

The scarcity continues of imported Kid Skins, out of which "F B & C" Kid is made. Prices are rising. Immediate buying is strongly advised.

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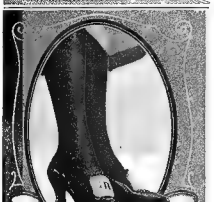

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A Dramatic Evening

By RALPH W. KINSEY

THE cast of an amateur show were entertained by the coach at his home at what was appropriately termed "A Dramatic Evening."

Invitations couched in the language of an advertisement for a dramatic agency read as follows:

SMITHERS DRAMATIC AGENCY

You are cordially invited to be one of the students of this world-famous school for budding dramatists at its first (and only) session on Friday evening.

The school will open promptly at 8 o'clock and the course will include everything nonsensical that can be crammed into one evening.

Don't miss this splendid opportunity to outrival Shakespeare and all the other has-beens of the past.

Admission Fee—One beaming smile

The cast responded without a single absentee, for their curiosity had been aroused by the wording and also by the reputation of the coach for unique affairs.

As they entered the house they were greeted by a large sign, reading, "Smithers Dramatic Agency," and then by the coach who was disguised as a dramatic agent with long hair, flashy clothing, big fake jewels and a false nose. He solemnly entered each person's name on his book and led the party to the den on the second floor.

Here the guests were given tally-cards—stars cut out of colored cardboard; yellow for the girls and blue for the boys.

PART one of the course consisted in unraveling the plot. This was the old game of Spider Web camouflaged by its new name. In this event, as in each succeeding one, gold stars were awarded the first four, and red stars the last four. These stars were pasted on the tally-cards.

Part two was writing the synopsis. This consisted of the old-fashioned game of Consequences. There was a new twist given it, however, by numbering each strip of paper and, when they had been read, the coach decided which four had created the most laughter and awarded the persons starting the strips with the gold stars. In the same way, the four creating the least merriment were given the red stars.

Next came drawing up the scenes. The coach announced that he would hand out strips of paper on which were written the titles of various scenes from "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Each person was directed to draw this scene on a paper given him. Each drawing was numbered to correspond with the number on the slip of paper telling the name of the scene. When all had finished, the crowd was directed to guess what scene each drawing represented.

Part four was called Selecting the Properties for the Show. The students were shown a large tray covered with thirty objects and allowed to look at it one minute. Then the tray was covered and each person was required to write the names of all the objects he remembered.

Next, the cast had to be selected for the show. The coach had cut out pictures of various actors and pasted them on a large piece of cardboard and then filled in the space with a scene, making a rather attractive picture of the whole. Each actor was numbered and the crowd was asked to guess who each one was.

Since, as the coach announced, the show was to be a musical one, the music had to be selected for it. Calling on his wife for help, the coach had her play a few bars from twenty-five songs, both new and old, and asked the crowd to guess the title of each song from the selection played.

FINALLY came the show. Slips were drawn directing each person to do something foolish. For instance, one girl was asked to imagine she was a love-sick peanut, dying for want of affection, while another boy was urged to give a realistic imitation of a cow skipping gaily from buttercup to buttercup on a lovely Spring day. The coach announced at the close that since they were so good he refused to award any stars.

The grand finale was then announced and this consisted of the refreshments of the evening. Place-cards of cardboard stars told where each person was to sit. The centerpiece was a miniature stage set with tiny dolls as the actors, with small electric bulbs giving the proper lighting effects.

When the refreshments had been enjoyed, the prizes were awarded. The winner was the owner of the most gold stars, while a consolation prize was given the second highest. Of course the holder of the most red stars was given the booby-prize.

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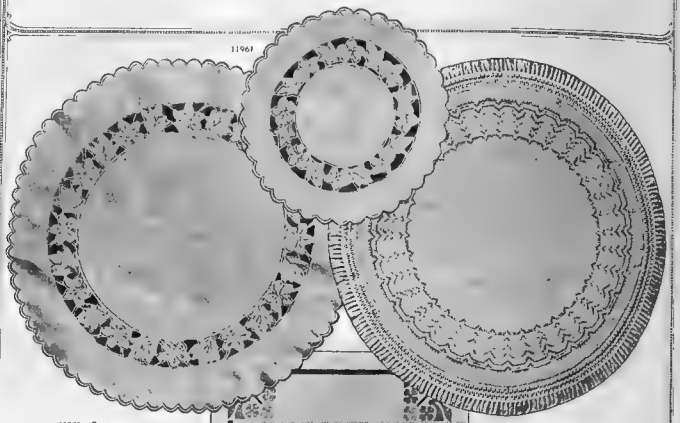


11961

11960—Centerpiece 28 inches in diameter

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 11960, blue, 15 cents. A strikingly attractive centerpiece in Roman cut-work. Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 11961, blue, 15 cents, consisting of 3 plate doilies, 12½ inches in diameter, matching the centerpiece.

11918—Centerpiece 28½ inches in diameter

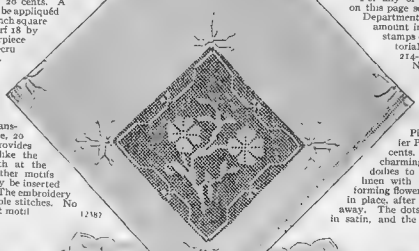
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 11918, blue, 15 cents. Here is an attractive centerpiece worked in cross-stitch in Delft blue mercerized cotton on ecru linen. Any color may be used, however, that will harmonize with the furnishings.

12334—Dogwood Design to be Appliquéd or Stenciled on Muslin

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12334, blue or yellow, 20 cents. A quaint design that may be appliquéd or stenciled onto a 24-inch square centerpiece and a scarf 18 by 45 inches. Both centerpiece and scarf may be of ecru crash stenciled in color.

The design as here adapted to a Centerpiece 24 inches square and a Scarf 18 by 45

For any of the designs illustrated on this page send to the Embroidery Department enclosing the required amount in money order, postage stamps or currency. The Pictorial Review Company, 214-226 West 39th Street, New York



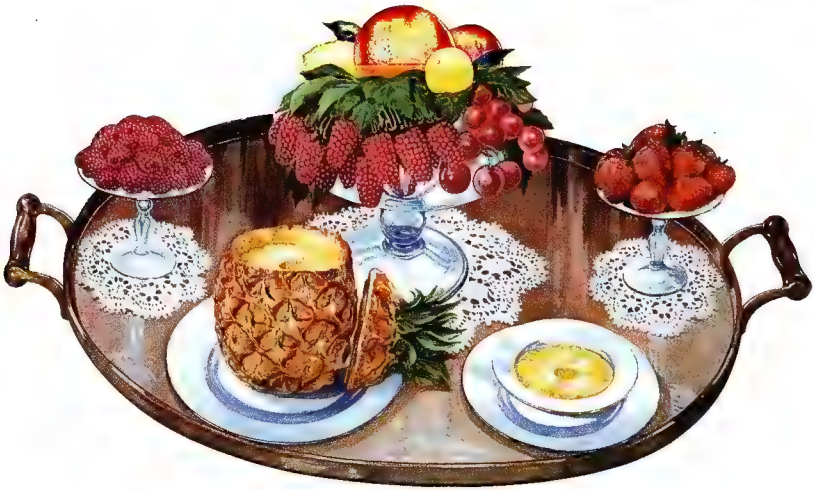
12387

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12387, blue, 20 cents. The pattern provides 4 embroidery motifs like the one shown on tea-cloth at the right, as well as 8 other motifs equally pretty that may be inserted in dining-room linens. The embroidery is in solid and buttonhole stitches. No pattern is given for filet motif

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12394, blue, 15 cents. Illustrated below is a charming buffet scarf with two doilies to match. These are of linen with inserts of white net forming flowers that are buttonholed in place, after which the linen is cut away. The dots are in eyelets, leaves in satin, and the stems in stem stitch

12294—Buffet or Table Scarf 16¼ by 25¾ inches with matching Doilies 14½ inches in diameter, made of white linen and net

Google



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Style 6 Style 5 Style 4

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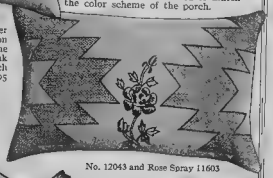
Charming Pillows for the Summer Porch

11902

The butterflies on this charming pillow may be embroidered to match the color scheme of the porch.

12105

A charming pillow for the Summer porch embroidered in hollyhocks on a background of cream linen. The hollyhocks should be worked in pink and crimson in long and short stitch and the leaves in green. Design 12105 may be selected for this.



No. 12043 and Rose Spray 11603

Apple Hexagon Motif of 12043

Darning and couching stitches are combined in the very attractive pillow illustrated above, which is 12 by 18 inches. Instead of the rose spray, a monogram or initial might be inserted. The embroidery is 12043, and the rose spray is design 11603.

A quaint pillow for the porch is illustrated above with appliqued motifs. The pillow is in hexagon-shaping with a tassel finishing each point.

121.9

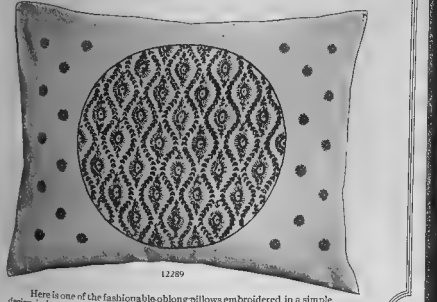
Very graceful and artistic is the conventionalized Chinese lily design embroidered on the pillow illustrated above.

11895

Another good-looking porch-pillow is shown here embroidered in orange satin stitch and leaf-green outline stitches on a foundation of heavy cream-color crash. The design is 11895.

11894

A charming porch-pillow is shown above in cream linen with conventionalized floral figures embroidered in red with scrolls in green outlined with black. The embroidery is design 11894.



12289

Here is one of the fashionable oblong pillows embroidered in a simple design in lazy daisy stitch and French knots. The circle may be outlined with heavy silk cord couched down in contrasting color. The pillow is 12¾ by 19 inches and is embroidered in design 12289.

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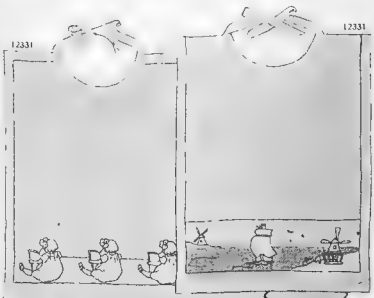
Dainty Embroideries for the Nursery Autocrat

12452

FOR the small maid's lingerie hat there is no daintier decoration than hand embroidery. For the one illustrated above Design 12452 would be suitable. It is on Hat 7813, designed for 2 to 6 years

Cunning little figures and the quaintest of Dutch landscapes (design 12331) give charm to baby's bibs



12331 12331

12365

STILL another lingerie hat is shown above. This time an adorable model of white point d'esprit trimmed with plaited frills and hand embroidery. Design 12365 may be selected for the embroidery.

Another view of this lingerie hat is given just below and it surely is becoming to the tiny wearer. In this view it is fashioned of organdy with plaited brim of organdy and a band of narrow ribbon.

12366

HERE is an adorable cap to be fashioned of batiste, fitting snugly on the head. Valenciennes edging and sprays of hand-embroidery form a delightful trimming. The embroidery (design 12366) is in raised satin stitch

Cross-stitch seems particularly adapted to the embroidery for kiddies' clothes and in the two bibs illustrated above and at the right design 12362, it is quite appealing

12362

A goosey gander bib is illustrated above embroidered in cross-stitch which would be effective in colors.

12365

BELOW is shown a charming coat for the little man or woman that may be fashioned of piqué, Bedford cord, faille or silk poplin with no trimming save hand-embroidery on collar and cuffs in raised satin stitch in design 12343. The coat is 6862, designed for 1 to 6 years

12451

For seashore and country a shade hat like the one illustrated just above is absolutely necessary for little girls. This may be embroidered in design 12451.

11087

Irish crochet motifs are set into the deep cape collar of this coat, and it is further embellished with dainty sprays of embroidery, design 11987. The coat is 5799, designed for ½ to 4 years.

12343

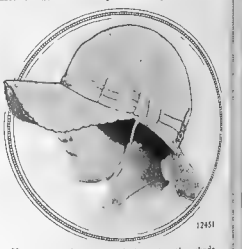
For the first short coat nothing could be more attractive than the little model illustrated above in white or some pastel shade of blue or pink daintily embroidered.

12452

A charming lingerie hat daintily embroidered on a demurely charming little maid

11879

A little hood wrap embroidered in design 11879.



12451

Here is another view of the attractive shade hat illustrated at the center of the page.

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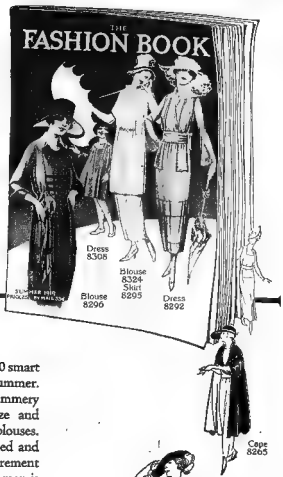

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Dangerous Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

thinking desperately of something to say.

"But you didn't come to talk about me, did you?"

"Partly. And partly about myself. I want to do something, Mrs. Valentine. I can drive a car, but not very well. I don't know a thing about the engine. And I can nurse a little. I like nursing."

Audrey studied her face. It seemed to her sad beyond words that this young girl, who should have had only happiness, was facing the horrors of what must be inevitably a long war. It was the young who paid the price of war, in death, in empty years. Already the careless gaiety of their lives was gone. For the dream futures they had planned they had now to substitute long waiting; for happiness, service.

"The Red Cross is going to send Canteen workers to France. You ought do that."

"If I only could! But I can't leave mother. Not entirely. Father is going. He wants to go and fight, but I'm afraid they won't take him. He'll go as a chaplain, anyhow. But he's perfectly helpless, you know. Mother says she is going to tie his overshoes around his neck."

"I'll see if I can think of something for you, Delight. There's one thing in my mind. There are to be little houses built in all the new training-camps for officers, and they are to be managed by women. They are to serve food—sandwiches and coffee, I think. They may be even more pretentious. I don't know, but I'll find out."

"I'll do anything," said Delight, and got up. It was then that Audrey realized that there was something more to the visit than had appeared, for Delight, ready to go, hesitated

"There is something else, Mrs. Valentine," she said, rather slowly. "What would you do if a young man wanted to go into the service, and somebody held him back?"

"His own people?"

"His mother. And—a girl."

"I would think the army is well off without him."

Delight flushed painfully.

"Perhaps," she admitted. "But is it right just to let it go at that? If you like people, it seems wrong just to stand by and let others ruin their lives for them."

"Only very weak men let women ruin their lives."

But already she began to understand the situation.

"There's a weakness that is only a sort of habit. It may come from not wanting to hurt somebody." She was pulling nervously at her gloves. "And there is this to be said, too. If there is what you call weakness, wouldn't the army be good for it. It makes men, sometimes, doesn't it?"

FOR a sickening moment Audrey thought of Chris. War had made Chris, but it had killed him, too.

"Have you thought of one thing?" she asked. "That it may long to *make* this young man, whoever it is, he may be hurt, or even worse?"

"He would have to take his chance, like the rest."

She went a little pale, however. Audrey impulsively put an arm around her.

"And this—woman is the little long-legged girl who used to give signals to her father when the enemy was too long! Now—what can I do about this youth who can't make up his own mind?"

"You can talk to him, Audrey."

"If I know his mother—and I think I do—it won't do the slightest good."

"Then his father. You are great friends, aren't you?"

Even this indirect mention of Clayton made Audrey's hands tremble. She put them behind her.

"We are very good friends," she said. But Delight was too engrossed to notice the deeper note in her voice. "I'll see what I can do. But don't count on me too much. You spoke of a girl. I suppose I know who it is."

"Probably. It is Marion Hayden. He is engaged to her."

And again Audrey marveled at her poise, for Delight's little tragedy was clear by that time. Clear, and very sad.

"I can't imagine his really being in love with her."

"But he must be. They are engaged."

Audrey smiled at the simple philosophy of nineteen, smiled and was extremely touched. How brave the child was! Audrey's own courageous heart rather swelled in admiration.

But after Delight had gone, she felt depressed again, and very tired. How badly these things were handled! How strange it was that love so often brought suffering! Great lovers were almost always great tragedies. Perhaps it was because love was never truly great until the element of sacrifice entered into it.

Her own high courage failed her somewhat. During these recent days when, struggling against very real stage fright, she made her husky, wholly earnest but rather nervous little appeals to the crowds before the enlisting stations, she got along bravely enough during the day. But the night found her sad, unutterably depressed.

At these times she was haunted by a fear that persisted against all her arguments. In Washington, Clayton had not looked well. He had been very tired and white, and some of his natural buoyancy seemed to have deserted him. He needed caring for, she would reflect bitterly. There should be some one to look after him. He was tired and anxious, but it took the eyes of love to see it. Natalie would never notice. She would consider it a grievance if she did. And the fiercely maternal tenderness of the childless woman for the man she loves kept her awake at night staring into the darkness and visualizing terrible things. Clayton ill, and she unable to go to him. Ill, and wanting her, and unable to ask for her.

She was, she knew, not quite normal, but the fear gripped and held her. Those big, strong men, no one ever looked after them. They spent their lives caring for others, and were never cared for.

THERE were times when a sort of exaltation of sacrifice kept her head high. When the thing she was forced to give up seemed trifling compared with the men and boys who, some determinedly, some sheepishly, left the crowd around the borrowed car from which she spoke, and went into the recruiting station. There was sacrifice and sacrifice, and there was some comfort in the thought that both she and Clayton were putting the happiness of others above their own. They had both, somehow, somewhere, missed the path. They must never go back and try to find it.

Delight's visit left her thoughtful. There must be some way to save Graham. She wondered how much of Clayton's weariness was due to Graham. And she wondered, too, if he knew of the talk about Natalie and Rodney Page. There was a great deal of talk. Somehow such talk cheapened his sacrifice and hers.

Not that she believed it, or much of it. She knew how little such gossip actually meant. Practically every woman she knew, herself included, had at one time or another laid herself open to such invidious comment. They had all been idle, and they sought amusement in such spurious affairs as this, harmless in the main, but taking on the appearance of evil. That was part of the game, to appear worse than one really was. The older the woman, the more eager she was often in her clutch at the vanishing romance of youth.

Only—it was part of the game, too, to avoid scandal. A fierce pride for Clayton's name sent the color to her face.

On the evening after Delight's visit, she had promised to speak at a recruiting station far down-town, in a crowded tenement district, and tired as she was, she took a bus and went down at seven o'clock. She was uneasy, and nervous. She had not spoken in the evening before, and in all her sheltered life she had never seen the milling of a night crowd in a slum district.

There was a wagon drawn up at the curb, and an earnest-eyed young clergyman was speaking. The crowd was attentive, mildly curious. The clergyman was emphatic without being convincing. Audrey watched the faces about her, standing in the crowd herself, and a sense of the futility of it all gripped her. All these men, and only a feeble cheer as a boy still in his teens agreed to volunteer. All this effort for such scant result, and over on the other side such dire need! But one thing cheered her. Beside her, in the crowd, a portly elderly Jew was standing with his hat in his hand, and when a man near him made some jeering comment, the Jew brought his hand down on his shoulder.

"Be still and listen," he said. "Or else go away and allow others to listen. This is our country which calls."

"It's amusing, isn't it?" Audrey heard a woman's voice near her, carefully inflected, slightly affected.

"It's rather stunning, in a way. It's decorative; the white faces, and that chap in the wagon, and the gasoline torch."

"I'd enjoy it more if I'd had my dinner."

The man laughed.

"You are a most brazen combination of the mundane and the spiritual, Natalie. You are all soul—after you are fed. Come on. It's near here."

Audrey's hands were very cold. By the movement of the crowd behind her, she knew that Natalie and Rodney were making their escape, toward food and a quiet talk in some obscure restaurant in the neighborhood. Fierce anger shook her. For this she and Clayton were giving up the only hope they had of happiness—that Natalie might carry on a cheap and stealthy flirtation.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 127

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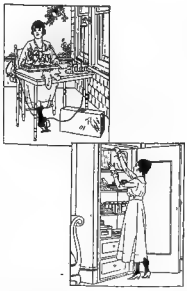
Western Electric

Portable Sewing Machine

"I certainly never intend to use an old-fashioned machine again!"

The same reasons that made the Western Electric Machine preferred for war relief work make it ideal for home use. It can be carried to the work, since the machine—motor, carrying case and all—is no larger than an ordinary travelling bag. The electrical control of the motor is so delicate that sewing can be done at any desired speed. This is a full-sized machine that does any kind of sewing. Sewing the electric way does not tire the user.

Although neatly finished, you will find it convenient to put the machine away in the closet when the work is completed. It costs only $39.50 ($41.50 west of the Rockies)—less than most well-known makes of pedal-power machines.



If your electric shop or department store cannot show you this new kind of machine, write for Booklet No. 14 C.M., "The New Way to Sew," and the name of our agent nearest you.

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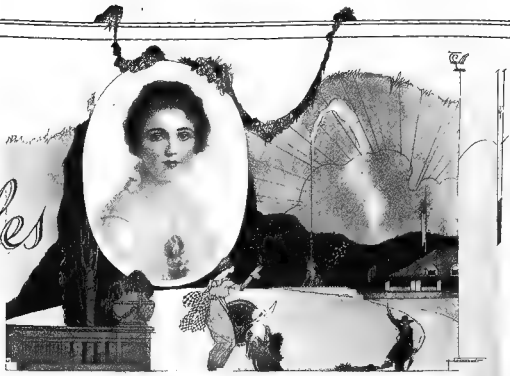
Betty Wales Dresses



The Hour Before You Start Shopping

A little while before leaving the house to go and look at some dresses, your imagination tells you what you want—if you only knew where to find it.

You can find just the type of dress, just the quiet elegance, the style and becoming lines you had pictured in your mind, at the store that sells Betty Wales Dresses in your city. There is only one store in any city that sells them.

In Betty Wales' busy fashion studio in New York, she puts style, workmanship and good material in every fold.

Traveling

Little Touches of Individuality

It may be the collar or a note of color somewhere, but about each Betty Wales Dress is some touch which makes it distinctive, a little more pleasing than the one you had imagined.

Each Betty Wales Dress Is Fully Guaranteed

All dealers who sell Betty Wales Dresses are authorized to make complete refund of money for any Betty Wales Dress that is not satisfactory.

Who Sells Betty Wales Dresses in Your Locality?

His name is worth knowing. If you don't know who this dealer is, ask some of your well-dressed friends, or you can write direct to us and we will gladly send you his name, and at the same time, if you wish us to, a copy of our Portfolio of Style, just issued.

Betty Wales Dressmakers

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Evening

Seashore

Motoring

Look for this Label

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THE FASHION DEPARTMENT

ONE of the foremost of the brilliant group of modern composers is Mana Zucca, whose photograph is shown below

AMONG the most charming of the younger screen favorites is Muriel Ostriche, a delightful picture of whom is shown below

MARJORIE RAMBEAU, one of the best-beloved of American actresses, is shown here in three most delightful poses—two at the center of the page, and one at the foot. Very correct Miss Rambeau looks in the two center photographs, but she is her own demurely lovable self in the lowest one—adorably simple and girlish. Miss Rambeau is now starring in a new play, "The Fortune Teller," in which she has made one of the biggest individual hits of her successful career.

REGINA WALLACE, the beautiful and talented ingénue who has made a distinct personal hit in A. H. Woods's New York production of the highly successful comedy "Friendly Enemies," has posed for PICTORIAL REVIEW in two adorable frocks. In the photograph at the top of the page, center, Miss Wallace shows a simple Summer frock that is girlishly pretty, while the other frock shown below is lovely enough to be a welcome guest at any afternoon function.

THERE is no more beautiful girl on the screen than Olive Thomas, the clever and much-admired star of Selznick pictures.

THIS picture of Marjorie Rambeau suggests Springtime and apple blossoms and love's young dream.

GRACEFUL drapery and flowing lines are features of this frock in which Regina Wallace poses so attractively

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Straight Lines Dominate the New Summer Fashions

8292—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch embroidered voile—¼ yard plain voile for collar—1 yard picot edging—⅞ yard 36-inch satin for sash. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Dainty simplicity marks this frock of embroidered voile sashed in orchid satin. The front edges of the surplice blouse are hemstitched, and a collar of plain white voile finishes the open neck. Attached under the girdle is a one-piece gathered skirt with straight lower edge.

7830—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch voile—3 yards frilling for trimming collar. Tucked revers are joined to the round collar, the revers framing a gathered vest.

8000—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 7830—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch plaid voile—1⅛ yard 44-inch white organdy—½ yard 36-inch plain voile for trimming bands and girdle—1 yard organdy plaiting—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Just above the plaid cuffs there is a tracery of soutache braiding in design 11809. A plaited frill outlines the oval collarless neck of the blouse which closes at the back. The underblouse and flowing sleeves are of white organdy, and the blouse is banded and girdled in plain voile matching the principal tone of the plaid. A three-inch raised waist-line distinguishes the skirt which closes at left side seam.

Coat 8325

Blouse 8000
Braiding 11809
Skirt 7830

Jacket 8222
Skirt 8215

8325—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch white Bolivia cloth—4¾ yards 36-inch taffeta for lining. Length at center-back 45 inches. The comfortable and convenient convertible collar is a feature of this smart Spring coat which like many new models is fashioned of white Bolivia cloth with the necessary note of color achieved by a brilliant lining. Deep cuffs finish the raglan sleeves.

7661—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. The open neck of this charming blouse is outlined by novel embroidery in rope silk for which design 12460 is admirable. The blouse closes on the left shoulder and at left side-front.

Dress 8292

Blouse 8279
Skirt 8299

Wrap 8199

8325 8292 8000
7830
8279 8199
8299 7830
7661
8265 8215

8279—Ladies' Tucked Blouse. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. No. 8299—Ladies' One-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5⅛ yards 36-inch white voile—2 yards crochet edging—¼ yard 36-inch satin for girdle—2¼ yards grosgrain ribbon for the oddly arranged loops and long fluttering ends that trim the front of the blouse. The revival of tucks is an interesting feature of the new Summer fashions, and they are particularly effective on Summer frocks when hemstitched as in this model. The blouse closes at the back and a narrow edging of filet crochet outlines the U-shaped neck and finishes the flowing sleeves. The only trimming on the skirt is hemstitched tucks, and the closing is arranged at the left side seam.

8265—Ladies' and Misses' Fichu Cape. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 3¾ yards 36-inch satin. The most fascinating capes are being designed to wear over Summer frocks, and the fichu cape is one of the newest developments. This model is gathered below a deep round two-piece yoke, dart-fitted on the shoulders, and over the yoke is arranged a deep fichu collar that crosses in front and is fastened at the center-back under the cape. Navy and horizon blue taffeta, as well as tricolet in beige, taupe, coral and cerise are also very fashionable.

8199—Ladies' Wrap. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 3¾ yards 54-inch duvetyn—5¾ yards 36-inch satin for lining. Soft and graceful of line are these new wraps for Spring and early Summer-time. Kimono sleeves enhance the graceful cut, and a large collar of self-material forms a chic neck finish. Through slashes in the side-front is drawn a tie-belt, carelessly looped in front and finished with tassels or pendent crochet ornaments.

Blouse 7661
Embroidery 12460

Blouse 7832

Cape 8265
Page 106

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 123

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Forerunners of the Mode in Summer Frocks

8208—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 8295—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅓ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5⅝ yards 36-inch ramie linen—⅜ yard 40-inch white organdy for collar. Slim and straight of line is this practical linen frock with collar of crisp white organdy braided in cotton soutache for which design 11347 would be attractive. The braiding forms a border.

Blouse 8285
Skirt 8291
Embroidery 11603

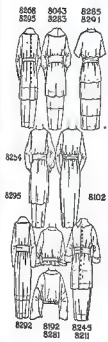
Blouse 8268
Skirt 8295
Braiding 11347

Dress 8102

Blouse 8245
Skirt 8211

8298—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 6 yards 36-inch flowered voile—½ yard 40-inch organdy for collar and trimming—1 yard lace—1 yard velvet ribbon—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Bretelles that extend below the girdle give length of line to the surplice blouse of this charming frock. New trimming suggestions are the flowing sleeves, and the deep tuck in the one-piece gathered skirt.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 123



Blouse 8043
Skirt 8283

Dress 8292

8285—Ladies' Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. No. 8291—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5 yards 40-inch striped Georgette crêpe—¼ yard 36-inch moire for girdle. A slip-over blouse with the short sleeves that Paris is endorsing is combined here with one of the charming new tucked skirts. The skirt closes at the left side seam. A rose embroidered in worsted gives a dashing touch of color to the satin girdle, and for embroidering the rose design 11603 is admirable. A piping of moire to match the girdle makes an effective finish for the collarless neck of the graceful blouse which slips on over the head. The waist-line of the skirt is raised two inches and the lower edge is straight.

8043—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 8283—Ladies' One-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5⅝ yards 32-inch striped gingham—¾ yard 36-inch white linen for revers and vest—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Very charming Summer frocks are fashioned of the new striped, plaid, and check ginghams, and novelty is given to this model by the facing on the long revers of white linen to match the inset vest. The blouse shows the fashionable long peplum or tunic section and is worn over a skirt which has an upward-turning tuck to simulate a deep hem. The underbody closes in front, and the skirt at left side-front. Pearl buttons trim the center-front of the vest as well as the deep cuffs and revers or if preferred the buttons may be covered with the dress material.

Blouse 8254
Skirt 8295

Blouse 8192

Blouse 8281
Beading 12147

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Fascinating Frocks and Blouses for the New Sports Silks

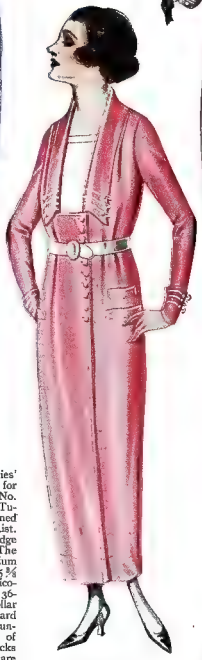
8283—Ladies' One-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch sports satin. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Very stunning skirts are made of the new sports satins both figured and plain, and most of them are like this model very simple in design. The closing is at left side-front. With it is worn a knitted sleeveless slip-on sweater with large sailor collar and deep open front. For this design 507 may be selected.

8251—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch striped voile—⅝ yard white voile for collar, cuffs, and girdle—2¼ yards velvet ribbon. For the braiding on the girdle and collar, design 11453 is suitable. Width at lower edge of skirt about 1⅞ yard. The dress closes at the back.

Sweater 507
Skirt 8283

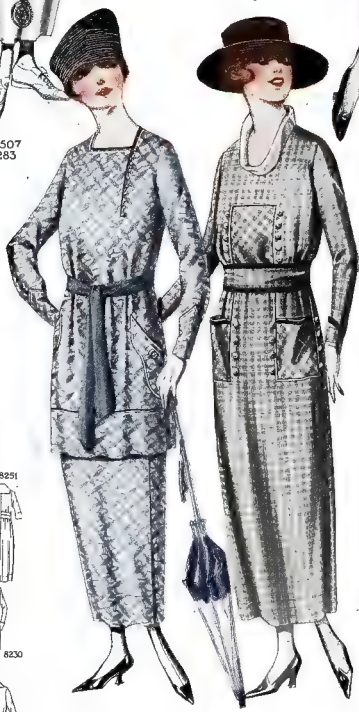
Blouse 8288
Skirt 8275

Dress 8251
Braiding 11453



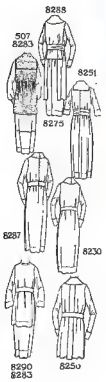
Dress 8230

8288 — Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 8275 — Ladies' Tunic Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5⅝ yards 36-inch tricolet—⅝ yard 36-inch satin for collar and girdle—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Some of the prettiest frocks of the season are made of tricolet and little trimming is required for such a frock, as the material is so lovely in itself. The blouse features the new bretelle sections which extend below the girdle, and a two-piece gathered skirt closing at the left side seam is the foundation for the two-piece gathered tunic.



Blouse 8290
Skirt 8283

Dress 8287



8287—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch gingham —⅝ yard white organdy for collar. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Valuable additions to the Summer wardrobe are simple frocks of this type fashioned of gingham or the new English prints. The closing is at the back and no lining is required. The front of the waist is cut out and a section of bias gingham is inserted, and pocket sections also of bias gingham are inserted each side of the front gore.

8256—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 27-inch cotton crêpe—⅜ yard 36-inch white voile for cowl collar. Blouses like this are very smart for sports wear. This model closes on the left shoulder and at left side-front, and the box plaits are daintily embroidered in mercerized floss in design 12439.

Blouse 8256
Embroidery 12439

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

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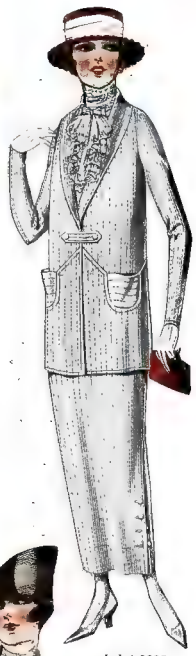
Fashion Favors Gingham Frocks and the Composé Suit

8294—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 8275—Ladies' Draped Tunic Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4 yards 36-inch tricolet—2⅛ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. A frock like this would be a welcome guest at any luncheon or afternoon tea, as despite the simplicity of design it possesses style in a marked degree. The jabot-like drapery of the tunic is new and attractive. The blouse closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm, and the skirt at left side seam.

Blouse 8294
Skirt 8275



Jacket 8205
Skirt 8320

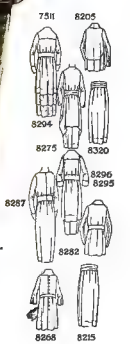
Dress 7511

Blouse 8296
Skirt 8295
Braiding 11602

8205—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. No. 8320—Ladies' One-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. The suit in medium sizes requires 6 yards 36-inch striped sports silk. When the serge or tricotine suit gets a little heavy the new sports silks and crêpes will take their places. Striped silk would make up very attractively in this model, the jacket in the fashionable box style with long shawl collar and applied section at the bottom forming pockets. The skirt is simple and practical, in one piece, and buttoning at the side. The waist-line is raised two inches.

7511—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 6 yards 36-inch plaid voile—⅛ yard 40-inch white organdy for collar—2½ yards velvet ribbon. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Tucks form an attractive decoration for this charming Summer frock. Two deep ones are formed on the skirt, and the waist is tucked on the shoulders in front. Otherwise the dress is very simple with velvet ribbon girdle and large organdy collar as the only trimming.

Blouse 8268
Embroidery 12444



Dress 8287
Embroidery 11527

Jacket 8282
Skirt 8215

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

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The Tunic in Many Phases Lends Distinction

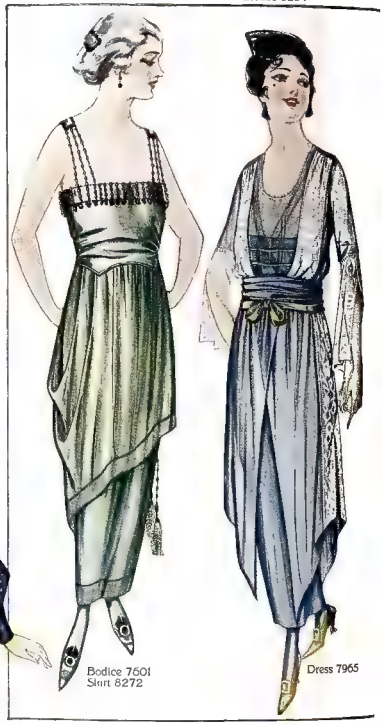
8248—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. No. 8295—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4⅞ yards 36-inch printed foulard—1 yard 36-inch plain foulard—⅞ yard Georgette crêpe for sleeves—⅜ yard white Georgette crêpe for collar and cross-over vest—⅜ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. For the stout woman there is no more comfortable, or good-looking style for afternoon wear than the foulard frock. It is cool, light in weight, sheds the dust, and always looks well. In this model the lines are so designed as to give the length of line which is so desirable to stout figures. The undercollar extends into revers and over this is arranged a smaller collar of picot-edge white Georgette crêpe matching the tiny cross-over vest. Sleeves of Georgette crêpe matching the foulard in tone are gathered to deep cuffs. Pointed tunic sections are attached diagonally to the blouse. The waist-line of the skirt is raised 2½ inches.

8114—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 36-inch white tricolet—⅞ yard contrasting tricolet for trimming—4 yards braid—2 yards 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The diagonal line at which the waist is attached to the tunic is distinctly becoming to stout figures. The waist buttons very much to the side. Attached to the front-closing underbody is a two-piece skirt.

Blouse 8322

Blouse 8254

Dress 811



Bodice 7601
Skirt 8272

Dress 7965

Blouse 8248
Skirt 8295

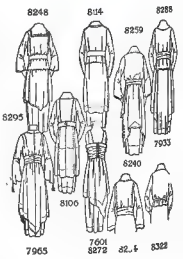
Blouse 8288
Skirt 7933
Beading 11827

Dress 8106
Braiding 12443

Blouse 8259
Skirt 8240
Embroidery 12184

8250—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 8240—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 22 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5⅞ yards 36-inch foulard—⅝ yard satin—½ yard white organdy for vest—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. There are ever so many uses for foulard frocks in the Summer-time, as they are suitable for luncheons, afternoon teas, and other informal functions. The touch of embroidery so evident on most of the new frocks is introduced here in the form of motifs embroidered in the corners of the collar, for which design 12184 would be just the thing, worked in silk or wool.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 124



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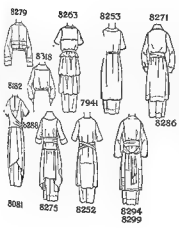
Each Model Features a New Fashion Note

8279—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. Ideal for soft sheer Summer fabrics is this tucked blouse with collarless U-shaped neck and flowing sleeves.

8318—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch voile—⅞ yard white voile for collar and trimming. Novelty is given to this blouse by the oddly shaped collar that buttons on the shoulders. Another attractive feature is the inset tucked vest. The closing is at left side-front.

8288—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 8275—Ladies' Tunic Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch printed chiffon—4⅜ yards 36-inch satin—⅝ yard white Georgette crêpe for vest—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Among the most attractive of the Summer fabrics are the printed chiffons and Georgette crêpes which may be combined with taffeta, satin, or crêpe meteor. For this model printed chiffon was combined with satin, the chiffon forming the blouse and the upper part of the tunic. Bretelle sections of the satin are arranged each side of the vest of white Georgette crêpe, and the sleeves are sewed into the armholes of the underbody. The tunic is draped at the sides and is mounted on a two-piece gathered skirt with waist-line raised 2½ inches. Making the tunic of the printed and plain materials gives the tunic the effect of being in two sections, but it is really in one from top to bottom. The side drapery is very graceful in line, and both tunic and skirt close at the left side. Brown or black kidskin pumps could be worn with this frock.



8259—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch foulard—1⅝ yard 36-inch lining. The long straight lines of this tunic blouse give the slender silhouette that is so fashionable. The blouse closes on the left shoulder and is cut down in a deep V in front. The very short sleeve which Paris favors is a marked feature of this blouse which is worn over a one-piece skirt with straight lower edge and about 1½ yard wide. Silk Jersey, tricolet, and satin would be equally attractive made up in this model, and instead of a narrow belt of self-material, a silk cord or jet girdle could be worn. Soft brown glazed kid pumps would be the correct foot-wear.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

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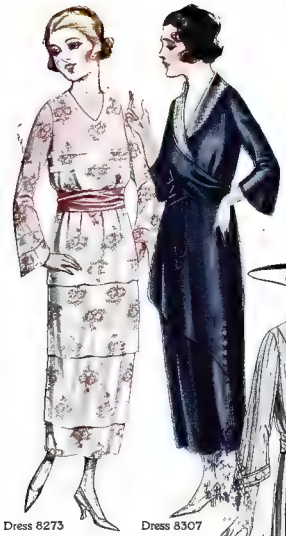
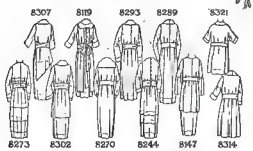
The Newest Silhouette in Frocks for Big and Little Sister

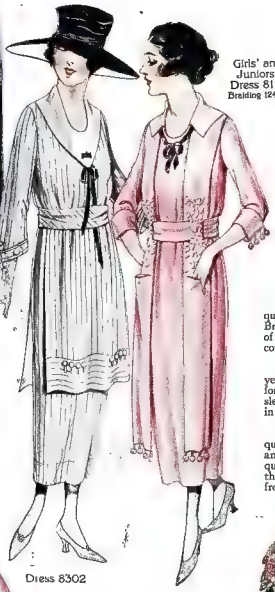
8273—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 44-inch flowered organdy—¼ yard 36-inch satin for girdle. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. It doesn't seem as if anything prettier for Summer frocks could be devised than the new printed Georgette crêpes and organdies. The crispness of the organdy lends itself beautifully to the tucks of this frock which closes at the back. The blouse is perfectly plain save for the tucks, and set into the armholes are long flowing sleeves tucked above the wrists. Tucks, too, are applied to the skirt, three deep ones spaced widely apart.

8307—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5 yards 36-inch taffeta—1½ yard embroidered organdy for collar—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Very becoming to youthful figures are these sash bodices with extensions forming girdles. Over the collar of taffeta is laid another collar of embroidered organdy, and the flowing sleeves are in three-quarter length. Mounted on the two-piece gathered skirt is a circular tunic dipping down in a deep point at the side where it finishes with a tassel. Gray glazed kid shoes or white washable kid pumps may be worn with a frock like this. Pumps are favored by young girls for dress wear.



Dress 8273 Dress 8307





Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8119 Braiding 12426

Dress 8302

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8321 Braiding 11809

Dress 8270

8119—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 8 to 17 years. Size 16 requires 5⅝ yards 32-inch cotton crêpe—⅝ yard contrasting crêpe for collar. Bretelles extend over the shoulders forming panels that reach almost to the end of the skirt, and at the waist-line these panels are attractively braided in cotton soutache in design 12426. The dress closes at the back.

8321 Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Kimono Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2¾ yards 32-inch plaid gingham—⅜ yard plain gingham for trimming. The dress slips on over the head and is cut in one with short sleeves. The pointed yoke and the triangular pockets are braided in soutache in design 11809.

8270—Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 44-inch white serge—⅜ yard 44-inch navy blue serge for collar and trimming—5½ yards white braid. For the Summer vacation nothing quite takes the place in the young girl's wardrobe of the sailor dress of which this is quite a striking type. It slips on over the head, and the blouse is laced in front below the large collar. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

Juniors' Dress 8314 Juniors' Dress 8293

8302—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5⅝ yards 36-inch striped habutai silk—⅝ yard white China silk for collar—1 yard velvet ribbon—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Cool looking frocks are fashioned of striped wash silks which are suitable for sports and informal Summer wear. Novelty is introduced in this frock by the bib-shaped collar which ends in a point in front slashed for the velvet ribbon. The blouse closes on the left shoulder and the underbody at center-front, while the two-piece gathered skirt as well as the tunic close at left side seam.

8314—Juniors' Dress. Designed for 13 to 17 years. Size 15 requires 4⅝ yards 32-inch check gingham—⅜ yard white organdy for vest—1½ yard braid. So popular has gingham become it is really a stand-by for the Summer frock for girls of practically all ages. The round collar of this dress extends into revers that are carried down below the girdle, and the attached skirt is a one-piece gathered model with straight lower edge.

Dress 8244 Dress 8289 Dress 8147

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Cretonnes, curtains, blankets

laundered actually like new ~

HOW many times have you longed for filmier curtains and more colorful cretonnes without daring to buy them! You were afraid they would be an endless source of worry and expense.

But now you know your fragile curtains, your dear cretonnes, your exquisite table linens can be kept lovely and fresh with Lux.

There is nothing else like Lux. Lux comes in wonderful, delicate white flakes—pure and transparent. You whisk them into the richest, sudsiest lather, that loosens all the dirt—leaves the finest fabric clean and new—not a color dimmed, not a fibre broken, nor weakened in any way.

Light and fluffy blankets

What a joy to have your blankets light and fluffy after repeated tubbings! With Lux you can wash them over and over again and keep them soft and woolly.

Blankets should never be rubbed. Wool fibre is the most sensitive fibre there is. You don't dare trust it to ordinary soap.

With Lux, there is not a tiny particle of solid soap to stick to the soft woolen and injure it. Not a bit of rubbing to mat and shrink it. Only squeezing the suds gently through the blanket again and again.

Use Lux on your finest blankets, your richest cretonnes! Tumble your daintiest things—embroidered pillow-slips, doilies—even lamp shades—into the Lux suds. You will get a new idea of how easily you can keep your loveliest things as fresh as when you bought them.

Lux won't hurt anything pure water alone won't injure.

Get Lux from your grocer, druggist or department store.—Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

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Dresser scarfs
Blankets
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Cretonnes
Lace bedspreads

HOW TO WASH BLANKETS

Whisk Lux into a lather in boiling or very hot water, allowing two tablespoonfuls to a gallon of water. Add cold water to make suds lukewarm. Work your blankets about in the suds, but do not rub. Squeeze the suds again and again through soiled spots. Rinse in three lukewarm waters, dissolving a little Lux in the last rinsing water. Run the blankets through a loose wringer; never twist. Hang in the shade to dry.

HOW TO WASH SILK AND COLORED CURTAINS

Use a tablespoon to a gallon of water. Dissolve in boiling or very *hot* water, and whisk into a lather. Add cold water until lukewarm. Wash the curtains quickly. Squeeze the dirt out, *do not rub*. Rinse in three lukewarm waters, and dry in the shade.

For white curtains—not silk—shake out the dust, then soak for an hour in cold water. Wash in hot suds. Rinse three times in hot water and dry in the sun.

LUX

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Read what Geraldine Farrar says of Cutex

So beautifully smooth and even does Cutex leave the skin at the base of the nails, that I never think of allowing my cuticle to be cut

Geraldine Farrar

When you see how lovely Cutex makes your nails, you will wonder how you ever tolerated cutting the cuticle

To keep your nail tips white all day, apply Cutex Nail White underneath them in the morning

For a delightful, lasting polish, use Cutex Nail Polish. Comes in any form you desire

The modern way to manicure

To keep your own nails exquisite, shapely, with firm, smooth, even cuticle

YOU can have beautiful, well-groomed nails. Learn how to manicure with no tedious and harmful cutting of the cuticle, no tiresome soaking of the nails.

Cutting the cuticle leaves a rough, uneven edge. The more you cut cuticle the faster it grows, the tougher, drier and more irregular it becomes.

For years one could only cut the cuticle or neglect it: there was no safe, easy way to remove it. Then, after years of study, an expert perfected the formula for the scientific, safe cuticle remover, Cutex.

Manicure without cutting the cuticle

First file your nails to the desired length and smooth away all roughness with an emery board (one comes in the Midget Set).

Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package), dip it into the bottle of Cutex and work around the base of the nails, gently pushing back the cuticle. Rinse the fingers in clear water.

If you like snowy-white nail tips apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails directly from its convenient tube. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish.

During certain seasons of the year, the skin shows a tendency to become very dry. Haven't you had this experience? When your cuticle is dry, apply a little Cutex Cuticle Comfort to the base of your nails. This soothing, fragrant cream will help to *keep* the cuticle soft and pliant.

When you see how lovely Cutex makes your nails look—what a smooth, even line it gives the cuticle at their base, you will never go back to the old cuticle-cutting method again. Like thousands of other women, after you have tried Cutex for the first time, you will exclaim, "Why didn't I know of this sooner!"

Secure Cutex at any drug or department store. The Cuticle Remover comes in 35c, 65c and $1.25 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 35c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is 35c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort is also 35c.

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House-Dresses, Blouses, and Skirts

8267 –Ladies' House-dress. Designed for 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards 32-inch check gingham—⅝ yard 32-inch gingham for collar and trimming. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. An odd collar gives distinction to this otherwise simple house-dress, one side of the collar outlining the surplice waist, while the other side is shorter and buttons onto the long end. The waist is tucked on the shoulders in front, and is joined to a four-piece skirt which closes at left side-front.

8264—Ladies' Apron. Designed for 36, 40, 44, and 48 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 32-inch plaid gingham—⅝ yard 36-inch linen for collar and cuffs. At left side-front this practical apron is slashed for an opening and finished with a trimming band. A small rolling collar finishes the neck, and the short sleeves have turn-back cuffs. Of course every apron must have its pockets, and these are large and square, very roomy and convenient. Pearl buttons may trim cuffs and band

Blouse 8126

Blouse 8110

8110—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch voile—⅛ yard dotted voile for collar and cuffs—1¾ yard lace edging. Ideal for soft sheer fabrics is this blouse, gathered on the shoulders in front, and with long rolling collar The sleeves are gathered to deep cuffs with turn-back sections.

8269—Ladies' Slip-on Apron. Designed for 36, 40, 44, and 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch percale—⅝ yard white lawn for collar and trimming. The simplest thing in the world to make is this attractive apron which slips on over the head. The front and back are cut in one with the sleeves and seamed together along the shoulders. A rolling collar finishes the open neck, and there are narrow turn back cuffs of white lawn to match the collar.

8141—Ladies' House-dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 6 yards 27 inch striped chambray—⅝ yard 27-inch white cotton crêpe for collar. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The busiest of housewives need never look anything but trim and neat in a house dress of this type which buttons at center front. The plain waist is attached to a three-piece gathered skirt at one-inch raised waist-line.

House-dress 8141

House-dress 8267

Apron 8269

Apron 8264

8136—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—½ yard printed Georgette crêpe for collar and cuffs. More firmly entrenched in fashionable favor than ever is Georgette crêpe for Summer frocks and blouses, and in this model it is attractively combined with the new printed Georgette.

8237—Ladies' One-piece Bungalow Apron. Designed for small, medium, and large Small size requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch dotted percale. There are just two sections to this good looking apron, the front and back, each cut in one with one-half the sleeves which are seamed along the shoulders. A narrow band of contrasting plain material may finish the V neck and the front

8297—Ladies' House-dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch linen—⅜ yard organdy for collar and cuffs Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. There is no end to the usefulness of a frock like this which is suitable for the house, for morning street wear, and for afternoons on the porch. It may be fashioned of linen in white, jade green, pale yellow, or lavender with a distinct contrast in the organdy collar and cuffs The waist is made with tab extensions that button onto the three-piece gathered skirt below the belt.

Skirt 8224 Skirt 7888 Skirt 8286

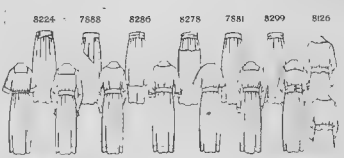
Apron 8237

House-dress 8297 House-dress 8261

Skirt 8278 Skirt 7881 Skirt 8299

8224—Ladies' Three-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 54-inch wool Jersey. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. An oddly shaped front gore and a belt that crosses at the back are attractive features of this skirt. The waist-line is raised 2½ inches, and the closing is at center-back. Pockets are inserted each side of the front.

7888—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 3 yards 36-inch sports silk. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. There is nothing smarter for separate skirts than the new sports silks and crêpes. This skirt closes at left side seam under a plait.



8286—Ladies' Tunic Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Size 26 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch striped silk Jersey. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The two-piece foundation skirt is lengthened by a straight flounce, and the tunic is a two piece gathered model with straight lower edge.

8278 –Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yards 44-inch gabardine. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The fashionable outstanding pocket effect is formed by the manner of attaching this skirt to the two-piece yoke. The closing is at left side

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

Google

Please let me introduce myself

I'M a new snap! My name is Harmony! They call me Harmony for a very good reason. Because I promote peace of mind in sewing, in dressing and by keeping my wearers snapped up.

I'm proud of the fact that I'm not like other snap fasteners. I'm different in many ways. I'm highly improved! My shape is different, as my picture shows. It's so different they call it the *forget-me-not* shape.

Harmony
SNAP FASTENER
Forget-Me-Not Shape

My shape makes me easy to handle—I don't slip from your fingers when you sew me on. I add to the finish of a garment because I'm almost invisible when attached. And my *forget-me-not* shape and big, open, easy-sewing eyes hold me accurately and securely in place.

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My edges are rolled and I never cut fabric or thread. I'm so strong and flat that the wringer or iron can't crush me. Nor will washing rust or corrode me.

I come in six sizes in black and white. There's one of me for every fabric from sheerest tulle to heaviest wool. I want to meet you at once. My calling card is below. If you will fill it out, I'll send a Free Test Card to your home and a fine book of premiums you receive for my coupons.

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Dept. D, 25 to 29 W. 21st St., New York
Please send me a free test card of Harmony Snap Fasteners and your Premium Book
Sign.....

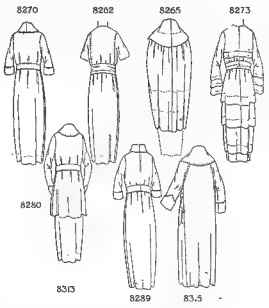
Fichu Capes Add a Picturesque Note to Summer Frocks

8270—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 44-inch check organdy —⅛ yard 44-inch white organdy for collar and trimming—1⅛ yard velvet ribbon — 4⅜ yards lace edging Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Fashion approves the straight-line front for misses, and this is the rule even in dresses of sheer Summer fabrics such as voile, Georgette crêpe, or organdy of which this dress is fashioned. It is slipped on over the head, and the short sleeves are finished with turn-back cuffs.

8262—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3 yards 54-inch wool Jersey—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The only touch of trimming about this frock is the bead girdle that encircles the waist-line and ends in loops and long tassels. The short sleeves are cut in one with the side-front and side-back sections of the blouse, and the closing is on the left shoulder and at left side-front. The blouse is mounted on a sleeveless front-closing underbody, and the two-piece gathered skirt has straight lower edge and closes at the left side seam.

8280—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 32-inch plaid gingham. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Very new and smart are the scalloped bands that trim this practical gingham frock. The bands are cut bias and the large scallops may be bound with the gingham of the frock, or they may be bound with plain chambray or gingham matching the principal tone in the plaid. For cutting the scallops, design 11694 would be a good guide. The oval neck is finished with a piping, and the turn-back cuffs that finish the short sleeves are of white organdy. Trimming sections forming pockets are inserted each side of the front gore just below the waist-line. The skirt closes at left side. A belt of gingham or a girdle of black velvet ribbon may be worn.

8280—Misses' Slip-over Blouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 8313—Misses' One-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5 yards 36-inch tricolet—⅜ yard 36-inch satin for collar and trimming. For tea at the country club and for the many informal sports functions of the Summer, frocks like this combining a simple blouse and skirt are very fashionable made of tricolet or any of the new sports silks and silk crêpes. This blouse slips on over the head, and the fronts turn back in tiny revers. Cuffs of satin turn back from the long plain sleeves. The waist-line of the skirt is raised two inches and the lower edge is quite straight. The lap at the side-front may be fastened with buttons and buttonholes.



8273—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch white voile. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Tucks form the only trimming on this delightful little frock of white voile. The collarless blouse is tucked at the bust, the flowing sleeves tucked at the wrist, and the one-piece gathered skirt has three large tucks spaced widely apart. To give an added touch of daintiness all the tucks should be hemstitched. The dress shows the fashionable back closing. White washable kid pumps would be the daintiest sort of foot wear to complete a frock of this type.

8265—Ladies' and Misses' Fichu Cape. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch sports satin. Satin and tricolet are favored fabrics for the capes that are such a picturesque feature of the Summer fashions. They are ideal for black or light-color satins over the sheer Summer frocks. This model is gathered below a deep yoke and over the yoke is arranged a large fichu collar, crossing in surplice style in front, and with the ends fastened together at the back under the cape. Satin is not the only fabric used for Summer capes. Taffeta makes up very attractively, especially if trimmed with ruches of the silk. Then there are the brilliant artifical silks like tricolet that fashion truly adorable capes. Taupe, horizon and navy blue, beige, gray, and victory red are smart colors.

8315—Misses' Coat. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 54-inch chevlot or duvetyn—4¾ yards 36-inch foulard for lining. Tho capes are exceedingly smart, they have by no means displaced the long coat in the affections of the younger set. In fact there is a place for both in the well-appointed wardrobe. The sleeves of this coat are in raglan style finished with deep cuffs, and the large collar is convertible. The coat is worn open as illustrated, but to keep it from falling off the shoulders, the belt is fastened loosely around the waist-line. High laced shoes or pumps of soft glazed kid in gray or brown may accompany a coat like this.

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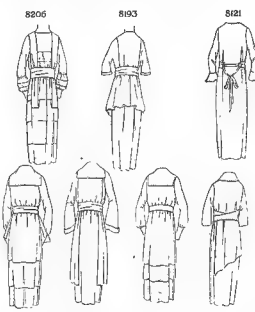
Frocks of Gingham, Voile, and Tricolet for the Young Girl

8206—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5¾ yards 36-inch check voile—⅝ yard 36-inch white voile for tucked vest—2½ yards velvet ribbon—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The daintiest sort of Summer frocks are made of these check voiles in white combined with orchid, horizon blue, delicate pink, or jade green, and for trimming there are vests or collars of white voile or organdy with a little color accent in the use of velvet girdles and bows that match the color of the check. Youthful and graceful in the extreme is this model emphasizing the revival of tucks in the vest, the sleeve puff, and the skirt. The blouse, which is mounted on a front-closing underbody, closes at left side-front, and is trimmed with bretelles of the check voile that extend down onto the skirt and are looped under the top tuck. No collar is used, the neck simply finished with a bias facing or piping. Tucked puffs that give the effect of undersleeves lengthen the tight-fitting upper sleeves, and these are gathered to tight-fitting cuffs. Attached under the girdle is a one-piece gathered skirt with three deep tucks spaced widely apart. The closing is arranged at the left side.

8193—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 6¼ yards 36-inch tricolet—2 yards beaded banding—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. For all-day Summer frocks there is nothing quite so satisfactory as tricolet which may be used for informal service and yet is dressy enough for afternoon functions. It is particularly good-looking made up in this model, the kimono blouse with the fashionable short sleeves and with a panel-like section front and back which fasten on the left shoulder. Despite its simplicity the skirt is quite attractive with a short gathered tunic that is tacked to the skirt to form a puffed drapery. The skirt closes at left side-front, and the tunic at center-back. Pumps of washable kidskin would complete this dress very harmoniously. The pumps may be of white, soft gray, or brown.

8121—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 44-inch white gabardine. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. A touch of soutache braiding relieves the simplicity of this frock, and for the braiding, design 12510 would be attractive. The dress is made up without lining and closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm. Bib sections which are extensions of the front gore are applied onto the waist. The front gore extends around the sides at low waist-line forming the fashionable distended pockets.



7532—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 6¾ yards 32-inch plaid gingham—½ yard white organdy for collar. Lower-edge width 2 yards.

7689—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5¾ yards 36-inch voile—1 yard 36-inch taffeta for collar, girdle, and binding scallops. Width at lower edge 1½ yard. These taffeta-bound scallops form an attractive finish for the cuffs and trimming bands on the tunic, and should any guide be desired, design 11694 could be used. Motifs in mercerized silk embroidery are applied to the front panel of the blouse in design 12509. While the waist is closed at center-front, the panels that are applied front and back fasten on the left shoulder. Very smart in style are the sleeves which are lengthened by flowing sections with turn-back cuffs, and over the two-piece gathered skirt are side tunic sections trimmed with scalloped bands. These bands are simply straight sections of the material scalloped at the bottom.

8307—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch wool Jersey—⅝ yard 36-inch tricolet for collar—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The tunic falling in a deep point at the side-front and side-back is a distinctly new feature of this wool Jersey frock, and the points may be embroidered in heavy silk floss or yarn in design 12468. Rows of coarse silk floss stitching make an attractive finish for the shawl collar which outlines the surplice closing of the sash bodice. The bodice is arranged over a front-closing underbody.

7535—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 6½ yards 32-inch plaid gingham—½ yard 36-inch white voile for collar—1¾ yard velvet ribbon. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Charming in its simplicity is this frock of plaid voile closing in front and with tucks framing the inset vest. The sleeves are gathered to deep pointed cuffs, and the two-piece gathered skirt has two very deep tucks spaced some distance apart.

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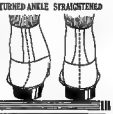

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These May Be Worn to the May Party or Graduation

8284—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch linen. Below a square yoke the blouse is box plaited, and a round collar, which may be of self-material or white linen, finishes the neck.

8300—Boys' Suit. Designed for 1 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch percale—⅞ yard 32-inch check gingham for trimming. A cunning blouse and little trousers form this suit.

8308—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2¾ yards 27-inch cotton crêpe—½ yard 27-inch figured crêpe for pipings. The simplest lines are the smartest in children's frocks, and this is a particularly good-looking model for linen or crêpe. It is gathered below a round yoke and is slashed at left side-front for the closing.

8311—Girls' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards 30-inch figured challis—1 yard 36-inch taffeta for puffings. A cunning little frock for party and best wear that is made of quaintly printed challis with another quaint feature in the puffings of taffeta that trim it.

8321—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2¾ yards 32-inch cotton crêpe—⅝ yard 27-inch contrasting.

8304—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch rep—1¼ yard net plaiting. At the lower edge this attractive little frock is finished with an oddly shaped buttonholed scallop for which design 11693 may be used. The closing is on the left shoulder, and at drop-shoulder line short sleeves are attached.

8293—Juniors' Dress. Designed for 13 to 17 years. Size 15 requires 2⅝ yards 45-inch organdy—9½ yards lace banding—9½ yards plaited net. Narrow frills of net headed by Valenciennes insertion form a dainty trimming for this graduation frock.

8319—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2⅝ yards 32-inch check gingham—⅝ yard white voile—3 yards ribbon.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

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Designed for the Strenuous Activities of Vacation Days

8104—Boys' Double-breasted Top Coat. Designed for 3 to 10 years. Size 10 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch tweed—2⅝ yards 36-inch lining. A smart coat of tweed for Spring wear with inverted box plait at the back.

8266—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch white linen for blouse—1⅜ yard 36-inch blue linen for trousers and collar—2¼ yards braid. The blouse of this suit slips on over the head, and a sailor collar of blue linen to match the trousers finishes the open neck.

7391—Boys' Military Suit. Designed for 4 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch drilling. Very military in style is this suit with standing collar and service pockets.

8198—Boys' Military Suit. Designed for 4 to 12 years. Size 12 requires 4 yards 36-inch linen. The suit consists of a side-closing jacket, breeches, and a cap. No puttees are given.

8109—Boys' and Youths' Blouse. Designed for 8 to 16 years. Size 10 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch striped percale. No. 7891—Boys' Knee Trousers. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1 yard 54-inch serge or tweed.

8284—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 3¾ yards 27-inch galatea—2⅛ yards braid. The blouse closes in front and is made with square neck.

6671—Boys' Sailor Suit. Designed for 3 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch white duck—⅜ yard 36-inch blue linen for collar and cuffs—3¾ yards braid. Very nautical in style is this suit with middy blouse and regulation sailor trousers.

8306—Child's Rompers. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 36-inch percale. Very easy to make are these rompers, the sleeves cut in one with the front and back. A round collar forms the neck finish, and the belt buttons in front.

8305—Boys' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 3 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch percale. Under this little dress are worn side-closing bloomers of the same material.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

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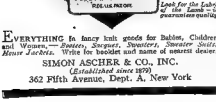

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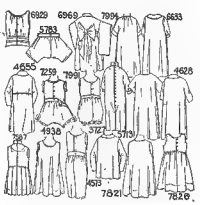
7587—Child's One-piece Side-plaited Skirt. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch drilling for skirt—1⅜ yard 36-inch lining for underwaist. This cute skirt may be worn with middy or sailor blouses in the same or contrasting tone. The underwaist closes at the back.

7991—Child's Combination. Designed for 1 to 6 years. Size 2 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch lonsdale cambric, longcloth, or firm batiste. Knickerbocker drawers and back-closing underwaist form this cute combination for the tiny girl.

7259—Child's Combination. Designed for 2 to 10 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch longcloth. The this combination is in one piece in front, at the back there are separate underwaist and drawers, the drawers buttoning onto the underwaist.

3727—Child's Nightdrawers. Designed for 2 to 10 years. Size 6 requires 4⅛ yards 27-inch cotton crêpe. Easy to make are these nightdrawers with front, back, and sleeves cut in one. The closing is at the back, and the sleeves are gathered to straight bands. Cross-bar dimity and Madras may be used.



5713—Misses' and Girls' Nightgown. Designed for 3 to 20 years. Size 6 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch batiste—1½ yard edging —3¼ yards ribbon. This little nightgown is in one piece and slips on over the head.

4628—Infants' Kimono. Designed for one size only which requires 2 yards 36-inch baby flannel—1⅛ yard satin for trimming bands. Delightful kimonos are made of the new baby flannels some of which show bunnies disporting over the surface.

4573—Child's Pajamas. Designed for 2 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 4½ yards 27-inch cotton crêpe—⅝ yard 27-inch figured crêpe for trimming. Just like big brother's pajamas are these to be made of cotton crêpe or batiste and fastened with frogs.

7826—Child's and Girls' One-piece Gathered Petticoat. Designed for 1 to 8 years. Size 2 requires ⅝ yard 36-inch cambric—2 yards embroidery for ruffle. The petticoat is gathered to an underwaist that closes at the back.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

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For the Surf or Beach

8301—Misses' Bathing Suit. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch wool Jersey for plain dress or 4⅝ yards 36-inch taffeta for tucked dress. The dress of this suit is in one piece and may be closed at center-front or slipped on over the head. The bloomers are attached to a front-closing underbody.

7340—Ladies' Long-waisted Bathing Suit. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch tricolet for dress—1⅞ yard extra for bloomers—⅞ yard 36-inch lining. Scallops bound with satin form a smart trimming for the suit. For cutting the scallops design 11695 is suggested.

8310—Ladies' Bathing Suit. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires for suit at top of page 4½ yards 36-inch plain silk—½ yard 36-inch plaid silk for collar. For suit at center of page 4⅝ yards 36-inch black satin—⅜ yard white satin for collar. For suit at foot of page 4⅝ yards 36-inch tricolet.

8309—Girls' and Juniors' Bathing Suit. Designed for 8 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 4 yards 40-inch poplin—¼ yard 36-inch striped taffeta for sash, and trimming the sailor collar.

8303—Child's Bathing Suit and Cap. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 44-inch serge. The waist and bloomers are cut in one.

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Dainty Novelties in Lingerie

Envelop Chemise 7969

Envelop Chemise 7887

Negligée 7741

Combination 7770 Embroidery 12206

Combination 7786

7969—Ladies' Envelop Chemise. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 2¼ yards 36-inch batiste. This is typical of the tailored finish in lingerie that many women prefer for daytime wear.

7887—Ladies' Envelop Chemise. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—2⅛ yards Irish picot edging—1 yard ribbon. Ribbon is run through buttonholed slashes and all the edges are finished with narrow picot lace. White and flesh-color are most in vogue, but there are envelop chemises of orchid and pale yellow that are lovely.

7741—Ladies' Empire Negligée. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 5⅛ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—3¾ yards filet lace. A cape-like section is arranged over the body of this negligée and ribbon is drawn through slashes in the side-front and side-back. The cape falls over the arms forming sleeve drapery.

7770—Ladies' Bloomer Combination. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch silk Jersey—4 yards ribbon. Dainty sprays are embroidered in design 12206.

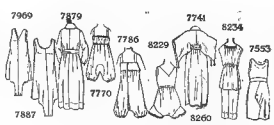
Brassiere 8229
Drawers 8260
Scallop 11659

Kimono 7879

Pajamas 8234

Combination 7553

7786—Ladies' Combination. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 2 yards 36-inch wash satin—⅞ yard lace banding for shoulder straps—4¼ yards lace insertion for trimming. The combination closes at center-back, and the drawers are cut in one piece and attached to the band.



8229—Ladies' Brassiere. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1 yard 36-inch linen. The edges of the brassiere are scalloped for which design 11659 is suitable. No. 8260—Ladies' Drawers. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 1⅛ yard 36-inch batiste.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

8222—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 8215—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The suit in medium size requires 5⅞ yards 36-inch check sports silk —2⅝ yards 36-inch satin for lining. A distinct novelty is effected in this suit by making the sides and back of the jacket longer than the front. This gives a waistcoat effect to the center front. A narrow tie belt encircles the waistline loosely crossing and buttoning onto the jacket. Like most of the new sports models the skirt is very simple, gathered a little at the top, and closing at left side seam.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 107

8102—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch sports crêpe—3 yards satin ribbon for sash. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The new sports silks and crêpes are so handsome that they really are shown to better advantage in frocks on plain simple lines such as this model displays. The waist closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm, and is joined under the sash to the two-piece gathered skirt which closes at left side seam. A fine piping of satin may finish the square collarless neck and the wrist edges of the long plain, close-fitting sleeves. The waist-line of the skirt is raised one inch. While distinctly simple in style, this frock gains distinction through the beauty of the material of which it is fashioned. Overseas blue is an attractive color for it, but there are lovely shades of rose, green, orchid, jade green, and daffodil that could also be worn. It is a season of bright colors, and a frock of any of these new brilliant-surface sports silks is ideally Summery looking.

8245—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 8211—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4⅞ yards 45-inch printed organdy —⅝ yard 45-inch white organdy—1 yard grosgrain ribbon—3⅝ yards narrow plaiting. There is quite a vogue for Summer frocks of flowered and printed transparent fabrics like organdie, Georgette crêpe, and voile, generally combined with plain self-material or taffeta. The tunic blouse of this model closes at the back and shows the new cowl collar and three-quarter sleeves. It is worn over a skirt with two-inch raised waist-line and straight lower edge that closes at left side seam.

8254—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 8295—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6¾ yards 36-inch plaid voile—⅞ yard white organdy. Here is a new variation of the fashionable tunic blouse closing in front under the panel. The sleeves are the new flowing models that are so much in vogue, and the skirt is equally new, fitted front and back by darts.

8193—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. An attractive feature of this blouse is the collar which is looped in front. The closing is arranged on the left shoulder and at left side-front under a plait that is formed at each side giving a panel effect to the front of the blouse. Voile, washable satin, and handkerchief linen are all suitable for making. The blouse is tucked on the shoulders.

8281—Ladies' Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. The modish panel is featured on this blouse closing on the left shoulder, and the flowing sleeves are turned back cuff-wise at the lower edge. Beaded bands outline the U-shaped neck and finish the panel, and for this beading design 12417 is suggested.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

8290—Ladies' Slip-on Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 8285—Ladies' One-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5¾ yards 36-inch foulard—⅝ yard 36-inch taffeta for trimming. This frock would make up equally well in linen, gingham, or voile, the fashioned of foulard it is suitable for more dressy wear than when the wash fabrics are used. The blouse slips on over the head and is slashed at left side-front for an opening. The waist-line of the skirt is raised two inches, and the closing is at left side-front.

8280—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch wool Jersey—⅜ yard 36-inch white satin for vest—3½ yards braid Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The front of this simple frock is cut down quite low to show an inserted section of white satin, and the closing is arranged at left side-front. A long rolling collar frames the vest which is hemstitched at the top, and narrow white braid trims the collar and cuffs The belt may be of self-material or leather.

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109

8290—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 8295—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5⅞ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe, ⅝ yard 36-inch tricolet. A narrow braiding border trims the girdle, cuffs, and collar effectively worked out in soutache in design 11602. The blouse is a tunic model closing in front and with tucked panels fastening on the shoulder. The gathered tunic is also tucked and is attached under the girdle.

8268—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch poplin—¾ yard white satin for collar. A border formed of square blocks of angora gives novelty to this blouse and for the embroidery design 12444 may be followed.

8287—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch taffeta—⅜ yard white satin for pipings. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Roses on the pockets and pipings of white satin form the only trimming on this frock. For the embroidery design 11827 may be followed. The dress closes, and is cut out at the hips for the inserted pockets.

8282—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Length at center-back 33¾ inches. No. 8211—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The suit in medium size requires 9 yards 54-inch plain velours—2¾ yards 54-inch check velours—3 yards 36-inch satin for lining jacket. The collar extends into revers that reach to the bottom of the jacket. The skirt is a simple two-piece gathered model with waist-line raised two inches and closing at left side seam.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

8322—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅝ yard white Georgette crêpe for collar and vest. The blouse slips on over the head and is cut down in front to show a vest.

8254—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch voile—⅝ yard satin for collar and ties. Over the front-closing blouse a panel is applied front and back fastening on the left shoulder. Through slashes in the front panel, ribbon, matching the collar, may be drawn. If desired the side edges of the panels may be hemmed with contrasting color voile or Georgette crêpe.

8288—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 7088—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5¾ yards 36-inch crêpe meteor—2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. The blouse is elaborately beaded in front for which design 11827 may be selected. Frills of organdie extend over the shoulders and down onto the skirt, and these combined with the long pointed tunic give a very becoming line to the stout figure. Blouse and tunic are of Georgette crêpe, and the meteor is used for the skirt, bretelles, collar, cuffs and girdle, as well as the deep foot-band of the Georgette tunic.

8106—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch wool Jersey. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. A style of elaboration is given to this otherwise practical frock by the vest which is braided in soutache in design 1443. The blouse is one of the new long tunic models held in loosely at the waist-line by a belt of self-material. Nothing takes more quite so smartly as wool Jersey, which is one of the favored fabrics for Spring street frocks. It is particularly effective in beige, blue, and mulberry, with slightly darker soutache braid.

7601 Ladies' Evening Bodice. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. No. 8278—Ladies' Tunic Skirt. Designed for 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. The costume in medium size requires—3¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅝ yard 36-inch satin for bodice—1¾ yard bead trimming for top of bodice and shoulder straps—¾ yard 36-inch lining. Charming evening frocks are fashioned of crêpe meteor or satin in combination with Georgette crêpe or net, and a simple bodice as illustrated in this model is the preferred type draped in to form a sort of girdle effect and held over the shoulders with straps of spangled or beaded net. The closing is at the back. For the skirt there is a short draped tunic falling in a point at each side and mounted on a two-piece skirt lengthened by a straight flounce.

7936—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 6 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1¾ yard filet lace for sleeves and vest—⅝ yard 36-inch narrow lace banding—1⅝ yard faille ribbon—⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Lace is again coming into its own and it trims many of the daintiest Summer frocks for both afternoon and evening wear. This dress of Georgette crêpe is elaborately trimmed with filet lace. It closes at the back, and the kimono blouse is tucked in front. The tunic falls in a point and is arranged over a two-piece gathered skirt.

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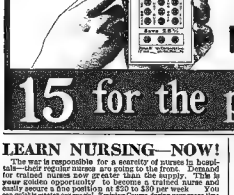

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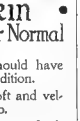

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 111

8182—Ladies' Evening Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 8081—Ladies' Draped Tunic Skirt. Designed for 22 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 7⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3¾ yards 36-inch satin—⅝ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1¾ yard 18-inch beaded net—⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Charming features of this evening gown are the bodice sash bodice and the draped tunic.

8265—Ladies' Evening Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 7941—Ladies' Tunic Skirt. Designed for 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5⅜ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—4½ yards silver ribbon—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The blouse and the tunic sections of this dainty evening gown are elaborately beaded in design 12505.

8252—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch tricolet—1⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Over a plain two-piece skirt closing in front is slipped one of the new long tunics to form this costume. The blouse closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm and shows the fashionable oval collarless neck-line and short sleeves.

8294—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 8290—Ladies' One-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 7⅜ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe —2¾ yards velvet ribbon—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The blouse closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm, and the panels which show a charming embroidered edge also fasten on the left shoulder. For the embroidery design 12270 may be selected.

8271—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 8286—Ladies' Tunic Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4 yards 36-inch striped silk crêpe—2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—¾ yard 36-inch satin for girdle—2¾ yards plaiting for collar and cuffs—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The blouse slips on over the head, and the two-piece skirt which is lengthened by a straight flounce, closes at center-back. Over the skirt is arranged a two-piece gathered tunic.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

8293—Juniors' Dress. Designed for 13 to 17 years. Size 15 requires 3½ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—⅜ yard embroidered organdy for collar and cuffs—1⅜ yard lace edging. Tiny tassels trim the panel front of the blouse of this dress which closes at the back, and the only trimming that relieves the plainness of the two-piece skirt are gathered trimming sections finished with a fringe of tassels.

8245—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 45-inch embroidered voile—2 yards Valenciennes insertion—⅝ yard edging—⅝ yard satin for sash. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. There is no end to the use to which a frock like this may be put, as the daintiness of the material and the graceful style combine to give it great distinction. The dress closes at the back, and the collarless neck is trimmed with Valenciennes insertion and edging. Tucks trim the two-piece gathered skirt.

8269—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4 yards 36-inch linen—⅝ yard white organdy for collar. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The simplicity of good style is a striking feature of this dress of linen with cowl collar of white organdy and inset pockets each side of the front gore. It may be trimmed with wash braid. The dress closes at the back.

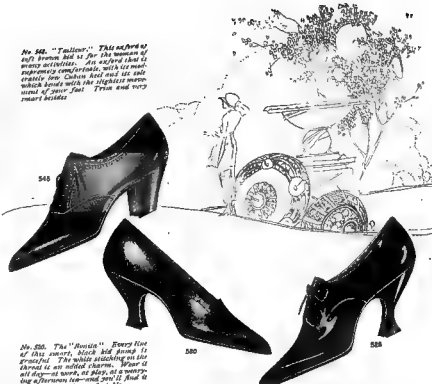
8147—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4⅝ yards 32-inch cotton crêpe—⅝ yard contrasting crêpe to trim. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Tunic blouses are increasing in popularity all the time. Here is one of newest closing on the left shoulder and under the left arm, and with round collarless neck and flowing sleeves. The sleeves are sewed into the armholes of the front-closing underbody to which is joined the two-piece skirt at one-inch raised waist-line.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115

8261—Ladies' One-piece House-dress. Designed for 36 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch linen—1¼ yard 27-inch chambray for collar, cuffs, and pockets. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Novelty is to this house-dress by the long collar extending down below the waistline onto the skirt where it forms pockets.

7981—Ladies' Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 3 yards 36-inch check taffeta. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard.

8299—Ladies' One-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 2¾ yards 44-inch serge. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. This charming skirt which closes at the left side-front under a plait, is suitable for many fabrics as well as serge, notably linen, satin, taffeta, and sports silks.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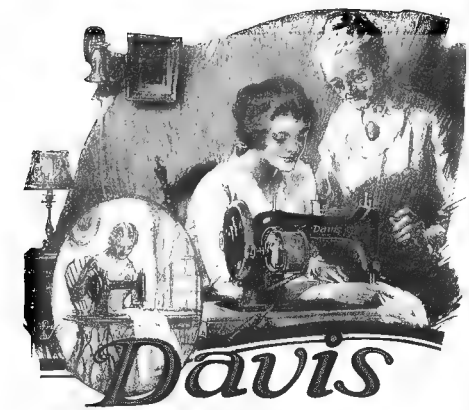

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

8382—Girls' and Juniors' Guimpe Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 36-inch linen for dress—1 yard 44-inch organdy for guimpe—¾ yard wide—2½ yards narrow velvet ribbon The sleeveless waist is cut down in front to show the guimpe which is finished with a Buster Brown collar. The two-piece gathered skirt closes at the left side seam.

8314—Juniors' Dress. Designed for 13 to 17 years. Size 13 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch figured voile—⅝ yard 40-inch white organdy for collar and trimming. The round collar of white organdy extends into long revers, and the attached gathered skirt is tucked above the hem and has straight lower edge.

8316—Girls' and Juniors' Guimpe Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch linene—1½ yard 36-inch white voile. Very quaint in style is this little frock with Dutch bodice closing on the left shoulder and worn over a front-closing guimpe. The skirt is a two-piece gathered model with straight lower edge. As a guide for the border of square scallops, design 12466 may be used.

8312—Child's Rompers. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 2 requires 2½ yards 27-inch plain chambray—⅝ yard check chambray for trimming. These little rompers button at the back and along the inside of the leg.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119

7884—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards 27-inch chambray—¾ yard plaid gingham for collar and cuffs. The suit is cut in one piece in front, but at the back the waist and trousers are separate.

8035—Boys' Overalls. Designed for 4 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch khaki. For digging in the garden and all the many pursuits that the small boy loves in the Summertime, there is nothing better than overalls of this type made of khaki or denim. The overalls close at the back.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

4655—Girls' Bath-robe. Designed for 1 to 12 years. Size 4 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch elderdown. Here is a cute bath-robe with a border at the bottom of the cunningest little figures appliquéd onto the bath-robe. For these appliquéd figures design 12429 is suitable.

6683—Infants' Set. Designed for one size only. The nightgown of this set is illustrated, requiring 2¼ yards 27-inch cambric.

7904—Infants' Layette in 26-inch length, designed for one size only and requiring for the kimono 1⅝ yard 36-inch long cloth.

6929—Child's Underwaist. Designed for 2 to 12 years. Size 4 requires 1 yard 36-inch cambric. No. 5785—Girls' Drawers. Designed for 2 to 14 years. Size 4 requires 1 yard 36-inch cambric. These practical little drawers may be finished at the bottom with buttonholed scallops for which design 11659 may be used.

7821—Child's and Girls' Princess Slip. Designed for 1 to 8 years. Size 5 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch longcloth. The neck, armholes, and lower edge of the slip are finished with dotted buttonholed scallops, and design 11693 would be a good selection for this purpose.

8969—Girls' and Children's Japanese Kimono. Designed for 2 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 4¼ yards 27-inch printed crêpe—¾ yard plain crêpe for trimming bands and sash. This is a really truly Japanese kimono with sleeves typical of this garment and with sash tied in a bow.

4988—Infants' Petticoat. Designed for one size only and requiring 2 yards 36-inch nainsook. This is known as a Gertrude petticoat and slips on over the head. The front is daintily embroidered in design 12175, and for the scallop, design 11659 may be used.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

7879—Ladies' Kimono. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 6½ yards 27-inch figured cotton crêpe—2¼ yards ribbon for girdle. The kimono is gathered in front below a yoke.

8234—Ladies' and Misses' Pajamas. Designed for small, medium, and large Small size requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch silk mull—1⅞ yard filet lace—1¾ yard filet banding—3½ yards ribbon. The shirred coat of these pajamas is slipped on over the head, and the front and back of the trousers are cut in one.

7553—Ladies' Combination. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch silk Jersey. Many women like this type of combination which is similar to the union suit worn by men. It is finished in perfectly plain tailored style.

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Dangerous Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

She made a magnificent appeal that night, and a very successful one. The lethargic crowd waked up and pressed forward. There were occasional cheers, and now and then the greater tribute of convinced silence. And on a box in the wagon the young clergyman eyed her almost wistfully. What a woman she was! With such a woman a man could live up to the best in him. Then he remembered his salary in a mission church of twelve hundred a year, and sighed

He gained courage, later on, and asked Audrey if she would have some coffee with him, or something to eat. She looked tired

"Tired!" said Audrey. "I am only tired these days when I am not working."

"You must not use yourself up. You are too valuable to the country."

She was very grateful. After all, what else really mattered? In a little glow she accepted his invitation.

"Only coffee," she said. "I dined late. Is there any place near?"

He piloted her through the crowd, now rapidly dispersing Here and there some man, often in halting English, thanked her for what she had said. A woman, slightly the worse for drink, but with friendly, rather humorous eyes, put a hand on her arm

"You're all right, m'dear," she said. "You're the stuff. Give it to them. I wish to God I could talk. I'd tell 'em something"

The clergyman drew her on hastily.

IN a small Italian restaurant, almost deserted, they found a table, and the clergyman ordered eggs and coffee. He was a trifle uneasy. In the wagon Audrey's plain dark clothes had deceived him. But the single pearl on her finger was very valuable. He fell to apologizing for the place.

"I often come here," he explained. "The food is good, if you like Italian cooking. And it is near my work. I——"

But Audrey was not listening. At a corner, far back, Natalie and Rodney were sitting, engrossed in each other. Natalie's back was carefully turned to the room, but there was no mistaking her. Audrey wanted madly to get away, but the coffee had come and the young clergyman was talking gentle platitudes in a rather sweet but monotonous voice. Then Rodney saw her, and bowed.

Almost immediately afterward she heard the soft rustle that was Natalie, and found them both beside her.

"Can we run you up-town?" Natalie asked. "That is, unless——"

She glanced at the clergyman.

Thank you, no, Natalie. I'm going to have some supper first."

Natalie was uneasy. Audrey made no move to present the clergyman, whose name she did not know. Rodney was looking slightly bored.

"Odd little place, isn't it?" Natalie offered after a second's silence.

"Rather quaint, I think."

Natalie made a desperate effort to smooth over an awkward situation. She turned to the clergyman.

"We heard you speaking. It was quite thrilling."

He smiled a little.

"Not so thrilling as this lady. She carried the crowd, absolutely."

Natalie turned and stared at Audrey, who was flushed with annoyance.

"You!" she said. "Do you mean to say you have been talking from that wagon?"

"I haven't said it. But I have."

"For heaven's sake!" Then she laughed and glanced at Rodney. "Well, if you won't tell on me, I'll not tell on you."

And then seeing Audrey straighten, "I don't mean that, of course. Clay's at a meeting to-night, so I am having a holiday."

She moved on, always with the soft rustle, leaving behind her a delicate whiff of violets and a wide-eyed clergyman, who stared after her admiringly.

"What a beautiful woman!" he said. There was a faint regret in his voice that Audrey had not presented him, and he did not see that her coffee-cup trembled as she lifted it to her lips.

At ten o'clock the next morning Natalie called her on the 'phone. Natalie's morning voice was always languid, but there was a trace of pleading in it now.

"It's a lovely day," she said. "What are you doing?"

"I've been darning."

"You! Darning!"

"I rather like it."

"Heavens, how you've changed. I suppose you wouldn't do anything so frivolous as to go out with me to the new house."

Audrey hesitated. Evidently Natalie wanted to talk, to try to justify herself. But the feeling that she was the last woman in the world to be Natalie's father-confessor was strong in her. On the other hand, there was the question of Graham On that, before long, she and Natalie would have, in one of her own occasional lapses into slang, to go to the mat.

"I'll come, of course, if that's an invitation."

"I'll be around in an hour, then."

Natalie was unusually prompt. She was nervous and excited, and was even more carefully dressed than usual. Over her blue velvet dress she wore a loose motor-coat, with a great chinchilla collar, but above it Audrey, who would have given a great deal to be able to look so, found her rather pathetic, a little droop to her mouth, dark circles which no veil could hide under her eyes.

The car was in its customary resplendent condition. There were orchids in the flower-holder, and the footman, light rug over his arm, stood rigidly waiting at the door.

"What a tone you and your outfit do give my little street," Audrey said, as they started. "We have more milk-wagons than limousines, you know."

"I don't see how you can bear it."

Audrey smiled. "It's really rather nice," she said. "For one thing, I haven't any bills. I never lived on a cash basis before. It's a sort of emancipation."

"Oh, bills!" said Natalie, and waved her hands despairingly. "If you could see my desk! And the way I watch the mail so Clay won't see them first. They really ought to send the bills to Rodney."

"But you have to give them to him eventually, don't you?"

"I can choose my moment. And it is never in the morning. He's rather awful in the morning."

"Awful?"

"Oh, not ugly. Just quiet. I hate a man who doesn't talk in the mornings. But then, I suppose he has been really talked at all. That's why"—she was rather breathless—"that's why I went out with Rodney last night."

"I don't think Clayton would mind, if you told him first. It's your own affair, of course, but it doesn't seem quite fair to him."

"Oh, of course you'd side with him. Women always side with the husband."

"I don't 'side' with any one," Audrey protested. "But I am sure, if he realized that you are lonely——"

Suddenly she realized that Natalie was crying. Not much, but enough to force her to dab her eyes carefully through her veil.

"I'm awfully unhappy, Audrey," she said. "Everything's wrong, and I don't know why. What have I done? I try and try and things just get worse."

Audrey was very uncomfortable. She had a guilty feeling that the whole situation, with Natalie pouring out her woes beside her, was indelicate, unbearable.

"But if Clay——" she began.

"Clay! He's absolutely ungrateful. He takes me for granted. He takes the house for granted. Everything. And if he knows I want a thing, he disapproves at once. I think sometimes he takes a vicious pleasure in thwarting me."

But as she did not go on, Audrey said nothing. Natalie had her vanity-case out and from a gold vanity-case was repairing the damages around her eyes.

"Why don't you do something to do, something to interest you?" Audrey suggested finally.

But Natalie poured out a list of duties that lasted for the last three miles of the trip, ending with the new house.

"Even that," she ceased to be a satisfaction," she finished. "Clayton wants to stop work on it, and cut down all the estimates. I don't see why he ever told me to get anything I liked, and now he says to cut that down to nothing. I could just shriek sometimes."

"Perhaps that's because we are in the war, now."

"War or no war, we have to live, don't we? And he thinks I ought to do without the extra man for the car, and the second man in the house, and heaven alone knows what. I'm at the end of my patience."

AUDREY made a resolution. After all, what mattered was that things should be more tolerable for Clayton. She turned to Natalie.

"Why don't you try to do what he wants, Natalie? He must have a reason for asking you. And it would please him a lot."

"If I start making concessions, I can just keep it up. He's like that."

"He's so awfully fine, Natalie. He's—well, he's rather big. And sometimes I think, if you just tried, he wouldn't be so hard to please. He probably wants peace and happiness——"

"Happiness!" Natalie's voice was high. "That sounds like Clay. Happiness! Don't you suppose I have to be happy?"

"Not enough to work for it," said Audrey, evenly.

Natalie turned and stared at her.

"I believe you're half in love with Clay yourself!"

"Perhaps I am."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

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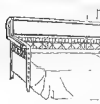

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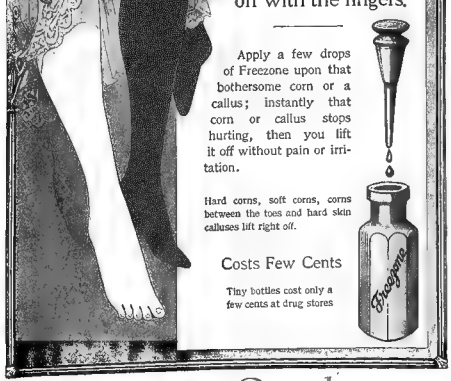
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Dangerous Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 127

But she smiled frankly into Natalie's eyes.

"I know if I were married to him, I'd try to do what he wanted."

"You'd try for a year. Then you'd give it up. It's one thing to admire a man. It's quite different being married to him, and having to put up with all sorts of things."

Her voice trailed off before the dark vision of her domestic unhappiness. And again, as with Graham and his father, it was what she did not say that counted. Audrey came close to hating her just then.

So far the conversation had not touched on Graham, and now they were turning in the new drive. Already the lawns were showing green, and extensive plantings of shrubbery were putting out their pale new buds. Audrey, bending forward in the car, found it very lovely, and because it belonged to Clay, was to be his home, it thrilled her. Just as the towering furnaces of his mill thrilled her, the lines of men leaving at nightfall. It was his, therefore it was significant.

The house amazed her. Even Natalie's enthusiasm had not promised anything so stately or so vast. Moving behind her through great empty rooms, to the sound of incessant hammering, over which Natalie's voice was raised shrilly. She was forced to confess that, between them, Natalie and Rodney had made a lovely thing. She felt no jealousy when she contrasted it with her own small apartment. She even felt that it was the sort of house Clayton should have.

For, altho it had been designed as a setting for Natalie, altho every color-scheme, almost every chair, had been bought with a view to forming a background for her, it was too big, too massive. It dwarfed her. Out-of-doors, Audrey lost that feeling. In the formal garden Natalie was charming-ly framed. It was like her, beautifully exact, carefully planned, already with its Spring borders fairly pretty.

Natalie glowed in her approval.

"You're so comforting," she said. "Clay thinks it isn't homelike. He says it's a show place—which it ought to be. It cost enough—and he hates show places. He really ought to have a cottage. Now let's see the swimming pool."

But at the pool she lost her gaiety. The cement basin still empty gleamed white in the sun, and Natalie, suddenly brooding, stood beside it staring absently into it.

"It was for Graham," she said at last. "We were going to have week-end parties, and all sorts of young people. But now!"

"What about now?"

Natalie raised tragic eyes to hers.

"He's probably going into the army. He'd have never thought of it, but Clayton shows in every possible way that he thinks he ought to go. What is the boy to do? His father driving him to what may be his death."

"I don't think he'd do that, Natalie."

NATALIE laughed, her little mirthless laugh.

"Much you know what his father would do! I'll tell you this, Audrey. If Graham goes, and anything—happens to him, I'll never forgive Clay. Never."

Audrey had not suspected such depths of feeling as Natalie's eyes showed under their penciled brows. They were desperate, vindictive eyes. Suddenly Natalie was pleading with her.

"You'll talk to Clay, won't you? He'll listen to you. He has a lot of respect for your opinion. I want you to go to him, Audrey. I brought you here to ask you. I'm almost out of my mind. Why do you suppose I play around with Rodney? I've got to forget, that's all. And I've tried everything I know, and failed. He'll go, and I'll lose him, and if I do it will kill me."

"It doesn't follow that because he goes he won't come back."

"He'll be in danger. I shall be worrying about him every moment." She threw out her hands in what was as unrestrained a gesture as she ever made. "Look at me!" she cried. "I'm getting old under it. I have lines about my eyes already. I hate to look at myself in the morning. And I'm not old. I ought to be happy just now."

Natalie's anxiety was for Graham, but her pity was for herself. Audrey's heart hardened.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I can't go to Clay. I feel as I think he does. If Graham wants to go, he should be free to do it. You're only hurting him, and your influence on him, by holding him back."

"You've never had a child."

"If I had, and he wanted to go, I should be terrified, but I should be proud."

"You and Clay! You even talk alike. It's all a pose, this exalted attitude. Even this war is a pose. It's a national attitude we've struck, a great nation going to rescue humanity, while the rest of the world looks on and applauds! It makes me ill."

She turned and went back to the house, leaving Audrey by the swimming-pool. She sat on the edge of one of the stone benches, feeling utterly dreary and sad. To make a sacrifice for a worthy object was one thing. To throw away a life's happiness for a spoiled, petulant woman was another. It was so high a price to pay. Mingled with her depression was pity for Clayton; for all the years that he had lived with this woman, and pride in him, that he had never betrayed his disillusion.

After a time she saw the car waiting, and she went slowly back to the house. Natalie was already inside, and she made no apologies whatever. The drive back was difficult. Natalie openly sulked, replied in monosyllables, made no effort herself until they were in the city again. Then she said,

"I'm sorry I asked you to speak to Clay. Of course you needn't do it."

"Not if it is to do what you said. But I wish you wouldn't misunderstand me, Natalie. I'm awfully sorry. We just think differently."

"We certainly do," said Natalie briefly. And that was her good-by.

WHEN Clayton had returned from Washington, one of the first problems put up to him had been Herman Klein's application to be taken on again. He found Hutchinson in favor of it.

"He doesn't say much," he said. "Never did. But I gather things are changed, now we are in the war ourselves."

"I suppose we need him."

"You bet we need him."

For the problem of skilled labor was already a grave one.

Clayton was doubtful. If he could have conferred with Dunbar he would have felt more comfortable, but Dunbar was away on some mysterious errand connected with the Military Intelligence Department. He sat considering, tapping on his desk, with the handle of his pen. Of course things were different now. A good many Germans whose sympathies had, as between the Fatherland and the Allies, been with Germany, were now driven to a decision between the land they had left and the land they had adopted. And behind Herman there were thirty years of good record.

"Where is the daughter?"

"I don't know. She left some weeks ago. It's talk around the plant that he beat her up, and she got out. Those Germans don't know the first thing about how to treat women."

"Then she is not in Weaver's office?"

"No."

There was more talk in the offices than Hutchinson repeated. Graham's fondness for Anna, her slavish devotion to him, had been pretty well recognized. He wondered if Clayton knew anything about it, or the further gossip that Graham knew where Anna Klein had been hiding.

"What about Rudolph Klein? He was a nephew, wasn't he?"

"Fired," said Hutchinson laconically. "Got to spreading the brotherhood of the world idea—sweat brothers, he calls them. But he was mighty careful never to get in a perspiration himself."

"We might try Herman again. But I'd keep an eye on him."

So Herman was taken on, at the new munition plant. He was a citizen, he owned property, he had a record of long service behind him. And, at first, he was minded to preserve that record intact. While he had by now shifted to his rage against the Fatherland's enemies a vast and sullen fury against invested capital, his German caution still remained.

He would sit through fiery denunciations of wealth, nodding his head slowly in agreement. He was perfectly aware that in Gus's little back room dark plots were hatched. Indeed, on a certain April night Rudolph had come up and called him onto the porch.

"In about fifteen minutes," he said, consulting his watch in the doorway, "I'm going to show you something pretty."

AND in fifteen minutes to the dot the great railroad warehouses near the city wharf had burst into flames. Herman had watched without comment, while Rudolph talked incessantly, boasting of his share in the enterprise.

"About a million dollars' worth of fireworks there," he said, as the glare dyed their faces red. "All stuff for the Allies." And he boasted. "When the cat sits on the picket-hands, the brass buttons must go."

By that time Herman knew that the "cat" meant sabotage. He had nodded slowly.

"But it is dangerous," was his later comment. "Sometimes they will learn, and then——"

His caution had exasperated Rudolph almost to frenzy. And as time went on, and one man after another of the organiza-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 129

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Dangerous Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

tion was ferreted out at the new plant and dismissed, the sole remaining hope of the organization was Herman. With his reinstatement their hopes had risen again, but to every suggestion so far he had been deaf. He would listen approvingly, but at the end, when he found the talk veering his way, and a circle of intent faces watching him, he would say:

"It is too dangerous. And it is a young man's work. I am not young."

THEN he would pay his score, but never by any chance Rudolph's or the others, and go home to his empty house. But recently the plant had gone on double turn, and Herman was soon to go on at night. Here was the gang's opportunity. Everything was ready but Herman himself. He continued interested, but impersonal. For the sake of the Fatherland, he was willing to have the plant go, and to lose his work. He was not at all daunted by the thought of the deaths that would follow. That was war. Anything that killed and destroyed was fair in war. But he did not care to place himself in danger. Let those young hot-heads do the work.

Rudolph, watching him, bided his time. The ground was plowed and harrowed, ready for the seed, and Rudolph had only to find the seed.

The night he had carried Anna into the cottage on the hill, he had found it.

Herman had not beaten Anna. Rudolph had carried her up to her bed, and Herman, following slowly, strap in hand, had been confronted by the younger man in the doorway of the room where Anna lay, conscious but unmoving, on the bed.

"You can use that thing later," Rudolph said. "She's sick now. Better let her alone."

"I will teach her to run away," Herman muttered thickly. "She left me, her father, and threw away a good job—I——"

"You'll come down-stairs. I've something to say to you."

And, after a time, Herman had followed him down, but he still clung doggedly to the strap.

Rudolph led the way outside, and here in the darkness, he told Anna's story, twisted and distorted through his own warped mind, but convincing and essentially true. Herman's silence began to alarm him, however, and when at last he rose and made for the door, Rudolph was before him.

"What are you going to do?"

Herman said nothing, but he raised the strap and held it menacingly.

"Get out of my way."

"Don't be a fool," Rudolph entreated. "You can beat her to death, and what do you get out of it? She'll run away again if you touch her. Put that strap down. I'm not afraid of you."

Their voices, raised and angry, penetrated through Anna's haze of fright and faintness. She sat up in the bed, ready to spring to the window if she heard steps on the stairs. When none came, but the voices, lowered now, went on endlessly below, she slipped out of her bed and crept to the doorway.

Sounds traveled clearly up the narrow enclosed stairway. She stood there, swaying slightly, until at last her legs would no longer support her. She crouched on the floor, a hand clutching her throat, lest she scream. And listened.

She did not sleep at all. The night had been too full of horrors. And she was too ill to attempt a second flight. Besides, where could she go? Katie was not there. She could see her empty little room across, with its cot-bed and tawdry dresser. Before, too, she had had Graham's protection to count on. Now she had nothing.

And the voices went on.

WHEN she went back to bed it was almost dawn. She heard Herman come up, heard the heavy thump of his shoes on the floor, and the creak immediately following that showed he had lain down without undressing. By the absence of his resonant snoring she knew he was not sleeping either. She pictured him lying there, his eyes on the door, in almost unwinking espionage.

At half past six she got up and went down-stairs. Almost immediately she heard his stockinged feet behind her. She turned and looked up at him.

"What are you going to do?"

"Going to make myself some coffee."

He came down, and sat down in the sitting-room. From where he sat he could survey the kitchen, and she knew his eyes were on her. His very quiet terrified her, but altho the strap lay on the table he made no move toward it. She built a fire and put on the kettle, and after a time she brought him some coffee and some bread. He took it without a word.

Sick as she was, she fell to cleaning up the dirty kitchen. She went outside for a pail, to find him behind her in the doorway. Then she knew what he intended to do. He was afraid, for some reason, to beat her again, but he was going to watch her lest again she make her escape. The silence, under his heavy gaze, was intolerable.

All day she worked, and only once did Herman lose sight of her. That was when he took a ladder, and outside the house nailed all the upper windows shut. He did it with German thoroughness, hammering deliberately, placing his nails carefully. After that he went to the corner grocery, but before he went he spoke the first words of the day.

"You will go to your room."

She went, and he locked her in. She knew then that she was a prisoner. When he was at the mill at night, while he slept during the day, she was to be locked up in her stuffy, airless room. When he was about she would do the housework, always under his silent, contemptuous gaze.

She made one appeal to him, and only one, and that was to his cupidity. "I've been sick, but I'm able to work now, Father."

He paid no attention to her.

"If you lock me up and don't let me work," she persisted, "you'll only be cutting off your nose to spite your face. I make good money, and you know it."

She thought he was going to speak then, but he did not. She put his food on the table and he ate gluttonously, as he always did. She did not sit down. She drank a little coffee, standing at the stove, and watched the back of his head with hate in her eyes. He could eat like that, when he stood committed to a terrible thing?

It was not until late in the day that it began to dawn on her how she was responsible. She was getting stronger then, and more able to think. She followed as best she could the events of the last months, and she saw that, as surely as tho a malevolent power had arranged it, the thing was the result of her infatuation for Graham.

SHE was in despair, and she began to plan how to get word to Graham of what was impending. She scrawled a note to Graham, telling him where she was and to try to get in touch with her somehow. If he would come around four o'clock Herman was generally up and off to the grocer's, or to Gus's saloon for his afternoon beer.

"I'll break a window and talk to you," she wrote. "I'm locked in when he's out. My window is on the north side. *Don't lose any time.* There's something terrible going to happen."

But several days went by and the postman did not appear. Herman had put a padlock on the outside of her bedroom door, and her hope of finding a second key to fit the door-lock died then.

It had become a silent, bitter contest between the two of them, with two advantages in favor of the girl. She was more intelligent than Herman, and she knew the thing he was planning to do. She made a careful survey of her room, and she saw that with a screw-driver she could unfasten the hinges of her bedroom door. Herman, however, always kept his tools locked up. She managed, apparently by accident, to break the point off a bread-knife, and when she went up to her room one afternoon while Herman went to Gus's saloon, she carried the knife in her stocking.

It was a sorry tool, however. Driven by her shaking hand, there was a time when she almost despaired. And time was flying. The postman, when he came, came at five, and she heard the kitchen clock strike five before the first screw left its socket in her hand. She got them all out finally, and the door hung crazily, held only by the padlock. She ran to the window. The postman was coming along the street, and she hammered madly at the glass. When he saw her he turned in at the gate, and she got her letter and ran down the stairs.

She heard his step on the porch outside, and called to him.

"Is that you, Briggs?"

The postman was "Briggs" to the hill.

"Yes."

"If I slide a letter out under the door, will you take it to the post-office for me? It's important."

"All right. Slide."

She had put it partially under the door when a doubt crept into her mind. That was not Brigg's voice. She made a frantic effort to draw the letter back, but stronger fingers than hers had it beyond the door. She clutched, held tight. Then she heard a chuckle, and found herself with a corner of the envelop in her hand.

There were voices outside, Briggs's and Rudolph's.

"Guess that's for me."

"Like h—— it is."

She ran madly up the stairs again, and tried with shaking fingers to screw the door-hinges into place again. She fully expected that they would kill her. She heard Briggs go out, and after a time she heard Rudolph trying to kick in the house door. Then, when the last screw was back in place, she heard Herman's heavy step outside.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130

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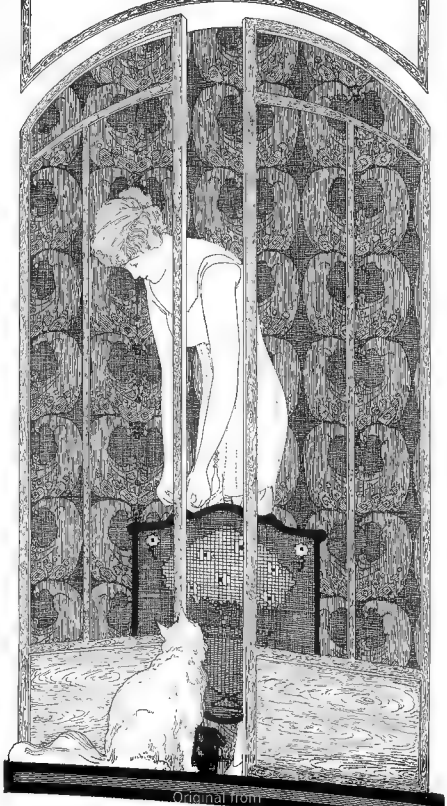

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Dangerous Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 129

and Rudolph's voice, high, furious, and insistent.

Had Herman not been obsessed with the thing he was to do, he might have beaten her to death that night. But he did not. She remained in her room, without food or water. She had made up her mind to kill herself with the knife if they came up after her, but the only sounds she heard were of high voices, growing gradually lower and more sinister.

After that, for days she was a prisoner. Herman moved his bed down-stairs and slept in the sitting-room, the five or six hours of daylight sleep which were all he required. And at night, while he was at the mill, Rudolph sat and dozed and kept watch below. Twice a day some meager provisions were left at the top of the stairs and her door was unlocked. She would creep out and get them, not because she was hungry, but because she meant to keep up her strength. Let their vigilance slip but once, and she meant to be ready.

She learned to interpret every sound below. There were times when the fumes from burning food came up the staircase and almost smothered her. And there were times, she fancied, when Herman weakened and Rudolph talked for hours, inciting and inflaming him again. She gathered, too, that Gus's place was under surveillance, and more than once in the middle of the night stealthy figures came in by the garden gate and conferred with Rudolph down-stairs. Then, one evening, in the dusk of the May twilight, she saw three of them come, one rather tall and military of figure, and one of them carried, very carefully, a cheap suitcase.

She knew what was in that suitcase.

ONE morning, in his mail, Clayton Spencer received a clipping. It had been cut from a well-known society journal, and it was clamped to the prospectus of a firm of private detectives who gave information for divorce cases as their specialty.

First curiously, then with mounting anger, Clayton read that the wife of a prominent munition manufacturer was being seen constantly in out of the way places with the young architect who was building a palace for her out of the profiteer's new wealth. "It is quite probable," ended the notice, "that the episode will end in an explosion louder than the best shell the husband in the case ever turned out."

Clayton did not believe the thing for a moment. He was infuriated, but mostly with the journal, and with the insulting inference of the prospectus. He had a momentary clear vision, however, of Natalie, of her idle days, of perhaps a futile last clutch at youth. He had no more doubt of her essential integrity than of his own. But he had a very distinct feeling that she had exposed his name to cheap scandal, and that for nothing.

Had there been anything real behind it, he might have understood. In his new humility, in his new knowledge of impulses stronger than any restraints of society, he would quite certainly have made every allowance. But for a whim, an indulgence of her incorrigible vanity! To get along to save Natalie herself, he was stifling the best that was in him while Natalie——

That was one view of it. The other was that Natalie was as starved as he was. If he got nothing from her, he gave her nothing. How was he to blame her? She was straying along dangerous paths, but he himself had stood at the edge of the precipice, and looked down.

Suddenly it occurred to him that perhaps, for once, Natalie was in earnest. Perhaps Rodney was, too. Perhaps each of them had at last found something that loomed larger than themselves. In that case——

But everything he knew of Natalie contradicted that. She was not a woman to count anything well lost for love. She was playing with his honor, with Rodney, with her own vanity.

Going up-town that night he pondered the question of how to take up the matter with her. It would be absurd, under the circumstances, to take any virtuous attitude. He was still undetermined when he reached the house

He found Marion Hayden there for dinner, and Graham, and a spirited three-corner discussion going on which ceased when he stood in the doorway. Natalie looked irritated, Graham determined, and Marion was slightly insolent and unusually handsome.

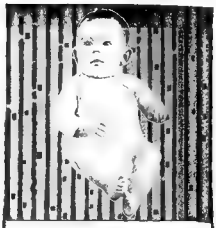
"Hurry and change, Clay," Natalie said. "Dinner is waiting."

As he went away he had again the feeling of being shut out of something which concerned Graham.

Dinner was difficult. Natalie was obviously sulking, and Graham was rather taciturn. It was Marion who kept the conversation going, and he surmised in her a repressed excitement, a certain triumph.

At last Natalie roused herself. The meal was almost over, and the servants had withdrawn.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 131



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Dangerous Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

"I wish you would talk sense to Graham, Clay," she said, fretfully. "I think he has gone mad."

"I don't call it going mad to want to enlist, Father."

"I do. With your father needing you, and with all the men there are who *can* go."

"I don't understand. If he wants to enter the army, that's up to him, isn't it?"

There was a brief silence. Clayton found Natalie's eyes on him, uneasy, resentful.

"That's just it. I've promised Mother not to, unless she gives her consent. And she won't give it."

"I certainly will not."

Clayton saw her appealing glance at Marion, but that young lady was lighting a cigaret, her eyelids lowered. He felt as tho he were watching a play, in which he was the audience.

"It's rather a family affair, isn't it?" he asked. "Suppose we wait until we are alone. After all, there is no hurry."

Marion looked at him, and he caught a resentment in her glance. The two glances struck fire.

"Say something, Marion," Natalie implored her.

"I don't think my opinion is of any particular importance. As Mr. Spencer says, it's really a family matter."

Her insolence was gone. Natalie was easy. She knew Marion's game; it was like her own. But this big square-jawed man sat at the head of the table frightened her. And he hated her. He hardly troubled to hide it, for all his civility. Even that civility was contemptuous.

In the drawing-room things were little better. Natalie had counted on Marion's co-operation, and she had failed her. She pleaded a headache and went up-stairs, leaving Clayton to play the host as best he could.

MARION wandered into the music-room, with its bare polished floor, its lovely painted piano, and played a little—gay, charming little things, clever and artful. Except when visitors came, the piano was never touched, but now and then Clayton had visualized Audrey there, singing in her husky sweet voice her little French songs.

Graham moved restlessly about the room, and Clayton felt that he had altered lately. He looked older, and not happy. He thought the boy wanted to talk about Natalie's opposition, but was hoping that he would broach the subject. And Clayton rather grimly refused to do it. Those next weeks would show how much of the man there was in Graham, but the struggle must be between his mother and himself.

He paused, finally.

"How was Washington?" he inquired.

"Well enough. Father running wild, of course. I think their attitude to me was to beware of the Greeks bearing gifts."

"Rot!" Graham's scorn was scornful. "They don't deserve what you're offering That's all."

"I'm not doing it for Washington."

Marion was singing now:

"Give me your love for a day;
A night; an hour.
If the wages of sin are Death
I'm willing to pay."

She sang in her clear passionless voice. Brave words, Clayton thought, but there were few who would pay such wages. This girl at the piano, what did she know of the thing she sang about? What did any of the young know? They always construed love in terms of passion. But passion was ephemeral. Love lived on. Passion took, but love gave.

He roused himself.

"Have you told Marion about the new arrangement?"

"I didn't know whether you cared to have it told."

"Don't you think she ought to know? If she intends to enter the family, she has a right to know that she is not marrying into great wealth. I don't suggest," he added, as Graham colored hotly, "that it will make any difference. I merely feel she ought to know your circumstances."

He was called to the telephone, and when he came back he found them in earnest conversation. The girl turned toward him smiling.

"Graham has just told me. You are splendid, Mr. Spencer."

And afterward Clayton was forced to admit an element of sincerity in her voice. She had had a disappointment, but she was very game. Her admiration surprised him. He was nearer to liking her than he had ever been.

Even her succeeding words did not quite kill his admiration for her.

"And I have told Graham that he must not let you make all the sacrifices. Of course he is going to enlist."

She had turned her defeat into a triumph against Natalie. Clayton knew that she would never marry Graham. As she went out he followed her with a faint smile of tribute.

The smile died as he turned to go up the stairs.

Natalie was in her dressing-room. She had not undressed, but was standing by a window. She made no sign that she heard him enter, and he hesitated. Why try to talk things out with her? Why hurt her? Why not let things drift along? There was no hope of bettering them. One of two things he must do, either tear open the situation between them, or ignore it.

"Can I get anything for your head, my dear?"

"I haven't any headache."

"Then I think I'll go to bed. I didn't sleep much last night."

He was going out when she spoke again.

"I came up-stairs because I saw how things were going."

"Do you really want to go into that, to-night?"

"Why not to-night? We'll have to go into it soon enough."

Yet when she turned to him he saw the real distress in her face, and his anger died.

"I didn't want to hurt you, Natalie. I honestly tried. But you know how I feel about that girl."

"Even the servants know it. It is quite evident."

"We parted quite amiably."

"I dare say! You were relieved that she was going. If you would only be ordinary civil to her—oh, don't you see? She could keep Graham from going into this idiotic war. You can't. I can't. I've tried everything I know. And she knows she can. She's—hateful about it."

"And you would marry him to that sort of a girl?"

"I'd keep him from being blinded, or mutilated, or killed."

"You can kill his soul."

"His soul!" She burst into hysterical laughter. "You to talk about souls! That's—that's funny."

"Natalie, dear." He was very grave, very gentle. "Has it occurred to you that we are hitting it off rather badly lately."

She looked at him quickly.

"How? Because I don't think as you do? We got on well enough before this war came along."

"Do you think it is only that."

"If it's the house, just remember you gave me *carte blanche* there."

He made a little gesture of despair.

"I just thought perhaps you are not as happy as you might be."

"Happiness! Did you come up-stairs to-night, with this thing hanging over us, to talk about happiness? That's funny, too."

"Let's forget that for a moment. Graham will make his own decision. But, before we leave that, let me tell you that I love him as much as you do. His going means exactly as much. It's only—"

"Another point we differ on," she finished for him. "Go on. You are suddenly concerned about my happiness. I'm touched, Clay. You have left me all Winter to go out alone, or with anybody who might be sorry enough for me to pick me up, and —now" Suddenly her eyes sharpened, and she drew her breath quickly. "You've seen that scandalous thing in the paper!"

"It was sent to me."

"Who sent it?"

"A firm of private detectives."

SHE was frightened, and the terror in her face brought him to her quickly.

"Natalie! Don't look like that! I don't believe it, of course. It's stupid. I wasn't going to tell you. You don't think I believe it, do you?"

She let him put an arm around her, and hold her, as he would a scared child. There was no love for her in it, but a great pity, and acute remorse that he could hold her so, and feel for her so little.

"Oh, Clay!" she gasped. "I've been perfectly sick about it!"

His conviction of his own failure to her made him very tender. He talked to her, as she stood with her face buried in the shoulder of his coat, of the absurdity of her fear, of his own misunderstanding, and when she was calmer he made a futile effort to make his own position clear.

"What I want you to know is this, Natalie," he said. "You know how things are between us. We have been drifting apart for rather a long time. It's not your fault. Perhaps it is mine. Probably it is. I know I don't make you happy. And sometimes I think things have either got to be better or worse."

"If I'm willing to go along as we are, I think you should be."

"Then let's try to get a little happiness out of it all, Natalie."

"Oh, happiness! You are always talking about happiness. There isn't any such thing."

"Peace, then. Let's have peace, Natalie."

She sat back, regarding him.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 132

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Dangerous Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 131

"What did you mean by things having to be better or worse?"

When he found no immediate answer, she was uneasy. The prospect of any change in their relationship frightened her. Like all weak women, she was afraid of change. Her life suited her! Even her misery she loved and fed on. She had pitied herself always. Not love, but fear of change, lay behind her shallow, anxious eyes. Yet he could not hurt her. She had been foolish, but she had not been wicked. In his new humility he found her infinitely better than himself.

"I spoke without thinking."

"Then it must have been in your mind. Let me see the clipping, Clay. I've tried to forget what it said."

She took it, still pinned to the prospectus, and bent over them both. When she had examined them, she continued to sit with lowered eyelids, turning and crumpling them. Then she looked up.

"So *that* is what you meant! It was a well, a sort of a threat."

"I had no intention of threatening you, my dear. You ought to know me better. That clipping was sent me, attached to that slip. The only reason I let you see it was because I think you ought to know how the most innocent things are misconstrued."

"You couldn't divorce me if you wanted to." Then her defiance faded in a weak terror. She began to cry, shameless, frightened tears that rolled down her cheeks. She reminded him that she was the mother of his child, that she had sacrificed her life to both of them, and that now they would both leave her and turn her adrift. She had served her purpose, now let her go

Utter hopelessness kept him dumb. He knew of old that she would cry until she was ready to stop, and still she had gained her point. And he knew, too, that she expected him to put his arms around her again, in token of his complete surrender. The very fact hardened him. He did not want to put his arms around her. He wanted, indeed, to get out into the open air and walk off his exasperation. The scent in the room stifled him

When he made no move toward her she gradually stopped crying, and gave way to the rage that was always behind her tears. "I just try to divorce me, and see!"

"Good God, I haven't even mentioned divorce. I only said we must try to get along better. To agree."

"Which means, I daresay, that I am to agree with you!"

But she had one weapon still. She smiled a little wistfully, and made the apparently complete surrender that always disarmed him.

"I'll be good, Clay. I'll be very good. Only don't be always criticizing me."

She held up her lips, and after a second's hesitation he kissed her. He knew he was precisely where he had been when he started, and he had a hopeless sense of the futility of the effort he had made. Natalie had got by with a bad half-hour, and would proceed to forget as quickly as she always forgot anything disagreeable. Still, she was in a more receptive mood than usual, and he was relieved if she would not be as good a time as any to speak about his new plan as to the mill. He took an uneasy turn or two about the room, feeling her eyes on him.

"There is something else, Natalie."

She had relaxed into a kitten in her big chair, and was lighting one of the small, gilt-tipped cigarets she affected.

"About money, I suppose."

"It affects Graham. It affects us all."

"Yes?"

He hesitated. To talk to Natalie about business meant reducing it to its most elemental form.

"Have you ever thought that this war of ours means more than merely raising armies."

"I haven't thought about this war at all. It's too absurd. A lot of politicians." She shrugged her shoulders.

"It means a great deal of money."

"Well, the country is rich, isn't it?"

"The country? That means the people."

"I knew we'd get to money sooner or later," she observed, resignedly. "All right. We'll be taxed, so we'll cut down on the country house—go on. I can say it before you do. But don't say we'll have to do without the greenhouses, because we can't."

"We may have to go without more than greenhouses."

His tone made her sit bolt upright. Then she laughed a little.

"Poor old Clay," she said, with the caressing tone she used when she meant to make no concession. "I *do* spend money, don't I? But I do make you comfortable, you know. And what is what I spend, compared with what you are making"

"It's just that. I don't think I can consistently go on making a profit on this war, now that we are in it."

He explained then what he meant, and watched her face set into the hard lines he knew so well. But she listened to the end and when he had finished she said nothing.

"Well?" he said.

"I don't think you have the remotest idea of doing it. You like to play at the heroic. You can see yourself doing it, and every one pointing to you as the man who threw away a fortune. But you are humbugging yourself. You'll never do it. I give you credit for too much sense."

He went rather white. She knew the weakness in his armor, his hatred of anything theatrical, and with unfailing accuracy she always pierced it.

"Suppose I tell you I have already offered the plant to the government, at a nominal profit."

Suddenly she got up, and every vestige of softness was gone

"I don't think you would be such a fool."

"I have done it."

"Then you are insane There is no other possible explanation."

She passed him, moving swiftly, and went into her bedroom. He heard her lock the door behind her

AUDREY had made a resolution, and with characteristic energy had proceeded to carry it out. She was no longer needed at the recruiting stations. After a month's debate the conscription law was about to be passed, made certain by the frank statement of the British Commission under Balfour as to the urgency of the need of a vast army in France.

For the first time the Allies laid their cards face up on the table, and America realized to what she was committed. Almost overnight a potential army of hundreds of thousands was changing to one of millions. The situation was desperate Germany had more men than the Allies, and had vast Eastern resources to draw on for still more. To the Allies only the untapped resources of America remained

In private conference with the President, Mr. Balfour had urged haste, and yet more haste.

Audrey, reading her newspapers faithfully, felt with her realization a little stirring of regret. Her occupation, such as it was, was gone. For the thin stream of men flowing toward the recruiting stations there was now to be a vast movement of the young manhood of the nation. And she could have no place in it.

Almost immediately she set to work to find herself a new place. At first there seemed to be none. She went to a hospital, and offered her strong body and her two willing hands for training.

"I could learn quickly," she pleaded, "and surely there will not be enough nurses for such an army as we are to have."

"Our regular course is three years."

"But a special course. Surely I may have that There are so many things one won't need in France."

The head of the training school smiled rather wistfully. They came to her so often now, these intelligent, untrained women, all eagerness to help, to forget and unlive if they could, their wasted lives.

"You want to go to France, of course?"

"If I can. I my husband was killed over there."

But she did not intend to make capital of Chris's death. That, of course, that has nothing to do with my going. I simply want to work."

"It's hard work. Not romantic."

"I'm not looking for romance"

In the end, however, she had to give it up. In hospitals they were already training nurses' helpers, but they were to relieve trained women for France. She went home to Clay's house. She had felt that by leaving the country she would solve Clayton's problem and her own. To stay there, seeing him now and then, was torture for them both

But there was something else. She had begun, that afternoon, to doubt whether she was fitted for nursing after all. The quiet of the hospital, the all pervading odor of drugs, the subdued voice and quiet eyes of the head of the training school, as of one who had looked on life and found it infinitely sad, depressed her. She had walked away discontent with herself, disappointed in her own failure. She thought dismally:

"I am of no earthly use. I've played all my life, and now I'm paying for it. I ought to," and she ran over her pitiful accomplishments: "Golf, bridge, ride, shoot, swim, sing (a little), dance, tennis, some French—what a sickening list!"

She was glad that the day to find Clare Gould waiting for her. As usual the girl had brought her tribute, this time some early strawberries. Audrey found her in the pantry arranging their leaves in a shallow dish. "Clare!" she said. "Aren't you working?"

"I've gone on night-turn now"

The girl's admiration salved her wound-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 133

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Dangerous Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132

ed pride in, herself. Then she saw, on a table, an envelop with her name on it. Clare's eyes followed hers.

"That's the rest of the money, Mrs. Valentine."

She colored, but Audrey only smiled at her.

"Fine!" she said. "Are you sure you can spare it?"

"I couldn't rest until it was all paid up. And I'm getting along fine. I make a lot, really."

"Tell me about the night work."

"We've gone on double turn. I rather like it at night. It's—well, it's like something on the stage. The sparks fly from the lathes, and they look like fireworks. And when they hammer on hot metal it's lovely."

She talked on, incoherent but glowing. She liked her big turret lathe. It gave her a sense of power. She liked to see the rough metal growing smooth and shining like silver under her hands. She was naively pleased that she was doing a man's work, and doing it well.

Audrey leaned back in her chair and listened. All this that Clare was talking about was Clayton's doing. He at least had "dreamed true." He was doing a man's part, too, in the war. Even this girl, whose hand Natalie Spencer would not have touched, this girl was dreaming true.

Clare was still talking. The draft would be hard on the plant. They were shorthanded now. There was talk of taking in more girls to replace the men who would be called.

"Do you think I could operate a lathe, Clare?"

"You! Why, Mrs. Valentine, it's not work for a lady! Look at my hands."

But Audrey made an impatient gesture.

"I don't care about my hands. The question is, could I do it? I don't seem able to do anything else."

"Why, yes." Clare was reluctant, "I can, and you're a lot cleverer than I am. But it's rough, and every kind of talk—oh, I hope you don't mean it, Mrs. Valentine."

Audrey, however, was meaning it. It seemed to her, all at once, the way out. Here was work, needed work. Work that she could do. For the first time in months she blessed the golf and riding that had kept her strong.

"Mr. Spencer is a friend of yours. He'll never let you do it."

"He is not to know, Clare." Audrey said briskly. "You are quite right. He would probably be very—insulted about it. So we won't tell him. And now, how shall I go about getting in? Will they teach me, or shall I have to just learn? And what shall I wear?"

Clare explained while, for she was determined not to lose a minute, Audrey changed into her plainest clothes. They would be in time, if they hurried, before the employment department closed. There were women in charge there. They card-indexed you, and then you were investigated by the secret service and if you were all right, well, that was all.

"Mercy! It's enough," said Audrey, impatiently. "Do you mean to say they'll come here?"

She glanced around her rooms, littered with photographs of people well known to the public through the society journals, with its high bright silver vases, its odd bits of porcelain. Her own piano taking up more than its share of room.

"If they come here," she deliberated, "they won't take me, Clare. They'll be thinking I'm living on German money!"

SO IN the end, she did not go to the munition works. She went room-hunting instead, with Clare beside her, very uncomfortable on the street for fear her name would be compromised by walking with her. And, at six o'clock that evening a young woman with a slightly inflected and an air of almost humorous enjoyment of something the landlady failed to grasp, was the tenant, for one month's rent in advance, of a room on South Perry Street.

Clare was almost in tears.

"I can't bear to think of your sleeping in that bed, Mrs. Valentine," she protested "It dips down so."

"I shan't have much time to sleep, anyhow. And when I do so I shall be so tired. I—What was the name I gave her, Clare?"

"Thompson. Mary Thompson."

"She surprized me, or I'd have thought of a prettier one."

She was absurdly high-spirited, altho the next day's ordeal rather worried her when she thought about it. She was, oddly enough, no trepidation about the work itself. It was passing the detectives in the employment department that worried her. As a matter of fact, however, there was no ordeal. Her card was carried to the desk in the corner, where the two men sat on whose decisions might so easily rest the safety of the entire plant, and they surveyed her carefully. Audrey looked ahead, and waited. They would come over and question her, and the whole

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134

Build Your Home the 1919 Way

If You are Planning a New Home You Will Find the Following Discussion of Considerable Interest

Building a new home is a matter that requires careful thought and mature judgment. Many times it means the investment of a life's savings accumulated at considerable sacrifice of personal pleasure and convenience. Therefore, from the selection of the plans right through to the final decorations, each step should be taken with extreme care. And the most important, yet oftimes most difficult, task is in first selecting the home that is sure to meet your present and future requirements. One of the most practical plans, if you are considering a home of moderate cost, say between $1500 and $10,000, is to secure one whose convenience, utility, comfort and economy have been proved out by the experience of hundreds of other people. Such a home, you might well suppose, would cost you more than the ordinary kind; on the contrary, it will cost you considerably less.

The Alameda—This home has 6 rooms and bath; has first floor closets; large living room with open fireplace; also dining room; kitchen with built-in cabinet; 2 bedrooms and bath on second floor. Size of house 24 ft. 6 in. by 28 ft. Porch 6x12 ft.

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Floor plan showing convenient arrangement of closets, etc. Size may be varied for bedrooms, sitting room and sleeping porch.

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The Lancaster—Here's plenty of room and comfort for a family with moderate means. A splendid arrangement of rooms, appearance with every provision for convenience, for comfort and economy. Size of house 28 ft. 6 in. by 28 ft. Porch 24 x 6 ft.

Floor plans show plenty of room on first floor. Four rooms, bath and sleeping porch on second floor. Size 24 ft. 6 in. by 28 ft. Note nice specious and well lighted hall.

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Every woman who studies carefully the detailed plans of the various types of Lewis-built homes, will at once appreciate the thought and care we have given to the things that make a home convenient and easy to care for. The handy Lewis kitchen cabinet is just one of the many features that are designed to save steps and lighten the housework. The interior arrangement of kitchens, dining rooms, bedrooms, closets, etc., is planned to increase housekeeping efficiency and add to the pleasure of owning and caring for your own home.

The Montavia—An artistic 6 room cozy bungalow that has been the choice of many home families. The large pergola, porch, the pixie windows and the broad entrance all lend interest and beauty to the design.

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The Arden—This bungalow is built at a price so low it will surely surprise you. With its broad pergola and wide porches it has a heritage to exterior as it is comfortable inside. Size, Width 27, Depth 28 ft.

Floor plan shows careful utilization of space for convenience of housekeeping. Unusually good size bedrooms. Note arrangement of rather unique hall and entrance.

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"It is with pleasure that I recommend both the style and the quality of material to anyone who is interested."
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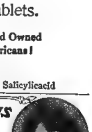

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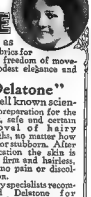

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Dangerous Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 133

fabric she had built would be destroyed. But nothing happened. She was told she would be notified in a day or two if she would be taken on, and with that she was forced to be content.

She had a bad moment, however, for Graham came through the office on his way out, and stopped for a moment directly in front of her. Her heart almost stopped beating, and she dropped her glove and stooped to pick it up. When she sat erect again he was moving on. But even her brief glance had showed her that the boy looked tired and depressed.

She went to her rented room at once, for she must be prepared for inquiries about her. During the interval she arranged for the closing of her apartment and the storing of her furniture. With their going would depart the last reminders of the old life, and she felt a curious pressure of relief. They had little happiness to remind her of, and much suffering. The world had changed since she had gathered them together and she had changed with it. She was older and sadder. But she would not have gone back. Not for anything would she have gone back.

She had one thing to do, however, before she disappeared. She was pressed to try to find something for Delight, and she did it with her usual thoroughness and dispatch. She sent for her in the last day in the apartment, for in the morning she had found at the Perry Street room a card telling her to report the following night. When Delight came in she found the little apartment rather bare and rather cheerless, but Audrey was cheerful enough for both.

"Going away for a little while," she explained. "I've packed away a lot of stuff. And now, my dear, do you really want to work?"

"I just must do something."

"All right. That's settled. I've got the thing I spoke about, in one of the officers' training-camps. But remember, Delight, this is not going to be a romantic adventure! It's to be work."

"I don't want a romantic adventure, Mrs. Valentine."

"Poor little thing," Audrey reflected to herself. And aloud: "Good! Of course I know you're sincere about working. I—I understand, awfully well."

Delight was pleased, but Audrey saw that she was not happy. Even when the details had been arranged she still sat in her straight chair and made no move to go. And Audrey felt that the next move was up to her.

"What's the news about Graham Spencer?" she inquired. "He'll be drafted, I suppose."

"Not if they claim exemption. He's making shells, you know."

She lifted rather heavy eyes to Audrey's. "His mother is trying that now," she said. "Ever since his engagement was broken—"

"Oh, it was broken, was it?"

"Yes. I don't know why. But it's off. Anyhow, Mrs. Spencer is telling everybody he can't be spared."

"And his father?"

"I don't know. He doesn't talk about it, I think."

"Perhaps he wants him to make his own decision."

DELIGHT rose and drew down her veil with hands that Audrey saw were trembling a little.

"How can he make his own decision?" she asked. "He doesn't think it's his own, but it's hers, Mrs. Spencer's. She's always talking, always. And she's plausible. She can make him think black is white, if she wants to."

"Why don't you talk to him?"

"I? He'd think I'd lost my mind! Besides, that isn't it. If you were like a man, you want him to do the right thing because he wants to, not because a girl asks him to."

"I wonder," Audrey said, slowly, "if he's worth it, Delight?"

"Worth what?" She was startled.

"Worth your—worth our worrying about him." But she did not need Delight's hasty and flushed championship of Graham to tell her what she already knew.

After she had gone, Audrey sat alone in her empty rooms and faced a great temptation. She was tired to the heart of Clayton's life. She knew that she would be as lost to him among the thousands of workers in the munition plant as she would have been in Russia. According to Clare, he rarely went into the shops themselves, and never at night.

Of course "out of his life" was a phrase. They would meet again. But not now, not until they had had time to become resigned to what they had already accepted. The war would not last forever. And then she thought of their love, which had been born and had grown, always with war at its background. They had gone along well enough until this Winter, and then everything had changed. Chris, Natalie, Clayton, herself—none of them were quite what they had been. Was that one of the gains of war, that shams fell away and people revealed either the best or the worst in them?

War destroyed, but it also revealed.

The temptation was to hear Clayton's voice again. She went to the telephone, and stood with the instrument in her hands, thinking. Would it comfort him? Or would it only bring her close for a moment, to emphasize her coming silence?

She put it down, and turned away. When, some time later, the taxicab came to take her to Perry Street, she was lying on her bed in the dusk, face-down and arms outstretched, a lonely and pathetic figure, all her courage dead, for the moment, of the desire to hear Clayton's voice again, before the silence closed down.

She got up and pinned on her hat, for the last time before the mirror of the little inlaid dressing-table. And she smiled rather forlornly at her reflection in the glass.

"Well, I've got the present, anyhow," she considered. "I'm not going either to wallow in the past, or peer into the future. I'm going to work."

The prospect cheered her. After all, work was the great solution. It was the great healer, too. That was why men bore their griefs better than women. They could work.

She took a final glance around her stripped and cheerless rooms. How really little things mattered! All her life she had been burdened with things. Now at last she was free of them.

The shabby room on Perry Street called her. Work called, beckoned to her with callous, useful hands. She closed and locked the door and went quietly down-stairs.

ONE day late in May, Clayton, walking up-town in lieu of the golf he had been forced to abandon, met Doctor Haverford on the street, and found his way barred by that rather worried-looking gentleman.

"I was just going to see you, Clayton," he said. "About two things. I'll walk back a few blocks with you."

He was excited, rather exalted.

"I'm going in," he announced. "Regimental chaplain. I've got a year's leave of absence. I'm rather vague about what a chaplain does, but I rather fancy he can be useful."

"You'll get over of course. You're lucky. And you'll find plenty to do."

"I've been rather anxious," Doctor Haverford confided. "I've been a clergyman so long that I don't know just how I'll measure up as a man. You know what I mean. I am making no reflection on the church. But I've been sheltered and—well, I've been looked after. I don't think I am physically brave. It would be a fine thing," he said wryly, "if the chaplain were to turn and run under fire!"

"I shouldn't worry about that."

"My mother is to go on. But I don't like that, either. If I hadn't a family I wouldn't accept it. Delight thinks I shouldn't anyhow. As a matter of fact, there ought to be no half-way measures about our giving ourselves. If I had a son to give I would be different."

Clayton looked straight ahead. He knew that the rector had, for the moment, forgotten that he had a son to give and that he had not yet given.

"Why don't you accept a small allowance?" he inquired quietly. "Or, better still, why don't you let me know how much it will take and let me do it? I'd like to feel that I was represented in France—by you," he added.

And suddenly the rector remembered. He was most uncomfortable, and very flushed.

"Thanks. I can't let you do that, of course."

"Why not?"

"Because, hang it all, Clayton, I'm not a parasite. I took the car, because it enabled me to do my parish work better. But I'm not going to run off to war and let you keep my family."

CLAYTON glanced at him, at his fine erect old figure, his warmly flushed face. War did strange things. There was a new light in the rector's once worldly if kindly eyes. He had the strained look of a man who sees great things, as yet far away, and who would hasten toward them. Insensibly he quickened his pace.

"But I can't go myself, so why can't I send a proxy?" Clayton asked, smiling. "I've an idea I'd be well represented."

"That's a fine way to look at it, but I can't do it. I've saved something, not much, but it will do for a year or two. I'm glad you made the offer, tho. It was like you, and—it showed me the way. I can't let any man, or any group of men, finance my going."

And he stuck to it. Clayton, having in mind those careful canvasses of the congregation of Saint Luke's which had every few

CONTINUED ON PAGE 135

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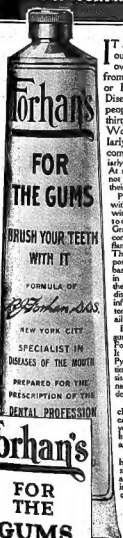

It is true that four out of five people over forty suffer from gum-shrinkage, or Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease). But many people even under thirty have Pyorrhea. Women, particularly after the baby comes, are peculiarly subject to Pyorrhea. At such time they cannot be too careful about their teeth.

Pyorrhea commences with tender gums, or with gum-bleeding, at tooth-brush time. Gradually the gums become spongy. They inflame and then shrink. The teeth become exposed to decay at the base and tiny openings in the gums become the breeding places of disease germs which infect the joints—or tonsils—or cause other ailments.

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If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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New York

Dangerous Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134

years resulted in raising the rector's salary, was surprized and touched. After all, war was like any other grief. It brought out the best or the worst in us. It roused or it crushed us.

The rector had been thinking.

"I'm a very fortunate man," he said, suddenly. "They're standing squarely behind me at home. It's the women behind the army, that will make it count, Clayton."

Clayton said nothing.

"Which reminds me," went on the rector, "that I find Mrs. Valentine has gone away. I called on her to-day, and she has given up her apartment. Do you happen to know where she is? She has left no address."

"Gone away!" Clayton repeated. "Why, no. I hadn't heard of it. You are certain she left no address?"

"Quite certain. She has stored her furniture, I believe."

She had made this decision without telling him. It seemed incredible. A dozen decisions a day he made, and when they were vital there was always in his mind the question as to whether she would approve or not. He could not go to her with them, but mentally he was always consulting with her, earning her approbation. And she had gone without a word.

"Do you think she has gone to France?" He knew his voice sounded stiff and constrained.

"I hope not. She was being so useful here. Of course, the draft law—amazing thing, the draft law! Never thought we'd come to it. But it threw her out, in a way, of course."

"What has the draft law to do with Mrs. Valentine?"

"Why, you know what she was doing, don't you?"

"I haven't seen her recently."

The rector half stopped.

"Well!" he said. "Let me tell you, Clayton, that that girl has been recruiting men, night after night and day after day. She's done wonders. Standing in a wagon, mind you, in the slums, or anywhere. I heard her one night. By George, I went home and tore up a sermon I had been working on for days."

WHY hadn't he known? Why hadn't he realized that that was exactly the sort of thing she would do? There was bitterness in his heart, too. He might easily have stood unseen in the crowd, and have watched and listened and been proud of her. Then, these last weeks, when he had been working, or dining out, or sitting dreary and bored in a theater, she had been out in the streets. Ah, she lived, did Audrey. Others worked and played, but she *lived*. Audrey! Audrey!

"—in the rain," the rector was saying. "But she didn't mind it. I remember her saying to the crowd, 'It's raining over here, and maybe it's raining on the fellows in the trenches. But I tell you, I'd rather be over there, up to my waist in mud and water, than acurrying for a doorway here.' They had started to run out of the shower, but at that they grinned and stopped. She was wonderful, Clayton."

"I've been very busy. I hadn't heard," he said, slowly. "Is it generally known?"

Had Natalie known, and kept it from him?

"I think not. Delight saw her and spoke to her, I believe."

"And you have no idea where she is now."

"None whatever."

He learned that night that Natalie had known, and he surprized a little uneasiness in her face.

"I—heard about it," she said. "I can't imagine her making a speech. She's not a bit oratorical."

"We might have sent out one of the cars for her, if I'd known."

"Oh, she was looked after well enough."

"Looked after?"

Natalie had made an error, and knew it.

"I heard that a young clergyman was taking her round," she said, and changed the subject. But he knew that she was either lying or keeping something from him. In those days of tension he found her half-truths more irritating than her rather childish falsehoods. In spite of himself, however, the thought of the young clergyman rankled.

That night, stretched in the low chair in his dressing-room, under the reading light, he thought over things carefully. If he loved her as he thought he did, he ought to want her to be happy. Things between them were hopeless and wretched. If this clergyman, or Sloane, or any other man loved her, and he groaned as he thought how lovable she was, then why not want for her such happiness as she could find?

He slept badly that night, and for some reason Audrey wove herself into his dreams of the new plant. The roar of the machinery took on the soft huskiness of her voice, the deeper note he watched for and loved.

ANNA KLEIN stood in her small room and covered her mouth with her hands, lest she shriek aloud. She knew

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136

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DON'T BITE IN THE DARK

ROUGH ON RATS

Dangerous Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135

quite well that the bomb in the suitcase would not suffice to blow up the whole great plant. But she knew what the result of its explosion would be.

The shells were not loaded at the Spencer plant. They were shipped away for that. But the fuses were loaded there, and in the small brick house at the end of the fuse building there was stored masses of explosive, enough to destroy a town. It was there, of course, that Herman was to place the bomb.

Her whole mind was bent on giving the alarm. On escaping, first, and then on arousing the plant. But when the voices below continued, long after Herman had gone, she was utterly desperate. Herman had not carried out the suitcase. He had looked, indeed, much as usual as he walked out the garden path and closed the gate behind him. He had walked rather slowly, but then he always walked slowly. She seemed to see a new caution in his gait, as of one who dared not stumble.

She dressed herself, with shaking fingers, and pinned on her hat. The voices still went on below, monotonous, endless. The rasping of Rudolph's throat, irritated by cheap cigarets, the sound of glasses on the table, drowned in laugh, jest and mirthless. It was ten o'clock when she knew, by the pushing back of their chairs, that they were preparing to depart. Ten o'clock!

SHE was about to commence again the long, terrible vigil she had endured before, when she heard Rudolph's step on the stairs. She had only time to get to the back of the room, beside the bed, when she heard him try the knob.

"Anna!"

"What is it?"

"You in bed?"

"Yes. Go away, and lemme alone. I've got a right to sleep, anyhow."

"I'm going out, but I'll be back in ten minutes. You try any tricks and I'll kill you. See?"

"You make me sick," she retorted.

She heard him turn and run lightly down the stairs. Only when she heard the click of the gate did she dare to begin again at the door. She got down-stairs easily, but she was still a prisoner. However, she found the high kitchen window into the coalshed open, and crawled through it, to stand listening. The street was quiet.

Once outside the yard she started to run. They would let her telephone from the drug-store, even without money. She had no money. But the drug-store was closed and dark, and the threat of Rudolph's return terrified her. She must get off the hill. She plunged down, slipping and falling a dozen times, and muttering, sometimes an oath, sometimes a prayer.

"Oh, God, let me be in time. Oh, God, hold him up a while until I—" then a slip. "I nearly went that time."

Only when she was down in the mill district did she try to make any plan. It was almost eleven then, and her ears were tense with listening for a sound she dreaded. She faced her situation, then. She could not telephone from a private house either to the mill or to the police, for, what she feared, and the pay-booths of the telephone company demanded cash in advance. She was hopelessly penniless, thought, or she would have found some way out, undoubtedly.

What she did, in the end, was to board an up-town car and throw herself on the mercy of the conductor.

"I've got to get up-town," she panted. "I'll not go in. See? I'll stand here and you take me as far as you can. Look at me! I don't look as tho I'm just bumming a ride, do I?"

The conductor hesitated. He had very little faith in human nature, but Anna's eyes were both truthful and desperate. He gave the signal to go on.

"What's up?" he said. "Police after you?"

"Yes," Anna replied briefly.

There is, in certain ranks, a tacit conspiracy against the police. The conductor hated them. They rode free on his car, and sometimes kept an eye on him in the rush hours. They had a way, too, of letting him settle his own disputes with inebriated gentlemen who refused to pay their fares.

"Looks as tho they'd come pretty close to grabbing you," he opened, by way of conversation. "Ten of 'em aren't a match for one smart girl. They can't run."

Anna nodded. She was faint and dizzy, and the car seemed to crawl. It was at twenty minutes after eleven when she got out. The conductor leaned down after her, hanging to the hand-rail.

"Good luck to you!" he said. "And you'd better get a better face on you than that. I'll be glad to send you up!"

She hardly heard him. She began to run, and again she said over and over her little inarticulate prayer. She knew the Spencer house. More than once she had walked past it, on Sunday afternoons, for the sheer pleasure of seeing Graham's home. Well, all that was over now, unless—

The Spencer house was dark, save for a low light in the hall. A new terror seized her. Suppose Graham saw her. He might not believe her story. He might think it a ruse to see his father. But, as it happened, Clayton had sent the butler to bed, and himself answered the bell from the library.

He recognized her at once, and because he saw the distress on her face, he brought her in at once. In the brief moment that it required to turn on the lights he had jumped to a sickening conviction that Graham was at the bottom of her visit, and her appearance in full light confirmed this.

"Come into the library," he said. "We can talk in there." He led the way and drew up a chair for her. But she did not sit down. She steadied herself by its back, instead.

"You think it's about Graham," she began. "It isn't, not directly, that is. And my coming is terrible, because it's my own father. The I. W. W.'s are going to blow up the munition plant, Mr. Spencer!"

"When?"

"To-night, I think. I came as fast as I could. I—I cracked on."

"Locked in?" He was studying her face.

"Yes. Don't bother about that now. I'm not crazy or hysterical. I tell you I heard them. I've been a prisoner or I'd have come sooner. To-day they brought something—dynamite or a bomb—in a suitcase—and it's gone to-night. He took it—my father."

He was already at the telephone as she spoke. He called the mill first, and got the night superintendent. Then he called a number Anna supposed was the police station, and at the same time he was ringing the garage-signal steadily for his car. By the time he had explained the situation to the police, his car was rolling under the *porte-cochère* beside the house. He was starting out, forgetful of the girl, when she caught him by the arm.

"You mustn't go!" she cried. "You'll be killed, too. It will all go, and if it. You can't be spared, Mr. Spencer. You can build another mill, but—"

He shook her off, gently.

"Of course I'm going," he said. "We'll get it in time. Don't you worry. You sit down here and rest, and when it's all straightened out I'll come back. I suppose you can't go home, after this?"

"No," she said, dully.

He ran out, hatless, and a moment later she heard the car rush out into the night.

FIVE minutes passed. Ten. Anna Klein stood, staring ahead of her. When nothing happened she moved around and sat down in the chair. She was frightfully tired. She leaned her head back and tried to think of nothing, to relax the shaking nerves, that this was Graham's home, that he sometimes sat in that very chair. But the fourth time she thought nothing to her. Nothing mattered, except that her warning had been in time.

So later was the next thing that she was listening for that smaller, near-by sounds escaped her. So she did not hear a door open up-stairs and the soft rustle of a woman's negligee as it swept from stair to stair. But at the footsteps outside the door she stood up quickly and looked back over her shoulder.

Natalie stood framed in the doorway, staring at her.

"Well?" she said. And on receiving no answer from the frightened girl, "What are you doing here?"

The ugly suspicion in her voice left Anna speechless for a moment.

"Don't move, please," said Natalie's cold voice. "Stay just where you are." She reached behind the curtain at the doorway, and Anna heard the far-away ringing of a bell, insistent and prolonged. The girl roused herself with an effort.

"I came to see Mr. Spencer."

"That is a likely story! Who let you in?

"Mr. Spencer."

"Mr. Spencer is not in."

"But he will be coming you the truth. Indeed I am. I rang the bell, and he came to the door. I had something to tell him."

"What could you possibly have to tell my husband at this hour?"

But Anna Klein did not answer. From far away there came a dull report, followed almost immediately by a second one. The windows rattled, and the house seemed to rock rather gently on its foundation. Then silence.

Anna Klein picked up her empty pocket-book from the table and looked at it.

"I was too late," she said dully, and the next moment she was lying at Natalie's feet.

The concluding instalment of "Dangerous Days" will appear in the June issue. If you don't like to read a story by instalments, save your four copies and read it all at once.

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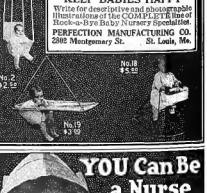

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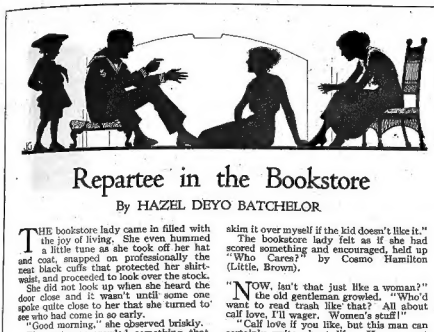

Repartee in the Bookstore

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

THE bookstore lady came in filled with the joy of living. She even hummed a little tune as she took off her hat and coat, snapped on professionally the neat black cuffs that protected her shirt-waist, and proceeded to look over the stock.

She did not look up when she heard the door close and it wasn't until some one spoke quite close to her that she turned to see who had come in so early.

"Good morning," she observed briskly.

The customer growled something that might have passed for a salutation. The bookstore lady immediately christened him the irascible old gentleman and went on with what she was doing. She did not ask him to repeat what he had said when he first spoke.

"I asked if you had anything fit to read." He spoke a little less irascibly this time.

The bookstore lady smiled. "Yes, indeed," she said brightly. "What kind of material do you like to read?"

"I don't like to read anything that I could buy here," he returned. "I'm not buying for myself. I'm buying for that fool nephew of mine. He nearly killed himself the other day and now that he's getting better he wants amusement."

IF THE irascible old gentleman cured enough for his scapegrace nephew to buy books for him he could not be so bad after all, thought the bookstore lady, so she decided to help him select something really good.

"Java Head" (Alfred Knopf), she said, pulling out a book from the bottom of a pile. "By Joseph Hergesheimer, you know," she added as tho that explained everything.

"What about him?" asked the irascible old gentleman.

"Oh, he's no good. He writes stories that are full of adventure. This is good, but not as good as some of his others. It's just as well to take this tho; you'll want to read it."

"No, I won't, but perhaps Jack will. All right, put it aside, now what else?"

"Short Stories of Conan Doyle's?" suggested the bookstore lady.

"Humph, let's see. 'Danger' (Doran)," he read aloud. "Is it like all his others?"

"Yes, it's every bit as good as anything he's ever written. And how about 'The Crescent Moon,' by Brett Young (E. P. Dutton)? It's an adventure story, too, but there is more of the love element in it than anything else. It's a little improbable, but he won't mind that."

"I should say not," snorted the irascible old gentleman; "he'll probably like it all the better. Got any more improbable ones?"

"Blue Aloes," Cynthia Stockley's new one (Putnam's)."

"I suppose it's about Africa."

"Then you read fiction?" The bookstore lady was surprised.

Oh, I have read some of that fool stuff. She knows her country pretty well, I know, because I've been there. I'll take this and skim it over myself if the kid doesn't like it."

The bookstore lady felt as if she had scored something and encouraged, held up "Who Cares?" by Cosmo Hamilton (Little, Brown).

"NOW, isn't that just like a woman?" the old gentleman growled. "Who'd want to read trash like that? All about calf love, I'll wager. Women's stuff!"

"Calf love if you like, but this man can certainly write about life. He may not always do it to suit every one, but he deserves credit for wha e does."

The bookstore lady was quite worked up herself, and the irascible old gentleman looked at her keenly.

"Have it your own way," he said finally, "and if you must make me buy books about young love, here's another that you might as well put in with the rest. 'The Tin Soldier,' by Temple Bailey (Penn Publishing Co.)."

"That's not altogether about young love. It's about sacrifice and the refining of a man's character through the war."

"All right, I won't argue, but I think I have enough now, don't you? These ought to keep him busy for a few days."

"Any poetry?" suggested the bookstore lady politely.

"Do you think a boy like my Jack would read poetry?" scoffed the irascible old gentleman.

"He would read '*he* poetry,'" said the bookstore lady stoutly. "So would you," she added. "Take this and bring it back to-morrow if you haven't read some of it before then. It's an anthology called 'Songs of Men,' collected by a man named Frothingham (Houghton Mifflin)."

The irascible old gentleman peered into the book a moment, flirted the leaves over impatiently, and then put it with the rest. The bookstore lady had placed a book where he could not fail to see it, and woman-like, she watched him take the bait. It happened to be a much-talked-about book called "The Great Hunger," by Johan Bojer (Moffat Yard), a simple, strong story of an idealistic man's temperament, his reaction to life, and his ultimate grasp of it. The bookstore lady knew that if the boy Jack did not care for it, the irascible old gentleman would take it for himself, but she was clever enough to say nothing about it. She watched him for a moment, saw him take it up, glance at it, and then turn the pages interestedly. That was all she needed, and when she handed him the bill a few minutes later, "The Great Hunger" was included.

HE GLANCED down the list closely while the bookstore lady pretended to be interested in something else. Then he handed her a couple of bills.

"You're a clever woman," he remarked as she handed him the change. His grim old face relaxed into a tardy smile.

"It's my business to sell books," she said and laughed. "Come again!"

Books on Practical Subjects

A GOOD little practical book for the practising of food conservation—and altho the rush is now over we shall still conserve food rather than waste it—has been prepared by Frederick Frye Rockwell (Stokes). It is called "Save it for Winter," and now at the beginning of the Spring and Summer seasons it will be of prime importance to every one. The book deals with the most modern and scientific methods of growing, preparing, and keeping vegetables and fruits for future use. It contains information on canning, drying and dehydrating, pickling and preserving, storing, and the necessary equipment and accessories as well. Mr. Rockwell says in his preface, "Upon our ability to keep food for future use is built the whole fabric of civilization." And this sentence shows in a nutshell the real motive of the book.

OF INTEREST to the housewife as well as to the world at large is a book called "The Famishing World," by Alfred McCann (Doran). This book goes back of table recipes or anything of the kind and treats of food fundamentally, the kinds, of which Mr. McCann says there are two, destructive and constructive, the different elements that food contains, and so on through these absorbingly interesting chapters. A different kind of book is this, and one well worth studying as well as reading for pleasure and interest.

TO LEAP from food and its values to politics is not the feat it once was. To-day a woman can groom herself to the queen's taste, arrange dinner for a party of eight or ten, and go to a political meeting on the same afternoon without thinking anything of it. Therefore, to jump from talk of cooking to voting is nothing at all these days. "Preparing Women for Citizenship," Helen Irving Robinson (Macmillan), is a book compiled of articles Mrs. Robinson wrote for PICTORIAL REVIEW. These articles are pithy, clever things, written in a vein of good common sense and yet artistically draped with illusion for all that. Mrs. Robinson has done more to awaken women to a knowledge of what is happening around them in the world at large than any other writer.

IDA CLYDE CLARKE'S "The Little Democracy" (D. Appleton), treats of American Community Organization. It is a book interesting not only for those definitely interested in community centers, but it offers suggestions for the betterment of many present-day problems through community sharing. Mrs. Clarke is sternly practical, yet when she is realistic she is visionary. She has just enough of the artist in her to make her practical ideas interesting, and her new book did fair to be as important and as much in demand as her former one, "American Women and the World War."

KNITTING and Sewing," by Maud Churchill Nicoll (Doran), has for a foreword, "How to make seventy useful articles for men in the army and navy." The war is over, but the useful garment-making will go on indefinitely, long after the men have all been mustered out. Knitting has come into its own again and will never go out of style. And so the women who want to know the most intricate patterns as well as the simplest, will find within the pages of this book all kinds of splendid directions. Practical pictures illustrate the text suitably.

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"That slight bleeding of my gums at tooth-brushing time—that tenderness when hard food is chewed—are they nature's danger signals which I am refusing to heed?"

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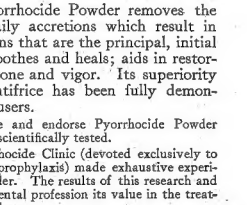

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President

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Novelties to Make Your Garden Still More Charming

SELECTED BY GABRIELLE ROSIERE

HAPPY indeed is the person who owns a garden. It may be an old-fashioned garden with clove pinks and hollyhocks and sweet-william and big peonies or it may be very modern indeed with rows of carefully clipped hedges and flaring tulips in conventional designs. Here are some garden implements fascinating enough to appeal to any gardener.

AT THE right and on the other side of the page are some queer little decorated sticks to ornament flower-beds. Almost any flowers, no matter how lovely of themselves, would be improved by the appearance of these funny little sticks showing in their midst. A frog sitting in the midst of a flower-bed would add any amount of local color to the picture.

This bird trellis is charming for trailing vines of all kinds.

Lure the birds to your garden with a bath like the one shown below.

HERE are some more bird lures for your garden. Birds always do more good than harm, and wooden birds in lovely colors entice the live ones to come and nest in the trees.

A GARDEN without a sun-dial is not a garden. Altho we have replaced the old-world time-piece with modern clocks, no one can ever connect a modern clock with romance.

Below is a garden apron in decorated oilcloth with capacious pockets for garden tools.

When weeding out the garden or thinning the shrubbery, use a little wagon like the one below.

Garden hats of plaited straw are lovely and below are shown some decorated cuffs of the same variety. When adjusted over the cuffs of one's frock they are a great protection.

Notice at the left, beneath the apron, a sensible trowel and fork for digging and weeding. Any one who likes gardening will find these indispensable.

Not only do these cuffs shown above protect one's sleeves from mold, but when hand-painted they are picturesque accessories to the business of gardening itself and are always becoming to the wearer

Another style of basket for carrying implements. This has a round handle and separate places inside.

Every one knows the purpose of this mat. It is light and can be carried from place to place without any trouble. Of closely woven straw it is a sensible possession for one who likes planting.

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